

# COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success  
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND THE HOME CIRCLE.  
VOL. XXIII NO. 9



A SAFE AND  
SANE 4<sup>TH</sup> OF  
**JULY**  
1911

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# COMFORT

The Key to  
Happiness and Success in over  
A Million and a Quarter Homes.

In which are combined and consolidated  
SUNSHINE, PEOPLE'S LITERARY COMPANION, and THE NATIONAL  
FARMER & HOME MAGAZINE.

Devoted to  
Art, Literature, Science, and the Home Circle.

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## Crums of Comfort

A noble mind disdains not to repent.  
Do unto others as if you were the others.  
It is how we live more than where we live.  
Do noble things, not dream them all day long,  
And so make life, death and that vast forever,  
One grand, sweet song.—Charles Kingsley.

Judge not thy friend until thou standest in  
his place.

The happiness reaped today depends on that  
sown yesterday.

What have you done today that nobody but  
a Christian would do?

Be patient with everyone, but above all with  
yourself.—Francis of Sales.

The best defense against other people's bad  
manners is your own politeness.

Whatever we are doing we cannot be pleasing  
God if we are not happy ourselves.

—John Ruskin.

We do not know what ripples of healing are  
set in motion, when we simply smile on each  
other.

I hold it truth with him who sings  
To one clear harp in diverse tones  
That men may rise on stepping stones  
Of their dead selves to higher things.

—Tennyson.

Seek the good that is in people, and leave the  
bad to him who made mankind and knows how  
to round off the corners.—Goethe's Mother.

In the quiet home life of the little daily duties  
may arise the most beautiful opportunities, for  
the greatest joy can only be known when the  
plain duties have been rightly fulfilled.

It is in every way creditable to handle the  
yardstick and to measure tape; the only dis-  
credit consists in having a soul whose range of  
thought is as short as the stick and as narrow  
as the tape.

In men whom men declare divine  
I find so much of sin and blot,  
In men whom others class as ill  
I find so much of goodness still,  
I hesitate to draw the line  
Where God has not.

—Clough.

If a man can write a better book, preach a  
better sermon or make a better mouse-trap than  
his neighbor though he build his house in the  
woods, the world will make a beaten path to  
his door.—Emerson.

It is only by thinking about great and good  
things that we come to love them, and it is only  
by loving them that we come to long for them,  
and it is only by longing for them that we are  
impelled to seek after them, and it is only by  
seeking after them that they become ours and  
we enter into vital experience of their beauty  
and blessedness.—Henry Van Dyke.

# Queen of the West

## A Race for Life and Death

By Lydia Dunham O'Neil

Copyright, 1911, by W. H. Gannett, Publisher, Inc.

**M**OZELLE, the half-breed, stood by her  
pony's side, patting his neck and  
talking to him soothingly, almost  
caressingly. The roping contest was  
finished; the Indian war-dance was  
nearing the end; the ladies' cow-  
pony race would soon begin.

"The Queen of the West," murmured an en-  
thusiastic Easterner; and in truth, he was not  
far wrong. For Mozelle had inherited her French  
mother's beauty and grace, as well as her Indian  
father's courage and dignity, and a poet's most  
fanciful word-painting could not have done jus-  
tice to her regal beauty.

Her soft, blue-black hair was bound securely  
beneath her pearl felt sombrero; desire of con-  
quest gleamed in her dark blue eyes; her full red  
lips parted over two rows of small, white, even  
teeth; her skin was tanned, but not so deeply  
as to conceal the rose-flush on her cheek; her  
black riding-gauntlets served only to accentuate  
the smallness of her hands and the delicious  
curve of her fingers. The blue scarf knotted at  
her throat fluttered coquettishly in the breeze;  
her dark blue costume fitted her trim figure  
perfectly. She was flawless—superb. Utterly in-  
different to the admiring comments of those  
nearest her, she stood erect, waiting for the  
word from the starter.

"Mozelle!"

A Chickasaw boy had approached silently, and  
addressed her with an air of respectful fami-  
liarity. She turned to him, and he spoke softly,  
in his own tongue.

"Mozelle! I heard Nell!"—and he nodded toward  
a yellow-haired girl standing near-by—"I heard  
Nell say that she was going to ride for Frank,  
today?"

"You have brought me no news, Hawk Wing?"  
"I have not finished, Mozelle. She said also  
that she would win."

"Pure conceit, Hawk Wing. Or determination,  
perhaps."

"But she smiled, Mozelle—as the devil might  
smile! I speak only to warn you that she will  
stoop to any trick. Is Satan all right?"

"Right and ready for the race, Hawk Wing."

"The cinches?"

"Tight and secure."

"And the bit?"

"The finest bit that money could buy, Hawk  
Wing—and the strongest. Go now, boy—in a  
moment we start."

She swung the quirt that dangled from her  
wrist, and tapped her foot on the ground some-  
what impatiently. Her spurs jangled musically,  
and Hawk Wing looked down at the trim little  
military heel, then back to her face.

"Mozelle—your pardon for speaking, but why  
are you not wearing leggings?"

"Because, mon cher Hawk Wing, my ankle is  
not so thick that I need be ashamed to display  
it—like hers—" and she nodded contemptu-  
ously toward her rival, Nell Barry, known as  
"The Yellow Kid."

"A good reason, Mozelle," and Hawk Wing  
smiled. "But watch her—the little witch! Satan,  
brave beast, let your hoofs wear wings today!"

But few of the spectators dreamed what were  
the stakes that day. There were twenty en-  
tries, and it was agreed that of those twenty,  
only two had the slightest chance of winning  
the race—Mozelle, the half-breed, and the Yellow  
Kid. The two best girl riders in the world—and  
the two best cow-ponies. And they rode, not for  
the purse of one hundred dollars, nor for fame,  
nor yet for love of riding,—but for a man's  
love.

For months had Frank Girard wavered between  
the two, unable to decide which was the dearer

to him. One day would find him riding over  
the plains with Mozelle; the next would see him  
branding or roping, with Nell Barry for his com-  
panion. Tonight, he would escort the Yellow Kid  
to a dance; tomorrow night would find his pony  
tethered near the half-breed's white tent.

Nell was a modern child; Mozelle, a primitive  
woman. Nell's eyes were like the prairie on a  
fair day; Mozelle's suggested an unexplored  
wilderness. Nell's childish prattle was like the  
babbling of a brook—meaningless, yet melodious;  
Mozelle's rarer speech might be compared to  
the wind in the pines—grandly simple. So un-  
like were they that comparison was impossible;  
and that, perhaps, was why Frank Girard was  
unable to make a choice; both loved him, and—  
so he thought—he loved them both.

It had been Nell's suggestion that, since he  
was unable to decide for himself, he should let  
the ladies' cow-pony race decide for him—and  
wed the winner.

Now that the fateful moment was at hand,  
he regretted that he had consented to her plan;  
for, he thought, what if Nell should win? He  
knew at last, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that  
it was Mozelle whom he loved, and he feared  
for the result of the race. He rose from his  
seat—perhaps he could dissuade Mozelle from  
riding—they could slip away quietly, to the of-  
face of the Justice of the Peace, and be married—

"Go!" cried the starter. Girard was too late.  
He murmured an oath or a prayer—he never re-  
membered which—and resumed his seat.

Mozelle's foot was in the stirrup almost before  
the starter closed his lips; but as she swung  
into the saddle, she heard a dread, familiar  
sound; she attempted to dismount—too late!  
She pressed her hand to her ankle, uttering a  
low exclamation of pain and terror.

"Anything wrong there?" came a voice from  
the grand-stand, but she dashed off without re-  
plying. Already the other riders were yards in ad-  
vance, with the Yellow Kid leading.

Dearly enough was she paying for the pride  
she had taken in her slim ankle, but it was no  
time for regrets. She pried the quirt vigorously,  
and Satan leaped forward.

Nineteen ahead of her! But Oklahoma Rosie's  
pony stumbled—fell—and Satan flew by.

Eighteen ahead of her! But Denver Carrie's  
mare, which had been lagging, rebelled at the  
touch of her rider's quirt, and began to pitch;  
and Satan flew by.

Seventeen ahead of her—But someone in the  
grand-stand fired a pistol, and Little Chocolate,  
a nervous little broncho from Arizona, lurched  
to one side, and Satan flew by.

Sixteen ahead of her! But she was neck and  
neck with the Hall sisters of Montana; Satan  
gave a spurt, and flew by.

Fourteen ahead of her! But a red-haired girl  
who had failed to "cinch up" properly, discovered  
her carelessness too late, and rolled in the dust.

Thirteen ahead of her, but three of these  
were easily out-distanced. They were back at  
the starting-point again—three quarters of a mile  
lay before her. Ten ahead of her, and Nell  
barry far in the lead.

The pain in her ankle was intense, and she  
brought her teeth together with a snap, to re-  
press the cry that rose to her lips.

Ten still ahead of her, with Nell Barry still  
in the lead. Was she to sink home like a beaten  
cur, sore and sorry and ashamed? No! A hun-  
dred times no! She brought the quirt down  
sharply on Satan's hip, and another rider was  
left behind.

Was she the proud daughter of a prouder  
chief, going home to her father to acknowledge  
defeat at the hands of a pale-face? No! A thou-  
sand times no! And two more riders were left  
behind.

Was she, the daughter of a woman who had  
counted her suitors by the score, going home  
to admit that she had been beaten in the game  
of love? No! A million times no! And an-  
other rider was lost in the cloud of dust that  
flew from under Satan's heels.

They were nearing the starting-point again;  
the pain extended to her knee. Perhaps, she  
thought, she had better dismount. But she re-  
membered that ancestors of hers had been burned  
at the stake without whimpering. She would  
prove herself worthy of those ancestors! And  
besides, she had heard Frank say that he hated  
a quitter. Was she going to quit? Never! Death,  
rather than disgrace!

Half a mile before her, six ahead of her, and  
Nell Barry still in the lead! Satan leaped high  
as a giant firecracker exploded beneath him,  
and flew past three of his rivals. A "soft"  
horse showed signs of exhaustion, and fell back.

Two ahead of her now—and oh, the pain, the  
pain! She gave a little scream, and dug the  
left spur into Satan's side. Her right foot was  
entirely useless.

One ahead of her now—and Nell Barry was  
that one. At the starting-point again—and now  
on the last quarter-mile!

Closer and closer she drew to the Yellow Kid,  
but her rival's pony was tireless. Closer and  
closer—and now Nell was shouting to her.  
"You can ride—little Chickasaw—but you  
can't!"

Mozelle raised her head disdainfully, and Nell  
knew that she had heard.

But oh, the pain, the pain! If she could  
endure it only a little longer, thought Mozelle—  
only a little longer! God! Everything was going  
black! She clutched at Satan's neck—the  
mist cleared—and now she was neck and neck  
with her rival.

Above the clatter of hoofs rang a cry from the  
grand-stand—a shout of encouragement. From  
hundreds of throats came that cry, but to Mozelle,  
half-insane by reason of the physical agony  
she was suffering, it seemed that the shout was  
that of but one man—Frank Girard.

But what was the name that reached her ears?  
Was it Mozelle?—or Nell?

Louder and clearer it came; for hundreds of  
others had taken up the cry.

"Mozelle! Mozelle! Mozelle!"

Mozelle shouted in exultation again: Satan felt  
the prick of the spur, and the sting of the quirt  
on his hip.

The pony flew like fire in the forest; he was  
ahead now, and still gaining. The race was  
finished—the battle was won—the Yellow Kid  
was left behind.

"Carbolic acid!—My ankle! Oh, Frank, I'm  
glad I'm not a pale-face! I couldn't have—  
ended."

And Mozelle fainted in Frank Girard's arms,  
as he lifted her from the saddle.

As the cinches were being loosened, a black  
diamond rattlesnake—quite dead, having been  
crushed by the saddle—dropped from between the  
saddle and blanket. Mozelle Girard, the half-  
breed, can show you the rattles. She wears them  
on her neck-chain.

## Post-office Business on a Profitable Basis at Last

**F**OR the first time in the history of the  
nation the U. S. Post-office Department  
has become self-sustaining. Hereto-  
fore the government has done the busi-  
ness below cost, although its real loss  
was much less than the reported  
figures showed because the Post-office has never  
been credited for the cost of the immense amount  
of government mail that goes free of postage.  
Two years ago Uncle Sam had to go down into  
his pocket for \$17,600,000 to make good the dif-  
ference between receipts and expenses of the  
Post-office establishment for the year previous.  
The Postmaster-General has just announced that  
in consequence of large economies which he has  
introduced in the service the continually increas-  
ing revenue has overtaken the expenses of the  
department and will show a net cash profit to the  
government of more than one million dollars for  
the year ending June 30, 1911, besides having  
had all its own mail carried free. This condition  
would have been attained long ago but for the  
fact that whenever in the past the Post-Office  
has become nearly self-supporting Congress has  
either reduced the postage rate or, better still,  
extended or added new facilities to the service,  
the most important and beneficial of which, as  
well as the most costly, is the rural free de-  
livery. The rural delivery now accommodates  
about one third of our rural population and  
should be extended as rapidly as possible until  
it teaches all. We are glad the Post-office shows  
a profit which will increase rapidly with the  
continual growth of its revenues. This profit  
should not be turned back into the treasury,  
but Congress should authorize and require that it  
be used to extend the rural free delivery service.

## Magazines to Go by Freight Train

We are pleased to accord full credit to the  
Postmaster-General for the reforms in the ad-  
ministration of his department by which the  
large economy that we have mentioned has been  
accomplished, as we believe it has been brought  
about mainly by introducing improved business  
methods and stopping the leaks, resulting in  
great saving in the expenditure of the people's  
money without impairing the efficiency of the  
service, which is true economy and indicates a  
high degree of executive ability on the part of  
the chief. But all saving of expense is not econ-  
omy, as certainly that which seriously impairs  
the efficiency or value of the service is not; and  
of this class, we fear, is the saving of expense  
which the Postmaster-General proposes by his  
recently announced policy of transporting, after  
June 30, 1911, certain monthly and semi-monthly  
periodical second-class mail matter for certain  
states by fast freight to a number of central dis-  
tributing points, from which points distribution  
and delivery will be made by mail as at present.  
COMFORT and such other magazines as are mailed  
direct to the subscribers heretofore have traveled,  
the same in all other mail, in regular U. S.  
mail cars attached to the regular mail trains,  
but under the new arrangement the Post-office  
Department will carry them a large part of the  
distance on long runs on freight trains which  
will be from three to six days slower than the  
regular mails, so it will be that much longer  
between the mailing and the delivery of the  
magazines to distant subscribers. To overcome  
this difficulty the Postmaster-General suggests  
that the publishers mail their magazines that  
much earlier. We doubt if this is practical, and  
even if we did it the magazines would be that  
much older when they reached the subscribers.  
What do you think of this scheme? Do you  
think it is true economy even if it does save the  
government a little money? Do the people want  
the government to ship their magazines by  
freight? We shall do the best we can to mail  
COMFORT as early each month as practical, but  
if after the first of July COMFORT reaches some  
of our distant subscribers a few days later than  
usual they need not be surprised.

## Current Events

**TO SAVE THE BABY.**—One of the most com-  
prehensive milk exhibits ever seen in this country  
was opened in Philadelphia. The committee in  
charge has data showing that not less than one  
third of the 250,000 babies under one year old  
who die each year in the United States are vic-  
tims of infected milk and ignorant feeding. The  
exhibit will seek to demonstrate that clean milk  
is one of the best and cheapest of all foods; that  
dirty milk at any price costs too much; and  
that every dairyman, transportation company,  
housewife and taxpayer has definite responsibil-  
ity for protecting milk from contamination.

# 10 Best Stories

Bright, Dashing, Romantic, Soulful,

all at once, all in a bunch, all complete in Mid-Summer Short-Story COMFORT next month; the ten  
best stories that we could find will make August COMFORT the most intensely interesting, enter-  
taining, charming summer reading.

## August Stories

1. "CATCHING THE COUNTERFEITERS;" a thrilling detective story full of startling situations  
in which the cool courage and masterful mind of the detective is matched against the cunning of the  
desperate criminals.
2. "WHITE ISLAND;" a strange tale of the sea unfolding an ocean mystery.
3. "HOW AMY HANDLED THE BANDITS;" the girl from the "Golden West" in a wild ad-  
venture with stage robbers. Her heart is as tender and true in love as it is fearless in danger.  
Attractively illustrated.
4. "WORTH LIVING FOR;" a sweet, touching, helpful story that is good to read and ponder over.
5. "MISS BAXTER'S YACHTING PARTY;" a pretty love story with a lovers' quarrel that is  
full of the heart's yearning, strong and well told.
6. "TRACKING THE GHOST;" an interesting but not scary account of how a puzzling ghost  
mystery was solved by some good detective work with a little romance on the side. Good, healthy  
reading to those who are foolishly afraid of ghosts.
7. "THE SWORD OF GERONIMO;" heroism, love and devotion that will moisten the eyes of  
the reader; an uncommon story with an unusual outcome.
8. "AN UNKNOWN KNIGHT;" a tale of modern chivalry, of highborn knight and lowly lady.
9. "HOP KEE'S REVENGE;" a Chinatown tragedy, a clean, instructive, exciting story that illus-  
trates the cunning by which the crafty yellow man defies our laws.
10. "THE STAMPEDE;" an Indian romance of the western cattle ranges, with illustration  
showing how the pretty educated Indian maiden mounted on her bronco skillfully and bravely  
held her own in repelling the attack of the white ruffian. Full of thrilling incidents and startling situations.  
Everybody likes a good Indian story, for our American aborigines exhibited a vein of romance even as  
savages that becomes the more fascinating as the best qualities of the "noble red man" are developed  
with the rapidly advancing civilization of his race.

## Don't Miss This Rare Treat

all in next month's COMFORT with the regular departments and other good things too. Some will  
miss it and regret it, if they don't renew their subscriptions at once.

Quite a lot of subscriptions run out this month.

IS YOURS AMONG THE NUMBER?

You ought to know. Look it up and find out for sure. We are not sending out any folder renewal  
blank notices of expirations this month. So don't think that your subscription must be all right just  
because you don't receive a folder renewal blank. Take no chance of missing

## Mid-Summer Short-Story COMFORT

If in doubt as to when your subscription expires, RENEW NOW  
two years for only 30 cents and we will see that you are given credit  
for two full years beyond date of expiration.

SPECIAL RATE SUBSCRIPTION COUPON for RENEWAL or EXTENSION ONLY  
Publisher of COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

I enclose 30 cents for renewal and extension of my subscription two full years from date of expiration.

Date \_\_\_\_\_ Name \_\_\_\_\_

P. O. or R. F. D. \_\_\_\_\_

County \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

July, 1911.



# IN & AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

## Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. chain; ch. st. chain stitch; s. c. single crochet; d. c. double crochet (thread over once); tr. c. treble crochet (thread over twice); dtr. double treble crochet (thread over three times); l. c. long crochet; r. st. roll stitch; l. loop; p. picot; r. p. roll picot; sl. st. slip stitch; k. st. knot stitch; sts. stitches; blk. block; sps. spaces; \* stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

## Terms Used in Knitting

K. knit plain; o. over; p. 2, over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; o. purl, meaning an inversion of stitches; sl. slip a stitch; tog. together; sl. and b., slip and bind; k. p. knit plain; stars and parenthesis indicate repetition.

## Terms Used in Tatting

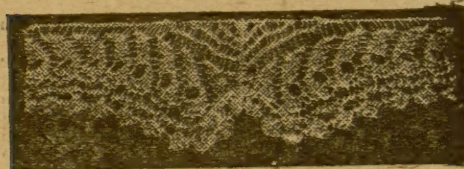
D. s. double stitch; p. picot; l. p. long picot; ch. chain; d. k. double knot; pkt. picot and knot together. \* indicates a repetition.

## Knitted Palm Leaf Collar, No. 1

**M**ATERIALS: Linen lace thread, No. 150 or No. 250, or cotton thread from No. 80 to No. 100 and two very fine knitting needles.

To begin, cast on 4 stitches. 1st row, k. plain. 2nd row, o., n., k. 2. Repeat these two rows till there are 8 loops along the edge of knitting. Retain the 4 st. on the needle and with the same needle pick up the 8 loops along the edge of the work. K. the 4 st. and (k. 1, p. 1) in each of the 8 loops. There will now be 20 sts. on which to knit the collar. Knit across plain.

1st row.—K. 2, n., o. 2, n., k. 2, o., n., n., o., 4 times, n., n., fg., o., n., o., k. 2.  
2nd row.—O., k. 3, o., n., fg., k. 2, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 7, p. 1, k. 3.  
3rd row.—K. 2, n., o. 2, n., k. 3, o., n., k. 5, fg., o., n., o., k. 4.



PALM LEAF COLLAR, NO. 1

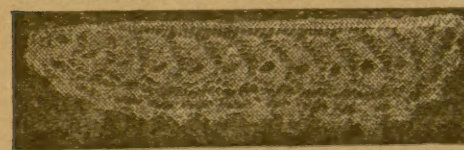
4th row.—O., k. 5, o., n., fg., k. 12, p. 1, k. 3.  
5th row.—K. 2, n., o. 3 times, k. 3 tog., k. 3, o., n., k. 4, fg., o., k. 8.  
6th row.—O., n., k. 3, n., o., n., fg., k. 11, p. 1, k. 4.  
7th row.—K. 2, n., o. 2, n., o., k. 5, o., n., k. 3, fg., o., n., o., n., k. 2, n.  
8th row.—O., n., k. 1, n., o., n., fg., k. 13, p. 1, k. 3.  
9th row.—K. 2, n., o. 2, n., k. 1, o., n., k. 4, o., n., k. 2, fg., o., n., o., n.  
10th row.—O., k. 3 tog., o., n., k. 4 tog., k. 11, p. 1, k. 3.  
K. these ten rows ten times, and in the next, or 11th scallop, add a plain fagot of two sts. to commence widening the collar for the point in front.

To do this, begin the first row, as usual. K. 2, n., then pick up two loops, o. and n. those two loops tog., and in the 2nd and every even row, k. those 2 sts. plain. These two fagot sts. must be k. in the same way throughout the scallop, the rest of the pattern being k. in the usual way.

A new fagot must be made in the 12th and 13th scallops in the same way as the one described.

There will then be 26 sts. across the collar. Beginning at the neck, k. 14 sts. and slip them on an extra needle or cord. B. off 8 sts. loosely, and on the remaining 4 sts. k. three patterns of the dotted edge, the first row being, o., n., o., k. 2. At the end of the three dotted patterns, k. all the sts. tog., and fasten the thread.

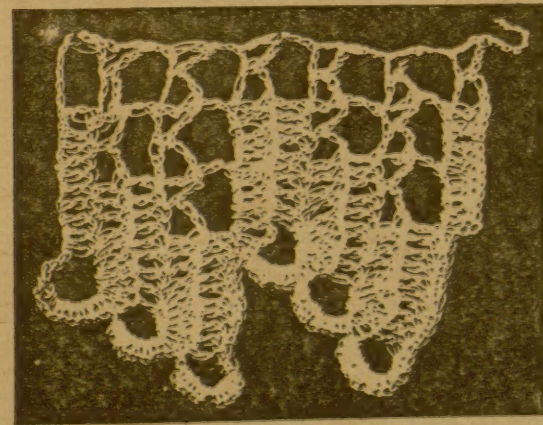
As the pattern is reversible, the second half of the collar is k. like the first. After both halves are k., sew the 14 sts. left on extra needles or cords tog., with a needle and thread, catching the first st. on each side tog., then the sec-



PALM LEAF COLLAR, NO. 2

ond two, until all are used. Next, sew the short dotted strips up the front of each point. Attach a band to the neck and your protection collar is finished.

O. 2 means thread around the needle twice, o. 3, and o. 4, thread around the needle 3 or 4 times, in such a manner that they may easily be used for 3 or 4 st., as o., 3 means 3 new sts., and o. 4 means 4 new sts.



HALF POINT EDGING.

This pattern knitted in a straight strip makes handsome apron, or trimming lace of any kind.

## Palm Leaf Protection Collar, No. 2

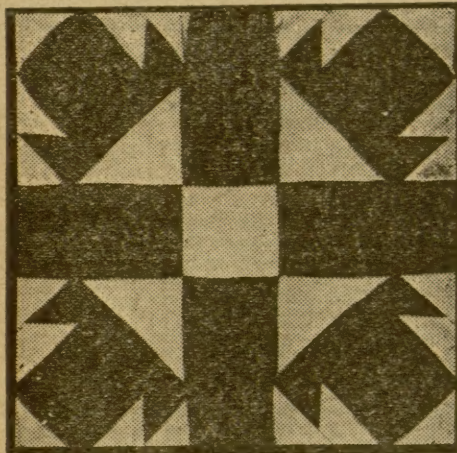
Commence the collar as directed for No. 1, and then k. the ten rows as directed for the same collar, eleven times. Commencing at the plain edge, b. off 16 sts., and on the four remaining sts., k. three patterns of the dotted edge, the first row of which is, o., n., o., k. 2. When they are knitted, k. all the sts. tog., fasten thread, and sew the short strip of dotted edge up the front of collar, with needle and thread.

This makes a straight collar, open both front and back, which many consider prettier than the pointed ones. The second half of the collar is knitted like the first.

S. VILETTA DOANE.

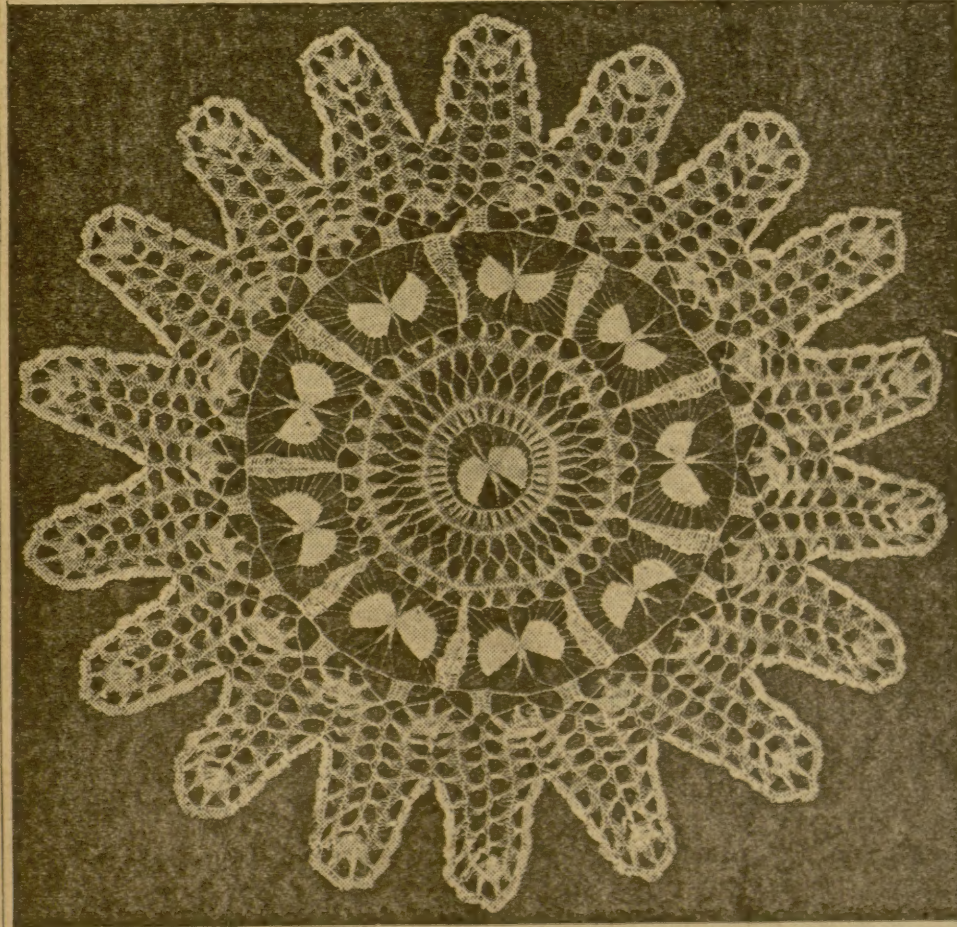
## T. (Tea) Quilt

This design is especially serviceable for using the small scraps of calico or gingham



T. (TEA) QUILT DESIGN.

which accumulate in every home, or it is very attractive when pieced in Turkey red and



CENTERPIECE IN MALTESE LACE.  
By Annie L. Frazer.

white, and set with alternating plain blocks cut in diamond shape.

MRS. E. HINZE.

## Centerpiece in Maltese Lace

Maltese or hairpin lace is the foundation of this pretty centerpiece. To make the lace a strong pin made specially for this purpose can be secured, or an ordinary wire hairpin used.

Begin by tying a loop in thread, slip on prong of pin, turn passing thread around the other prong. With crochet hook draw up loop and make three single crochet over both thread, turn hairpin again and make three more single crochet: this will form third loop; continue turning the pin, making loops first on one side then the other, holding them in place by crocheting through the center. The work can be pushed down until the hairpin is full, then remove carefully and start again by placing the last two loops on the pin and continue as before. In taking the work off, care should be taken not to twist it or the loops will not come right in the finished braid. A piece 150 loops in length will be needed for the center. Join in a circle crocheting 4 loops together with a chain 3 between. Cross from side to side with threads, over which work a butterfly as in drawnwork.

For second row a piece 250 loops in length will be needed. Join around the center by chaining. Catch 4 loops of first row together, ch. 5, 7 loops of second row together, ch. 5, continue around circle. Cro-

chet around outside of this row, making chain of enough stitches so the work will lie flat.

For the edge a piece of braid about 2000 loops in length will be needed. When finished to work into points as shown, \* insert crochet hook through 6 loops, ch. 7, repeat 7 times, work next 24 loops together, ch. 3, 6 loops tog., (\* ch. 4, catch in ch. 7, ch. 3, 6 loops), repeat four times, ch. 7, 6 loops, ch. 7, 6 loops, repeat from \*. Work in this way on one side of the braid, planning to form as many points as will be needed to edge centerpiece: the number depends upon the size.

To work on other side of the braid which will form the outside edge, begin by inserting crochet hook under the center 12 loops, which will form one of the points, ch. 7, 6 loops, ch. 7, 6 loops, pick up 6 more groups of 6 loops, then 24 loops, ch. 3, 6 loops, \* ch. 4, catch to ch. 7, ch. 3, 6 loops, repeat from \* once, then chains of 7 between loops of 6 until center of next point is reached, when 12 loops are worked together. Continue in this way until points are all finished.

Then baste center and edge to cambric or paper. The two are connected by crocheting and filling as in drawnwork. It is impossible to give exact directions for this work, as the way a person works will make such a difference in the size. Close, tight work requiring naturally more stitches than if one crochets loosely. However, the aim should be to have the work lie smoothly rather than contain a certain number of stitches. The inside of points is held in position by crocheting a chain, connecting with the center with bars of 30 sts. in length. Then 1 d. c. in each st. Fill in the 9 spaces thus formed with 9 butterflies worked over 32 threads, using 13 for each wing, and the rest as shown.

Make a heavy finish for the edge by double of treble stitches over the chain. The design is entirely original and is lovely when finished.

ANNIE L. FRAZER.

## Crocheted Plate Doily

Chain 8, join, ch. 4, 24 tr. c. in ring, join, ch. 3.  
3rd round.—2. d. c. between each tr. c. in previous row, join, ch. 5.  
4th round.—1 tr. c. in first st., ch. 2, 1 tr. c., repeat all around, making tr. c. in every other st. join, ch. 5.  
5th round.—1 tr. c. in first st., ch. 3 and 2 tr. c. in each space, join, ch. 5.  
6th round.—Same as 5th only making ch. 4 between each 2 tr. c. join, ch. 7.  
7th round.—Make groups of 4 quadruple crochet, thread over needle 4 times, separated by chains 4, join, ch. 3.  
8th round.—1 tr. c. in each st., join, ch. 3.  
9th round.—1 d. c. ch. 3, every other st. join, ch. 4.

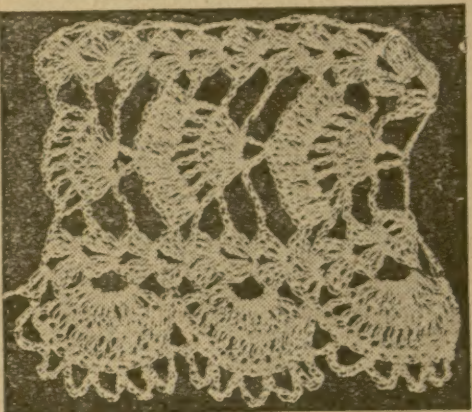
## Fan Lace

Chain twenty stitches, turn.

1st row.—3 d. c. in 4th st., ch. 2, 3 d. c. in same st., ch. 5, 1 d. c. in 7th st., ch. 2, 1 d. c. in same st., ch. 5, 3 d. c. in last st., ch. 2, 3 d. c. in same st., ch. 5 turn.

2nd row.—Shell on shell, ch. 3, 9 d. c. under ch. 2, ch. 3, shell on shell, ch. 3, turn.

3rd row.—Shell on shell, ch. 2, 1 d. c. between 9 d. c., with ch. 1 between each, ch. 2, shell on shell, 12 d. c. under ch. 5, this starts the scallop, turn.



FAN LACE.

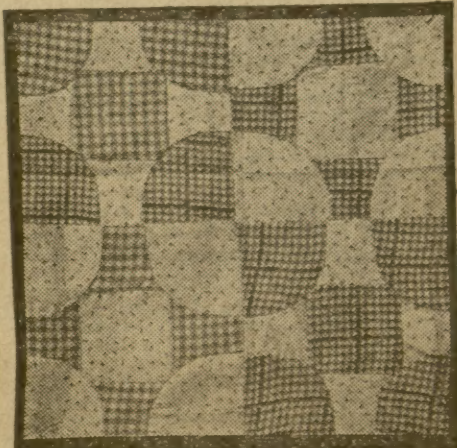
4th row.—1 d. c. in each of 12 d. c. turn and slip stitch, back to beginning of scallop ch. 6, fasten in 2nd d. c. to form picot, make 6 picots then finish row with shell on shell, 3 d. c. in each space between d. c. of previous row, shell on shell, ch. 3, turn, repeat from beginning.

This lace is very dainty made of 50 thread or of linen is pretty for aprons.

MISS MINNIE ENGELBRECHT.

## Rosette Quilt Pattern

This unique design must be studied to enable the maker to cut accurate patterns. It can be done easily after the round pattern is cut.



ROSETTE QUILT PATTERN.

Made of black and white checked percale, with black and white in small figures, one can have a quilt odd in design and pleasing to the eye. Small pieces can be used to advantage.

Miss Hattie Thompson.

## Half Point Edging

This lace is very pretty for trimming underclothes and is an especially good pattern because it can be rapidly made.

Begin with chain of twenty-four stitches, turn.

1st row.—1 tr. c. in 4th st., ch. 5, skip 5, 10 tr. c. in next 10 sts., ch. 7, join to end first ch., turn.

2nd row.—Ch. 1, 10 d. c. under ch. 5 tr. c. under same ch., 5 tr. c. on tr. c., \* ch. 3, 1 s. c. in 3rd tr., ch. 3, 1 tr. c. in last tr., ch. 3, 1 s. c. in center, ch. 5, ch. 3, 1 tr. c. in last st., ch. 5, turn.

3rd row.—1 tr. c. on tr. c., ch. 5, 10 tr. c. on tr. c., ch. 7, catch to last d. c., turn.

4th row.—Ch. 1, 10 d. c. under ch. 5, tr. c. also, 5 tr. c. on tr. c.; finish same as 2nd row from \*.

5th row.—1 tr. c. on first tr. c., ch. 5, 1 tr. c. on second, ch. 5, 10 tr. c., ch. 7, catch to last d. c., turn.

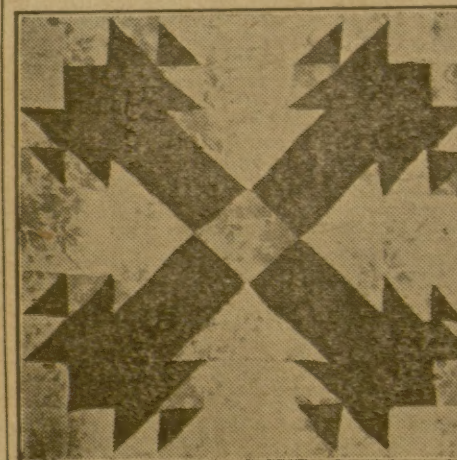
6th row.—Ch. 1, 18 d. c. under ch. 7, 1 s. c. in each tr. c., ch. 3, 5 tr. c. under first, ch. 5, 5 tr. c. next, ch. 5, ch. 3, 1 s. c., ch. 3, 1 tr. c., ch. 5, turn.

7th row.—10 tr. c. on tr. c., ch. 7, catch to ch. 3, turn; repeat from 2nd row.

MRS. CHAS. WELCH.

## The Queen's Crown Quilt Block

This should be pieced in two colors dark and light and makes an attractive quilt if the blocks are placed together or it may be set up with



THE QUEEN'S CROWN QUILT BLOCK.

squares of calico with match pieces between, if preferred. The design is original.

ANNIE L. FRAZER.

skip space, 1 s. c. in next, repeat all around.  
11th round.—Ch. 4, 1 d. c. under ch. 3 in previous row, ch. 4 catch to form picot, repeat 3 times, ch. 4, 1 s. c. on s. c. in previous row, repeat all around.

MRS. JOSEPHINE LINDEN.



# A Few Words by the Editor

**A** NEW RACE conflict threatens America, infinitely worse than the one we are now struggling with.

The Yellow Peril from Asia is the impending danger.

Can we afford to permit another vexatious race conflict to get a firm hold on this country?

Isn't the race question which we already have about as severe a strain of this kind as the nation can stagger under?

It is a calamity for a nation to be vexed with a race question which from its very nature will not and can not down. The nationality of our immigrants is of trifling importance provided they are of the white race, because in such case they, or at all events their children, become assimilated and indistinguishably blended with the mass of our population; but if they are of a different race with marked physical and perhaps mental characteristics which are perpetuated through successive generations and thus keep them a separate and distinct people with us but not of us, they become a source of trouble and of possible danger.

Conflict is inherent in the situation whenever and wherever two races so diverse that they do not readily amalgamate dwell in large numbers in the same community, for history proves that the inevitable result is closely drawn social and other lines of distinction attended with jealousy and discord culminating in a contest for race supremacy. Therefore it is of the utmost importance for a nation, and especially in case of a republic, to have a homogeneous population. Unfortunately that is impossible in this country because about half the population of our southern states is colored. And in saying this we intend no unkindly or disparaging reflection on the negroes. It would have been better for both races if the African had been permitted to work out its own destiny in its own way in the land of its origin. The race conflict which inevitably resulted from bringing the negroes to America has been a hardship and an injury to the whites as well as to them, beside being the cause of the great Civil War.

But the war and the consequent abolition of slavery nearly half a century ago did not end the Afro-American race question which yet remains unsolved and continues to be a source of serious trouble throughout a large section of the land. As this race question is here to stay both races must patiently and conscientiously endeavor to make the best of the situation.

We do not feel competent to discuss the merits of the race question in the South, and we have no desire to agitate it. In the North there has been and still is much ill-advised agitation of the subject and ignorant criticism of the South, which unfortunately have embarrassed her best efforts in dealing with the problem and have tended to promote sectional prejudice and distrust. While in a broader sense it concerns the nation, we feel that it is essentially a southern problem which can best be worked out in the South, by the South and without any meddling advice or interference from outsiders who have little or no practical knowledge of the matter; and we have full confidence that southern genius and magnanimity will handle it wisely, humanely and considerably of the rights and best interests of all concerned. Undoubtedly the best and prevailing sentiment in the South is in favor of helping the negroes in every proper effort to better their condition.

Two and a half centuries ago our ancestors, not foreseeing the deplorable consequences of their policy, sowed the seed of national tribulation by beginning the importation of African negroes to supply the demand for cheap labor to promote the development of a new and sparsely populated land. The fact that they came as slaves was merely an aggravating incident of the real and fundamental cause of the difficulty which consists in the racial difference that renders it impossible for them ever to become indistinguishably blended with our white population.

The present-day interests which profit by employing cheap labor favor, and are largely responsible for, the immigration of Chinese and other degraded Asiatics to this country, many of them being imported practically as slaves.

These Asiatic immigrants are an unmitigated nuisance in every community in which they have settled. The Chinese were the first orientals to enter by the Golden Gate and nearly forty years ago their presence in the Pacific coast states had produced conditions so demoralizing as to attract the attention of Congress and result in a law in 1882 excluding them from citizenship and practically prohibiting their further immigration. But this law is not sufficiently strict and has been continually and flagrantly evaded by those who have made big money by importing them illegally, so that they have largely increased in number in this country.

At the time the Chinese Exclusion Law was enacted San Francisco bore the distinction of being the only American city possessed of a Chinatown, but now New York, Chicago,

even Boston, and in fact all our great cities have their Chinese sections which are moral and physical plague spots. Most aptly they are called "Chinatowns" because practically they are parts of China transplanted to America with their Asiatic population, language, manners, customs, and indescribable filth, vice and immorality; there flourish their notorious gambling dens, their seductive opium joints, their infamous resorts of prostitution and of other oriental vices absolutely unmentionable, which not only cater to oriental depravity but are centers for the spread of the most loathsome diseases and of moral ruin among our white people.

Have we not enough to contend with in drunkenness and other evils which curse the white race without permitting the yellow man to introduce his opium smoking and other vices to which he is addicted? You can't have him without his vices; and so long as he is permitted to stay we shall suffer not only from his vicious example but from his being a purveyor of vice to our own people for the profit there is in the business.

Don't be deceived by any delusive hope that the yellow race can possibly become amalgamated with the white race in this country through intermarriage. The very thought is preposterous and revolting in view of their physical, mental and moral differences, and especially because of the prevailing oriental treatment of woman as man's inferior, little better than his slave, even to the extent among the lower classes of the yellow race of buying their wives and selling their daughters into slavery for immoral purposes. This traffic in Chinese slave girls extends even to America where many of them have been imported in defiance of law and in spite of the watchfulness of our immigration officers; and many white women also are found with yellow masters in the Chinese slums of our great cities. To illustrate what cesspools of vice these Asiatic colonies in America have become we may cite the experience of Boston where the "white slave" traffic when raided by the officers and driven out of its old haunts where it had been carried on by white proprietors immediately took refuge in the Chinese quarter of that city where it found conditions congenial to its existence and the white women who were its victims passed into the hands of yellow masters.

Nor in any true sense will they ever become Americanized. For profit or convenience a few do, and in course of time more of them may, adopt our style of dress, and even cut off their pig tails and outwardly affect other of our manners, but the essential characteristics which distinguish their mode of life, their ideals, religion, morals and aspirations individually and as a race they adhere to most tenaciously. Their case would be much more hopeful if they came mere savages, for then, like the negroes, they would adopt our civilization and our religion, and aspire to work out their destiny in harmony with ours.

But their ways are not as our ways and their gods are not as our God, and never will be. They bring with them a degraded civilization and a debased religion of their own ages older, and to their minds far superior to ours. We look to the future with hope for improvement and strive to uplift our people; they look to the past, believing that perfection was attained by their ancestors centuries before our civilization began and before Jesus brought us the divine message from the Father. They profane this Christian land by erecting here among us their pagan shrines, set up their idols and practice their shocking heathen religious ceremonies. Judge of the fruitlessness of the effort and the immense waste of money in the millions of dollars we have sent to maintain missionaries whom they murder in Asia by the fact that we have not abolished Chinese idolatry in America even though it is half a century since they have dwelt among us.

"The heathen are making more converts to Confucius than the missionaries are making converts to Christianity. Therefore it would be well to keep the missionaries at home and help save the bodies as well as the souls of our girls," said Mrs. Charlotte Smith, president of the Woman's Rescue League, in her testimony before a committee of the U. S. Senate in regard to the ruin of American girls by Chinamen.

Neither do they respect our laws any more than our civilization and our religion. The same lawlessness which renders life and property unsafe in China they practice in America, and for the promotion of this purpose they have here, as in China, their great "tongs" or criminal associations which give such effective protection to their members that it is almost impossible to detect or punish Chinese criminals in our big cities. These criminal Chinese societies "levy taxes, command masses of men, intimidate interpreters and witnesses, enforce perjury, regulate trade, punish the refractory, remove witnesses beyond the reach of our courts, etc. They constitute a foreign government within the boundaries of the Republic." This is an extract from the report of a committee of the California legislature.

The situation is simply intolerable as it is. Our friends in the South think they have a troublesome race question, but theirs sinks into insignificance compared with this Asiatic race conflict which is distressing our Pacific coast and menacing

the nation in the spread of vice, crime, leprosy and other loathsome diseases through the invasion of the North and East by the very dregs of Asia.

We must, as a nation, take immediate and vigorous measures to stop further Asiatic immigration, for what will be the fate of the nation when the white race is outnumbered by the negroes in the South and has to contend with the yellow men for supremacy in the North? And as their numbers increase the yellow men will over-run the South also and become a disturbing element there.

We need hardly mention the destructive effect of Chinese cheap labor in driving out white labor and ultimately monopolizing certain lines of industry and trade, as so much has been said and written on that subject. A Chinaman can live and save money on wages or profits that will not support a white man to say nothing of the white man's family.

We have spoken mostly about the Chinese as they largely outnumber the Japanese and Hindus in this country. But the Japanese are already settled in sufficient numbers in the Pacific coast states to be a nuisance and a menace and the Hindus have begun to come. The Japanese are even more objectionable than the Chinese because sharper, and reputed to be more tricky and unscrupulous, while they are much more aggressive and warlike.

Because the Japanese are more advanced in modern arts and sciences than the Chinese does not make them the less objectionable immigrants, for their civilization, which in its essential quality is not to be measured by material progress, is still the yellow man's civilization in which his paganism and his vice and immorality persist.

We have no law to prohibit or limit Japanese and Hindu immigration, nothing but an unwritten understanding that the Japanese government is to discourage its subjects from emigrating to the United States.

We should have a law absolutely prohibiting the immigration to this country of Chinese, Japanese, Hindus and all degraded Asiatics. The population of China is four hundred millions, of India two hundred and fifty millions and of Japan over forty millions, mostly working for starvation wages. Can we afford to take any chance of allowing these countries to pour the lowest element of their countless population into this country and invite another race conflict that would inevitably ensue in which not merely the control of our country and our government would be in issue but even our civilization and our religion at stake?

Certain moneyed interests more greedy than patriotic exert a powerful influence in favor of permitting Asiatic immigration and have brought strong pressure to bear on our government to relax its enforcement of the law which we now have excluding the Chinese.

What we need and must have is a broader law and more vigorous enforcement.

History records the rise and fall of one civilization after another consequent on race conflicts. Students of history and close observers of the trend of the World's progress recognize that the great struggle for race supremacy has already begun between the white man and the yellow man, and that the issue will be whether our civilization or that of Asia shall survive the conflict. The countless hordes of Asia if let loose are enough to overwhelm the rest of the world.

The apprehensions of our own people are confirmed by the warnings of impartial European authorities to the effect that the United States is to be the battleground of the contest. Therefore, whenever occasion permits let us patriotically rally to the support of our fellow citizens on the Pacific coast in the splendid fight which they are making, and for years have made for absolute exclusion of Asiatic immigration in order to prevent the yellow peril, which is already with them a present calamity, a blight on their prosperity, and a continual menace to their peace,—to prevent it from growing and spreading until it brings national disaster. This great patriotic movement is organized under the leadership of the Asiatic Exclusion League, Metropolitan Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Calif., and if any of our readers care to know more about the almost unthinkable depravity of the Chinese and other orientals, and the ruinous influence which their presence has in America they will do well to write the secretary of the League for some of the interesting literature which it publishes and distributes free for the good of the cause. "Meat vs. Rice" is one of the League's most instructive pamphlets, if the edition is not exhausted.

"We have this day to choose whether we will have for the Pacific coast the civilization of Christ or the civilization of Confucius," said Senator James G. Blaine of Maine in his memorable speech in favor of Chinese exclusion before the U. S. Senate in 1879.

But since that day so many Asiatics have come and spread over the country that the yellow peril is now not merely a local but a great national danger. Shall we check it in time, now, or wait until it is too strong for us?

Comfort's Editor.

## Fall of the Trusts

## U. S. Supreme Court Kills the Standard Oil and Tobacco Trusts

**A**T last the Supreme Court of the United States has killed the Standard Oil and Tobacco Trusts, but oh, so gently, that they hardly know they are hurt, and the question, which has been agitating the country during the few weeks since the sentence against these two offenders, is whether or not they are really hurt at all.

Twenty-one years ago Congress made a national law against the trusts because even then they had become a national menace far too big and too powerful to be regulated or controlled by state laws. This law, devised by the late Senator John Sherman and named in his honor the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, not only forbade all trusts and other combinations of corporations or individuals designed to monopolize or restrain any line of trade among the states or with foreign nations, but also made it a crime to engage in any such unlawful trust or combination and directed that every person guilty of doing so shall be punished by fine not exceeding five thousand dollars, or by imprisonment not exceeding one year, or by both fine and imprisonment.

The Standard Oil Company, one of the first and perhaps the most notorious of the big trusts, was organized in 1870 as the means by which the syndicate of which John D. Rockefeller was the ruling genius sought to acquire and maintain control of the products of the oil wells of the United States.

From the standpoint of its promoters it has been a phenomenal success from the start. Beginning with kerosene it soon obtained a practical monopoly not only of that but also of gasoline and the various other petroleum products including the important lubricating oils.

By reason of owning the pipe lines and large storage tanks, and by commanding superior transportation facilities as well as by possessing nearly all the refineries it has become practically the only customer for the crude oil which it is thus enabled to buy at its own price from the owners of the wells while its monopoly of the market enables it to extort any price it sees fit from the consumer for the finished product which the public must have.

As might be expected, both the owners of the oil wells and the public, while they have had to stand this squeezing, have done a lot of squealing and kicking; but that is all it has amounted to, for this giant monopoly has generally succeeded in defeating or evading state laws and state courts, though once or twice it has been pushed hard enough to be obliged to change its name or its form of organization in order to dodge a law or a prosecution that was designed to trim its wings. Since 1890 its very existence

has been a continual and defiant violation of the United States anti-trust law.

In the pursuit of its criminal purpose to establish and maintain an unlawful monopoly of which it is adjudged guilty by the court, it was not content with merely transgressing state and federal anti-trust laws but also committed many other "acts of wrong doing" by which it obtained an unfair and wrongful advantage over its competitors and was enabled to crush out competition. The evidence in the case showed that it had used its vast resources and immense power cruelly, oppressively and in utter disregard of public and private rights, and that while it had swallowed up some of its business rivals its pathway was strewn with the wrecks of others which it had ruthlessly destroyed, inflicting ruin and untold misery on its innocent victims.

Of course the ultimate purpose of these unlawful practices was the acquisition of wealth, and in this its promoters have succeeded beyond the dreams of avarice; for besides the many millions of dollars which they have drawn out and put into their private pockets in their frequent divisions of a part, only, of the enormous profits, the enormous accumulation of hundreds of millions of property and profits still remaining undivided in the trust enable them not only to maintain their monopoly of the oil business, but also to own and control such other business enterprises as they see fit to acquire through the investment of their own and the trusts' gigantic surplus capital. With such power continually growing in the hands of men who are proven to have used it so unscrupulously in the past, how long before the liberties of the people will be lost and the powers of government usurped? With the Tobacco Trust and other trusts pursuing a similar course, how long before the trusts and their promoters will own all there is worth owning in this country and the people be reduced to the condition of dependent serfs?

This great case has unveiled to the public some of the devious methods by which John D. Rockefeller has amassed one of the largest fortunes. If not the largest, in the world, methods condemned as unlawful by the judgment of the highest court in this country; for he and his brother William and their five other associates were on trial before the court, and the decision of the court was against them as well as against the thirty-four corporations which they were unlawfully operating in combination as the so-called Standard Oil Trust.

But what has the court done to them as punishment for their past offenses and by way of preventing a continued violation of the law and further oppression of the people by them?

What is the sentence of the court now that after more than twenty years of successful and defiant violation of the federal law this trust is at last brought before the bar of justice to be dealt with?

Is John D. Rockefeller or any other of the promoters sentenced to prison or to pay a fine?

Oh, no! In this particular case the court could not, if it would, impose any of the criminal penalties which the law prescribes for the punishment of the guilty promoters of a trust, simply because the Attorney General chose to bring the case in the form of a petition for the court to order the trust dissolved and to forbid the promoters continuing their unlawful practices.—In other words to kill the trust without punishing the guilty men; and that is precisely what the court has done. The court has ordered that this unlawful combination of thirty-four corporations must be broken up and gives them six months to do it in and to rearrange their affairs so that neither their immense properties or business interests shall suffer any shock of sudden dissolution.

What does the outcome of this great, enormously expensive and hard-fought case amount to after all? Is the trust hurt? Is the public benefited?

The one hundred dollar shares of the capital stock of the Standard Oil Company are still selling in the market at more than six hundred and fifty dollars each, which looks as though the trust is not hurt much.

Neither the trust nor its promoters are made to give up a dollar of their illegally acquired gains. None of these thirty-four corporations, which constitute the trust and through which it carries on its business in the various parts of the country, is outlawed or dissolved or required to go out of business. The court in its decision assumes that after they have rearranged their affairs they will still hold their respective properties and continue to carry on the various branches of the oil business in which they are now engaged.

Wherein can anybody find a ray of hope in all this that the same men who built up the Standard Oil Trust will not continue to control these thirty-four corporations in the future and thus perpetuate their monopoly of the oil business? Our comments on the Standard Oil case for the most part apply also to the Tobacco case.

The trouble is that the government has neglected and put off the prosecution of the Standard Oil, Tobacco and other trusts until it is too late, until they have grown so great and strong and have acquired such complete monopolies that when they are broken up by merely separating the corporations of which they are

composed, these component parts after separation will still hold the monopolies which they have unlawfully acquired. What a farcical outcome of a twenty years' effort of the government of a great nation to handle a matter of grave national importance!

There was power enough in the law, if it had been enforced, to have broken up those then in existence twenty years ago, and to have prevented the formation and growth of the legion of big trusts which have since sprung into existence. Why was it not done?

Why, even at the late day when the Department of Justice started its proceedings against the Standard Oil and Tobacco Trusts which have just resulted in their dissolution, were not criminal indictments also commenced against the promoters so that the court might have sentenced them to jail?

One such criminal prosecution with a term in jail for a guilty trust promoter twenty years ago would have put a sudden end to the evil.

Since the recent announcement of the court's decisions of the Standard Oil and Tobacco Trust cases Congress, through one of its committees, has asked the Attorney General why there has been no criminal prosecution of the trust promoters and no effort made to get them into jail, and he promises that they shall be prosecuted criminally.

Congress is busy now investigating a number of the big trusts and it is to be hoped that the result will be more efficient legislation and more vigorous enforcement.

Some of the highest authorities in the business world coincide with our view that it is probably too late now to successfully abolish monopoly by merely breaking up the big trusts. For instance Mr. Gary, the head of the United States Steel Corporation which is the largest manufacturer of iron and steel in the world, in his testimony before a committee of Congress last month gave it as his opinion that enforced publicity and governmental control of corporations must come, even as to the regulation of prices. Mr. Gary said:

"Personally I believe the Sherman act does not now and never will fully prevent the organization of the great combinations of capital. I believe we must come to enforced publicity and governmental control of corporations."

"What the U. S. Steel Corporation wants is some responsible head and official department of government to which it can go and say: 'What prices can we charge and just what can we do?'"

This is going nearly the full length of advanced Socialism on this subject and stops but one step short of government ownership. The

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 25.)







# DAVID HARUM

## A Story of American Life

By Edward Noyes Westcott

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### SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

David Harum, the shrewd country banker and horse trader of Homeville, N. Y., began life friendly, poor and despised. With the scantiest rudiments of education, by industry, energy and natural ability he made his way in the world unaided and when past middle age, as the story opens, had accumulated a handsome property. He is a widower and his widowed sister Mrs. Bixbee, known as "Aunt Polly," makes her home with him. His unique wit and cunning are displayed in the famous horse trade, so humorously told in the first two chapters, in which he worsts the deacon and even up an old score.

John Lenox, a young New Yorker, reared in luxury, while his father lived was liberally supplied with money to indulge his somewhat erratic inclinations. After two years in college followed by a year and a half in business he had spent two years in Europe; on his way home he finds as passengers on the steamer Julius Carling, Mrs. Carling and her sister, Miss Mary Blake, his boyhood sweetheart, and renews his acquaintance. Mr. Carling, a sufferer from nervous prostration, is a great care to the ladies, and Lenox wins their good graces by entertaining their patient and giving them an opportunity to rest.

The following winter John makes his home with his father and divides his time between studying law and courting Miss Blake at the Carling home where he is heartily welcomed by all the family. By springtime Mr. Carling's health requires more travel, and his wife and Miss Blake are to accompany him. Lenox determines to propose to Miss Blake before her departure, but is prevented from calling by the suicide of his father, so he writes her a note and she writes him in reply, but he never receives her note because Jackie Carling puts it in his pocket and forgets to mail it. Thus their correspondence ends, each supposing the other does not care to continue it.

John discovers that his father's suicide was caused by the loss of almost all his property. Thus compelled to earn his living John goes to work as clerk for David Harum on recommendation of Gen. Woolsey.

To add to the depression caused by his recent misfortune John finds his new surroundings in the little village of Homeville anything but prepossessing; he has no acquaintance in the town and the people whom he first meets are unacquainted; at the Eagle Hotel his room is uncomfortable and the board is execrable; Timson, who has been discharged for incompetency from the position which Lenox is to fill, tries to give him a bad impression of his employer and magnifies the labor and difficulty of the duties required of him; but John meets the disheartening situation manfully and does his level best to make good. By diligent application he soon masters the details of his business which he finds less difficult than he had anticipated. Meantime he learns that in some quarters, Mr. Harum has the reputation of being hard and unscrupulous in business, and some transactions which look suspicious and others which indicate a kind heart, come under his personal observation. Lenox and Harum are watching and studying each other attentively.

To test Lenox's honesty Harum gives him to help him pass a couple counterfeit bills which the young man had unsuspectingly taken as good money; Harum is pleased at Lenox's indignant refusal, but the latter, taking the proposition seriously, forms a poor opinion of his employer. The day but one before Christmas Harum instructs Lenox to notify the Widow Cullom to call at his office and discuss the mortgage which she holds on her home; he requests Lenox to be present to witness the necessary papers, giving him to understand that he intends to take the property as the poor widow, who has seen better days, has no means of paying this debt which she has incurred to help her only son out in Kansas.

Lenox finds on his desk a Christmas present of fifty dollars from Harum. A snow storm is raging and the widow Cullom arrives trembling with cold and dread of losing her home. Before transacting the business for which he had summoned her, Harum tells the widow of the hardships of his youth; how, being the youngest of nine children, he was orphaned by his father's second wife, his mother having died when he was two years old, he was made the drudge of the family, overworked, half starved, half clothed, beaten, cuffed and abused by his father, stepmother, half-brothers and sisters, except Polly, until he was nearly fourteen years of age; how he ran away from work to see the circus parade and of the kindness of the widow Cullom's deceased husband in taking him in, showing him the circus and giving him money to spend.

That afternoon at the circus was his first holiday, the first pleasure in his dreary life, and that money was the first he had ever had; Mr. Cullom treated him as a friend and companion, and his kindness was the first that the abused and broken spirit had known. When he reached home that night his father beat him until he fainted, and the next night the boy David ran away from home never to return. In return for this kindness on the part of her dead husband David Harum cancels the mortgage as a Christmas present to the widow Cullom, and informs her that he has sent money to bring her son home from Kansas to fill a good position which he has obtained for the young man. To round out the day's happiness he takes the widow and John Lenox home with him to share the bounteous Christmas dinner which his good sister, Polly Bixbee, has prepared for the occasion. To John's surprise and delight he finds that all his belongings have been transferred from the wretched hotel to Harum's pleasant guest chamber and that he is to become one of the family. Through Harum's generosity to the one and kindness to the other this Christmas is the dawn of a new era of hope to the widow and the clerk.

A few days after Christmas Mr. Harum spends the evening chatting with Lenox in his room and they exchange confidences; Harum talks of the hardships he experienced as a boy working on the canal boats and tells of his first horse trade which was the beginning of his business career. He also gives a humorous account of the sumptuous style in which Mr. Price, an old friend of his canal-boat days who had become immensely rich, entertained him at the latter's palatial summer mansion at Newport and of his own notions of the airs and graces assumed by the purse-proud aristocrats of America's most famous watering place.

A year has passed since the tragic death of Lenox's father and yet John is inclined to live a recluse and brood over his sorrow too much so for his own good, as Harum thinks, so he tries to get the young man to mingle more with the better class of young people in Homeville which during the season has considerable social gaiety led by the summer residents.

### CHAPTER XXIX.

ALTHOUGH, as time went on and John had come to a better insight of the character of the eccentric person whom Dick had failed to fathom, his half-former prejudices had fallen away, it must be admitted that he oftentimes found him a good deal of a puzzle. The domains of the serious and the facetious in David's mind seemed to have no very well defined boundaries.

The talk had drifted back to the people and gossip of Homeville, but, sooth to say, it had not on this occasion got far away from those topics.

"Yes," said Mr. Harum, "I've got on the bull the best of any of the lot. As I told ye, he made money on top of what the old man left him an' he married money. The family—some on 'em—comes here in the summer, an' he's here part of the time generally, but the women folks won't stay here winters, an' the house is left in care of Alf's sister, who never got married. He don't care a hill of white beans for anything in Homeville but the old place, and he don't call late to have nobody on his grass, not if he knows it. Him an' me are on putty friendly terms, but the fact is," said David, in a semi-confidential tone, "he's about an even comb of p. ery an' vinger, an' about as pop'lar in gen'ral round here as a skunk in a hen-house; but Miss Verjooos is putty well liked; an' one of the girls—Clarkey is her name—is a good deal of a fav'rit. Juliet, the other one, don't mix with the village folks much, an' sometimes don't come with the family at all. She favors her father," remarked the historian.

"Inherits his popularity, I conclude," remarked John, smiling.

"She does favor him to some extent in that respect," was the reply; "an' she's dark complected like him, but she's a mighty handsome girl, notwithstanding. Both on 'em is han'some girls," observed Mr. Harum, "an' great fer hosses, an' that's the way I got acquainted with 'em."

They're all fer ridin' horseback when they're up here. Did ye ever ride a hoss?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," said John, "I have ridden a good deal one time and another."

"Never c'd see the sense on't," declared David. "I c'n imagine gettin' onto a hoss's back when 't was either that or walkin', but to do it fer the fun o' the thing 's more'n I c'n understand. There ye be," he continued, "stuck up four five feet up in the air like a clo'espinn, havin' yer backbone chucked up into yer skull, an' takin' the skin off in spots an' places, expectin' ev'ry next minute the critter'll git out o' m' under ye. No, sir," he protested, "if it come to be that 't was either to ride a horseback fer the fun o' the thing or have somebody kick me, an' kick me hard, I'd say, 'Kick away. It comes to the same thing, fer 's enjoyment goes, and it's a dum sight safer."

John laughed outright, while David leaned forward with his hands on his knees, looking at him with a broad though somewhat doubtful smile.

"That being your feeling," remarked John, "I should think saddle horses would be rather out of your line. Was it a saddle horse that the Misses Verjooos were interested in?"

"Wa'al, I didn't buy him fer that," replied David, "an' in fact when the feller that sold him to me told me he'd len rode, I allowed that ought to knock twenty dollars off'n the price; but I did have such a hoss, an' outside o' that, he was a nice piece of hoss—h. I was up to the barn one mornin', mebbe four years ago," he continued, "when in drove the Verjooos carriage with one of the girls, the oldest one, inside, an' the yeller-haired one on a horseback. 'Good-mornin'. You're Mr. Harum, ain't you?' she says. 'Good-mornin', I says; 'Harum's the name 't I use when I appear in public. You're Miss Verjooos, I reckon, I says."

"S. laughed a little, an' says, motionin' with her head to'ds the carriage, 'My sister is Miss Verjooos. I'm Miss Clarkey. I took off my cap, an' the other girl jess bowed her head a little."

"I heard you had a hoss 't I could ride," says the one on horseback.

"Wa'al, I says, lookin' at her hoss, an' he was a good one," remarked David, "fer a saddle hoss, I shouldn't think you was entirly out o' hosses, I long 's you got that one. 'Oh, she says, 'this is my sister's hoss. Mine has hurt his leg so badly that I am 'traid I shan't be able to ride him this summer.' 'Wa'al, I says, 'I've got a hoss that's ben rode, so I was told, but I don't know of my own knowin'."

"Don't you ride?" she says. "Hossback? I says, 'Why, of course,' she says. 'No, ma'am, I says, 'not when I c'n raise the money to pay my fine.' She looked kind o' puzzled at that," remarked David, "but I see the other girl look at her an' give a kind of quiet laugh."

"Can I see him?" says Miss Clarkey. "Cer'tainly, I says, an' went an' brought him out. 'Oh, she says to her sister, 'ain't he a beauty? 'C'n I try him?' she says to me. 'Wa'al, I says, 'I guess I c'n, but if you can, but I didn't buy him fer a saddle hoss, an' if I'm to own him fer any len'th of time I'd ruther he'd ferget the saddle bus'nis; an' in any case,' I says, 'I wouldn't like him to git a sore back, an' then agin,' I says, 'I hain't got no saddle.'"

"Wa'al," she says, givin' her head a toss, 'if I couldn't sit straight I'd never ride agin. I never made a hoss's back sore in my life,' she says, 'We c'n change the saddle,' she says, an' off she jumps, an' scat my—!" exclaimed David, "the way she knowed about gettin' that saddle fixed, pads, straps, girths, an' the bull bus'nis, an' put up her foot fer me to give her a lift, an' wheeled that hoss an' went out o' the yard a-kinin', was jess slick as a piece o' hoss bus'nis as ever I see. It took fust money, that did," said Mr. Harum, with a confirmatory shake of the head. "Wa'al," he resumed, "in about a few minutes back she come, lickity-cut, an' pulled up in front of me. 'C'n you send my sister's hoss home?' she says, 'an' then I shan't have to change agin. I'll stay on my b's's,' she says, laughin', an' then agin laughin' fit to kill, fer I stood there with my mouth open clear to my back teeth, not bein' used to doin' bus'nis 'ith quite so much neatness an' dispatch, as the sayin' is."

"Oh, it's all right," she says. 'Poppa came home las' night, an' I'll have him see you this afternoon or tomorrow.' But mebbe he 'n I won't agree about the price,' I says. 'Yes, you will,' she says, 'an' if you don't I won't make your back sore—an' off they went, an' left me standin' there like a stick in the mud. I've bought an' sold hosses to some extent fer a considerable number o' years,' said Mr. Harum reflectively, "but that particler transaction's got a peg all to itself."

John laughed, and asked, "How did it come out? I mean, what sort of an interview did you have with the young woman's father, the popular Mr. Verjooos?"

"Oh," said David, "he druv up to the office the next mornin', 'bout ten o'clock, an' come into the back room here, an' after we'd passed the time o' day, he says, clearin' his throat in a way he's got, 'He-uh, he-uh, if you says, my daughter tells me that she run off with a hoss of yours yestidy in rather a sum'my manner, an—he-uh— I have come to see you about payin' fer him. What is the price?' he says."

"Wa'al, I says, more'n anythin' to see what he'd say, 'what would you say he was wuth?' An' with that he kind o' stiffened a little stiffer 'n he was before, if it could be."

"Really," he says, 'he-uh-uh, I haven't any idea. I haven't seen the animal, an' I should not consider myself qual'fied to give an opinion upon his value if I had, but,' he says, 'I don't know that that makes any material difference, however, because I am quite—he-uh, he-uh—in your hands—'he-uh!—within limits—'he-uh-uh!—within limits,' he says. That kind o' riled me," remarked David. "I see in a minute what was passin' in his mind. 'Wa'al, I says, 'Mr. Verjooos, I guess in the fact o' the matter is 't I'm about as much in the mud as you be in the mire—your daughter's got my hoss,' I says. 'Now you ain't dealin' with a hoss jockey,' I says, 'though I don't deny that I buy an' sell hosses, an' once in a while make money at it. You're dealin' with David Harum, Banker, an' I consider 't I'm dealin' with a lady, or the father of one on her account,' I says."

"He-uh, he-uh! I meant no offense, sir," he says.

"None bein' meant, none will be took," I says. 'Now,' I says, 'I was offered one-seventy-five fer that hoss day before yestidy, an' I wouldn't take it. I c'n't sell him fer that,' I says."

"He-uh, he-uh! I c'n't sell him fer that because I said I wouldn't; but if you feel like drawin' your check fer one-seventy-six," I says, 'we'll call it a deal.' The speaker paused with a chuckle."

"Well?" said John.

"Wa'al," said David, "he, he, he, he! That clean took the wind out of him, an' he got redder 'n a beet. 'He-uh-uh-uh! really,' he says, 'I couldn't think of offerin' you less than two hundred.'"

"All right," I says, 'I'll send up fer the hoss. One-seventy-six is my price, no more an' no less, an' I got up out o' my chair.'"

"And what did he say then?" asked John.

"Wa'al," replied Mr. Harum, "he—led his neck throat a few times, an' says, 'You put me in ruther an embarrasin' position, Mr. Harum. My daughter has set her heart on the hoss, an—he-uh-uh-uh!—with a kind of a smile like a wrinkle in a boot. 'I c'n't very well tell her that I wouldn't buy him because you wouldn't accept a higher offer than your own price. I—I think I must accede to your proposition, an—he-uh-uh—accept the favor,' he says, draggin' the words out by the roots."

"No favor at all," I says, 'not a bit on't, not a bit on't. It was the cleanest an' slickest deal I ever had,' I says, an' I've had a good many. That girl o' yours,' I says, 'if you don't mind my sayin' it, comes as near bein' a full team an' a cross dog under the wagin as you c'n git; an' you c'n tell her, if you think it,' I says, 'that if she ever wants anythin' more out o' my barn I'll throw off twenty-four dollars ev'ry time, if she'll only do her own buyin'.'"

"Wa'al," said Mr. Harum, "I didn't know but what he'd gag a little at that, but he didn't seem to, an' when he went off after givin' me his check, he put out his hand an' shook hands, a thing he never done before."

"That was really very amusing," was John's comment.

"Twa'n't a bad day's work either," observed Mr. Harum. "I've sold the crowd a good many hosses since then, an' I've laughed a thousand times ov that particler trade. Me 'n Miss Clarkey," he added, "has always ben good friends sence that time—an' she 'n Polly are reg'lar neet'ers. She never sees me in the street but what it's 'How dee do, Mr. Harum?' An' I'll say, 'Ain't that old hoss wore out yet?' or, 'When you comin' round to run off with another hoss?' I'll say."

At this point David got out of his chair, yawned, and walked over to the window.

"Did you ever in all your born days," he said, "see such dum'd weather? Jest look out there—no sleighin', no wheelin', an' a barn full wantin' exercise. Wa'al, I guess I'll be moseyin' along. And out he went."

### CHAPTER XXX.

If John Lenox had kept a diary for the first year of his life in Homeville most of its pages would have been blank.

The daily routine of the office (he had no assistant but the callow Hopkins) was more exacting than laborious, but it kept him confined seven hours in the twenty-four. Still, there was time in the lengthened days as the year advanced for walking, rowing, riding or driving about the picturesque country which surrounds Homeville. He and Mr. Harum often drove together after the bank closed, or after "tea," and it was a pleasure in itself to observe David's dexterous handling of his horses, and his content and satisfaction in the enjoyment of his favorite pastime. In pursuit of business he "jogged round," as he said, behind the faithful Jinny, but when on pleasure bent, a pair of satin-coated trotters drew him in the latest and "slickest" model of top-buggies.

"Of course," he said, "I'd ruther ride all alone than not to ride at all, but the's twice as much fun in't when you've got somebody along. I ain't much of a talker, unless I happen to git started" (at which assertion John repressed a smile), "but once in a while I like to have somebody to say somethin' to. You like to come along, don't ye?"

"I very much indeed."

"I used to git Polly to come once in a while," said David, "but it wa'n't no pleasure to her. She hadn't never ben used to hosses, an' always set on the edge of the seat ready to jump, an' if one o' the critters capered a little she'd want to git right out then an' there. I reckon she never went out but what she thanked mercy when she struck the hoss-block to git back with hull bones."

"I shouldn't have thought that she would have been nervous with the reins in your hands," said John.

"Wa'al," replied David, "the last time she come along somethin' give the team a little scare an' she reached over an' made a grab at the lines, that, with a grin, was quite a good while ago. I says to her when we got home, 'I guess after this you'd better take your airin' on a sun-bat. You won't be able to git run away with an' throwed out,' I says."

John laughed a little, but made no comment.

"After all," said David, "I dunno 's I blamed her fer bein' skittish, but I couldn't have her grabbin' the lines. It's cur'ls," he reflected, "I c'n't used to mind what I rode behind, nor who done the drivin', but I'd have to admit that as I git older I prefer to do it myself. I ride ev'ry once in a while with fellers that c'n drive as well, an' mebbe better, 'n I can, an' I know it, but if anythin' turns up, or looks like it, I c'n't help wishin' 't I had bolt o' the lines myself."

The two passed a good many hours together thus beguiling the time. Whatever David's other merits as a companion, he was not exacting of response when engaged in conversation, and rarely made any demands upon his auditor.

During that first year John made few additions to his social acquaintance, and if in the summer the sight of a gay party of young people caused some stirrings in his breast, they were not strong enough to induce him to make any attempts toward the acquaintance which he might have formed. He was often conscious of glances of curiosity directed toward himself, and Mr. Euston was asked a good many questions about the latest addition to his congregation.

Yes, he had called upon Mr. Lenox and his call had been returned. In fact, they had had several visits together—had met out walking once and had gone on in company. Was Mr. Lenox "nice?" Yes, he had made a pleasant impression upon Mr. Euston, and seemed to be a person of intelligence and good breeding—very gentlemanlike. Why did not people know him? Well, Mr. Euston had made some proffers to that end, but Mr. Lenox had merely expressed his thanks. No, Mr. Euston did not know how he happened to be in Homeville and employed by that queer old Mr. Harum, and living with him and his funny old sister; Mr. Lenox had not confided in him at all, and though very civil and pleasant, did not appear to wish to be communicative.

So our friend did not make his entrance that season into the drawing- or dining-rooms of any of what David called the "nabobs' houses. By the middle or latter part of October Homeville was deserted of its visitors and as many of that class of its regular population as had the means to go with and a place to go to.

Was under somewhat different auspices that John entered upon the second winter of his sojourn. It has been made plain that his relations with his employer and the kind and lovable Polly were on a satisfactory and permanent footing.

"I'm dum'd," said David to Dick Larrabee, "if I hain't got putty near to the pint when I want to git anythin' out o' the common run out o' Polly. I'll have to ask John to fix it fer me. She's like a cow with a calf," he declared.

"David sets all the store in the world by him," stated Mrs. Bixbee to a friend, "though he don't jes' let on to—not in so many words. He's got a kind of a notion that his little boy, if he'd

lived, would 'a' ben like him some ways. I never seen the child," she added, with an expression which made her visitor smile, "but as near 's I c'n make out f'm Dave's tell, he must 'a' ben red-headed. Didn't you know 't he'd ever ben married? Wa'al, he was fer a few years, though it's the one thing—wa'al, I don't mean exactly that—it's one o' the things he don't have much to say about. But once in a while he'll talk about the boy, what he'd be now if he'd lived, an' so on, an' he's the greatest hand fer children—ever lastin'ly pickin' on 'em up when he's ridin' an' such as that; an' I seen him once, when we was travellin' on the cars, go an' take a squawlin' baby away f'm its mother, who looked ready to drop, an' lay it across that big chest of his, an' the little thing never gave a whimper after he got it into his arms—jest went right off to sleep. No," said Mrs. Bixbee, "I never had no children, an' I don't know but what I was glad of it at the time; Jim Bixbee was about as much baby as I thought I could manage, but now—"

There was some reason for not concluding the sentence, and so we do not know what was in her mind.

### CHAPTER XXXI.

The year that had passed had seemed a very long one to John, but as the months came and went he had in a measure adjusted himself to the change in his fortunes and environment; and so as time went on the poignancy of his sorrow and regret diminished, as it does with all of us. Yet the sight of a gray-haired man still brought a pang to his heart, and there were times of yearning longing to recall every line of the face, every detail of the dress, the voice, the words, of the girl who had been so dear to him, and who had gone out of his life as irrevocably, it seemed to him, as if by death itself. It may be strange, but it is true that for a very long time it never occurred to him that he might communicate with her by mailing a letter to her New York address to be forwarded, and when the thought came to him the impulse to act upon it was very strong, but he did not do so. Perhaps he would have written had he been less in love with her, but also there was mingled with that sentiment something of bitterness which, though he could not quite explain or justify it did exist. Then, too, he said to himself, "Of what avail would it be? Only to keep alive a longing for the impossible." No, he would forget it all. Men had died and worms had eaten them, but not for love. Many men lived all their lives without it and got on very well too, he was aware. Perhaps some day, when he had become thoroughly affiliated and localized, he would wed a village maiden, and rear a Freeland County brood. Our friend, as may be seen, had a pretty healthy mind, and we need not sympathize with him to the disturbance of our own peace.

Books accumulated in the best bedroom. John's expenses were small, and there was very little temptation, or indeed opportunity, for spending. At the time of his taking possession of his quarters in David's house he had raised the question of his contribution to the household expenses, but Mr. Harum had declined to discuss the matter at all and referred him to Mrs. Bixbee, with whom he co-promised on a weekly sum which appeared to him absurdly small, but which she protested she was ashamed to accept. After a while a small upright piano made its appearance, with Aunt Polly's approval.

"Why, of course," she said, "You needn't to hev ast me. I'd like to hev you anyway. I like music ever so much, an' so does David, though I guess it would floor him to try an' raise a tune. I used to sing quite a little when I was younger, an' I gen'ally help at church an' prayer meetin' now. Why, cert'ly. Why not? When would you play if it wa'n't in the evenin'? David sleeps over the wing. Do you hear him snore?"

"Hardly ever," replied John, smiling. "That is to say, not very much—just enough sometimes to know that he is asleep."

"Wa'al," she said decidedly, "if he's far enough off so't you can't hear him, I guess he won't hear you much, an' he sure won't hear you after he gets to sleep."

So the piano came, and was a great comfort and resource. Indeed, before long it became the regular order of things for David and his sister to spend an hour or so on Sunday evenings listening to his music and their own as well—that is, the music of their choice—which latter was mostly to be found in "Carmina Sacra" and "Moody and Sankey" and Aunt Polly's heart was glad indeed when she and John together made concord of sweet sounds in some familiar hymn tune, to the great edification of Mr. Harum, whose admiration was unbounded.

"Di, I tell you," said David to Dick Larrabee, "what happened the last time me an' John went ridin' together?"

"Not 's I remember on," replied Dick.

"Wa'al, we've rode together quite a considerable," said Mr. Harum, "but I hadn't never said anythin' to him about takin' a turn at the lines. This day we'd got a piece out into the country an' I had the brown colts. I says to him, 'Ever do any drivin'?'"

"More or less," he says.

"Like to take the lines fer a spell? I says. 'Yes,' he says, lookin' kind o' pleased, 'if you ain't afraid to trust me with 'em,' he says."

"Wa'al, I'll be here," I says, an' handed 'em over. Wa'al, sir, I see jess by the way he took bolt on 'em it wa'n't the fust time, an' we went along to where the road turns in through a piece of woods an' the track is narrer, an' we run slap onto one o' them dum'd road-engines that had got wee-waved putty near square across the track. Now I tell ye, said Mr. Harum, them hosses didn't like it fer a cent, an' tell the truth, I didn't like it no better. We couldn't go ahead, fer we couldn't git by the cussed thing, an' the hosses was 'par'tly tryin' to git back under the buggy, an' scat my—! if he didn't straighten 'em out an' back 'em round in that narrer road, an' hardly scraped a wheel. Yes, sir," declared Mr. Harum, "I couldn't 'a' done it slicker myself, an' I don't know nobody that could."

"Guess you must 'a' felt a little ticklish yourself," said Dick sympathetically, laughing as usual.

"Wa'al, you better believe," declared the other, "The was 'bout half a minute when I'd have sold out mighty cheap, an' took a promise fer the money. He's welcome to drive any team in my barn," said David, feeling—in which view Mr. Larrabee shared—that encomium was pretty well exhausted in that assertion.

"I don't believe," said Mr. Harum after a moment, in which he and his companion reflected upon the gravity of his last declaration, "that the's any dum thing that feller can't do. The last thing 's a plany. He's got a little one that stands up on its hind legs in his room, an' he c'n play it with both hands 'thout lookin' on. Yes, sir, we have reg'lar concerts at my house ev'ry Sunday night, admission free, an' children half price, an'," said David, "you'd ought to hear him an' Polly sing; an—he, he, he, you'd ought to see her singin'—tickler 'n a little dog with a nosegay tied to his tail."

### CHAPTER XXXII.

Our friend's acquaintance with the rector of St. James's church had grown into something like friendship, and the two men were quite often together in the evening. John was sometimes to Mr. Euston's house, and not unfrequently the latter would spend an hour in John's room over a cigar and a chat. On one of the latter occasions,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16)



## Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

## DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been much interested in your letters and have oftentimes thought of writing myself, and now hope that I may say something that will give a new thought and be of help to each and everyone.

I sometimes think that if fathers and mothers would encourage their boys and girls to do some nice work in and around the home, something they could make a little honest money at and thus hold their interest that fewer sons would follow such dangers and robbery as the so-called white slave trade, for instance, and would watch over their daughters and not allow them to go with strangers and be led off into so many evils for there have been hundreds and thousands of girls enticed into places of ill repute and there made prisoners against their will. Parents with young daughters should read the work and learn the dangers to which a lack of care subjects their innocent and inexperienced girls. Of all the books of the season, the most helpful, the book should be read by every man, woman and child. The book only costs two dollars and is called "Fighting the Traffic in Young Girls."

Let every father and mother fight this awful monster.

I will close by quoting "My Prayer," one of the greatest ever spoken by mankind.

"I do not ask for fame,  
Nor do I ask for power.  
I do not ask that wealth shall ever be my dower.  
The morrow needs no care,  
Nor more does yesterday.  
'Tis for the present hour  
Dear Lord, for which I pray,  
For eyes to see the wrong  
For will to choose the right,  
For voice to sing Hope's song,  
To make a sad face bright.  
Just help my lips to speak  
But words of love and cheer.  
Just help me, Father, help,  
My conscience to shine clear.  
Just show me how to walk,  
In thine own perfect way,  
In thought and act and talk,  
Just for today—just for today."  
EDITH WHITTELL, Marysville, Idaho.

## DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Will you admit an Oklahoma sister in your corner for a few minutes as I come to give a remedy for eczema which I know is "tried and true." One tablespoonful of unsalted hog lard, enough sulphur to make a salve, and one drop each of camphor, turpentine and carbolic acid. Bathe with pure Castile soap night and morning and apply salve. This cured my little baby girl of eczema when she was five months old. It is a doctor's recipe.

Now for a few words about my babies. I have one little girl two years old who likes to think she is helping mamma. My little boy is one year old and almost as large as the little girl. Husband and I are trying to make us a home. We filed on this place last June and are just now getting on well. This is a sandy country, though this little I have against it is that it has no church or Sunday school.

Mrs. LELA BESSIRE, Rankin, Roger Mills, Co., Okla.

## DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

As I have been a reader of COMFORT for seven years I will now try to find a seat among you, and hope that I will be welcome.

I have no little ones, only my husband and myself in my family, but I am very fond of flowers and pets. Cats are my favorites.

I do all my own sewing and like to do fancy work, especially pretty pillow tops. I do some embroidery but not as well as I would like. It is all "picked up," and I originate all my own designs.

How many of the sisters press all seams and tucks when making new garments regardless of the kind of material used? It shrinks the threads and the garments will not have such a drawn look when washed. In answer to Mrs. Walter Richter, this is the way I make good vinegar without plenty of apples. Take a clean crock, jug or jar and if possible get a good-sized piece of "mother" of vinegar, or if unobtainable it will eventually form. Save all the canned fruit juices which you have to spare. Strain and sweeten all left-over cold tea and put in the vessel and if not enough sweeten sufficient warm water and add to rest. Keep vessel where it will get the warmth. A handful of tea leaves will form "mother." This makes a good vinegar which can scarcely be told from cider vinegar and I find it answers all purposes. I, too, know there are no drugs and poison coloring in it.

Well, I will tell a few of the good points of this country. We are six thousand five hundred feet above sea level on the western slope of the Rocky Mountains. Large numbers of cattle are shipped out of here every fall. This is a good grass and small grain country. All kinds of hardy vegetables grow to perfection and I do not think that any country can beat this for Irish potatoes. We plant them on sod land and they are never cultivated, never touched from planting until ready to dig, and they weigh up to three and a half pounds apiece, and that kind is not scarce either. It is a little too cool for success with melons and tomatoes, but I usually have green tomatoes for pickles. I have raised the finest annual flowers here that I ever saw grow anywhere. I usually have about forty kinds in my garden every summer. There is supposed to be an irrigation country, but there is always sufficient rainfall for all ordinary crops. It is very seldom that we have a really dry season. There is lots of land here to be taken up. Some of it is in the White River Forest Reserve, and can be had by making application for it. There is lots of game here yet and all the streams are full of fish. A trout stream is within thirty feet of our door and we never lack for fish.

Best wishes and success to COMFORT,  
Mrs. J. E. LONG (nee ALEXANDER), Pagoda, Routt Co., Colo.

## DEAR OLD COMFORT:

Because so many, many, have requested descriptions of this part of Arkansas—because of my letter in January, COMFORT, and not being a real estate agent, and because of my age, and so much work of my own, and no help—no daughters—and because I could never, never, never answer the great many personal letters, therefore, in order not to disappoint any of the myriads of COMFORT readers, I humbly request that you publish this one more letter.

Briety, Gentry is located in the southwest corner of Benton, the northwest corner county of this state; directly on the Kansas City Southern Railway, two hundred and twenty-two miles south of Kansas City, six miles north of Siloam Springs, fourteen miles west of Mineral Springs, twenty miles east of Sulphur Springs, and five miles east of boundary line between Arkansas and Oklahoma, opposite the old Cherokee Nation. This is a high, healthy region, interspersed with hilly timbered, level timbered and "flat as a floor," prairie lands. A health resort, ideal fruit and vegetable country. No saloons in this country. Good schools, churches, very many Northern people, cold, clear, freestone water, many sparkling, living springs, on the "Ozarks," famed by the "Ozark ozone."

This country needs seventy-five thousand more "died-in-the-wool," lightning geared Yankees.  
"Vive la COMFORT."  
Mrs. FLAVIUS J. HENDERSON, Gentry, Ark.

## DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a reader of COMFORT three months and it is the best paper I ever read.

Can any of the sisters tell me where I can get an orphan child to live with us? We only have one child, a girl seven years old and we need some child to go to school with our little girl. Would give the child a good home and good treatment.

Long live COMFORT!  
Mrs. C. C. JAMES, Columbia, La.

## DEAR SISTERS:

I am and have been one of the shut-ins for nearly four years with nervous prostration caused by over work. I was bedfast, unable to even feed myself the first year. Have gradually improved until now I can walk some and do some light housework and raise chickens but will always be a cripple. My birthday came in May. How many will send a post card as soon as they read this?

I take delight in reading COMFORT, especially the letters of the Shut-ins.

I think God has been very good to spare my life and restore my health so much, even if I will always be a cripple. Yours in friendship,  
Mrs. RUTH McCLURE, Hollis, R. R. 1, 11 A., Okla.

## DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

May I join your happy circle? I have been a reader of COMFORT for over fifteen years. Would some of the sisters please send me Sunday school papers or cards, or write and tell me where I can get them, as I wish to teach my three children their Sunday school lessons at home, being unable

to take or send them to Sunday school? I am not exactly a shut-in, but I suffer a great deal from rheumatism and heart trouble, and we live about seven miles from town and it is very lonely. I would enjoy hearing from any of the sisters that will write.  
Mrs. R. MIRAMONTES, Hopland, Mendocino Co., Cal.

## DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have for some time been an interested reader of your letters on various subjects.

I have a few home remedies which I will pass on. For sore throat, earache and quinsy, nothing will relieve as quickly as a liniment made from oil of peppermint, hartshorn, camphor, chloroform and a little turpentine. Have the largest amount in oil of peppermint. Any good druggist can compound it properly for you. I had the rheumatism in my knee joints and hips last winter and I used the above liniment and was relieved after a few days.

I make a simple liniment for lame back and to rub on the chest and bowels, by taking one part each of turpentine, camphor and skunk's oil and shake well.

I read so much of the dreaded disease, infantile paralysis, and would say to Mrs. Eva Wheeler that I have not had any experience but learned from a good source that pure olive oil rubbed thoroughly into the muscles of the baby's legs will cure the helpless condition. It will take time, patience and work to get results; possibly one or two months before you see a change. Every time you take the child, rub her legs. You can't rub too much; two or three times a day at least.

I am going to ask a favor which I cannot promise a return in any way. I don't get to church and I want religious reading (any denomination).

I hope my remedies may be a blessing to some other sister as they have been to me.  
Mrs. HATTIE (HAGAMAN) FONE, Pierrepont Manor, R. R. 1, New York.

## MY DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I have been a silent reader of our most interesting paper, the COMFORT, for a great many years, and now I wish very much to ask a favor and earnestly hope I will be admitted to our corner for I want to receive letters from sisters who are good practical cooks. I am a widow and have to hustle for three little ones. I am very anxious to put up a large quantity of fruits and vegetables for our next year's supply. I wish the sisters who are experienced in such things would write me.

My life is a busy, yet very lonely one and letters would be welcome. I support my little ones by doing nice needlework such as crocheting, embroidery and drawing. I also do nice ironing. I live in a small town but intend to try to raise my own meat for the next year and am anxious to prepare fruit and vegetables in every way possible.

Will give a few good laundry hints: In making cooked starch for a common family washing, add one level teaspoonful of sugar and almost as much butter. It gives clothes the gloss finish you see in fine laundry work.

For blood stains or real badly stained napkins and table-cloths, add tablespoonful of coal oil to pail of warm suds and soak before washing.

Mrs. NORMA CHAPMAN, Whitesboro, Texas.

## DEAR SISTERS:

COMFORT was a Christmas present this year and I do enjoy it so much.

Perhaps the following hints will help to make these hot summer days more pleasant for someone. Our home is two and one half miles from Campbell, and buying ice was a waste of time and money unless bought in large quantities, so my husband made a large old-fashioned ice-box, and in it he would store fifty pounds of ice twice each week.

The box affords room for our cream, butter, etc. We thus have a nice cool drink of water when we choose, or even a glass of lemonade. Our dessert for summertime is usually a dish of delicious ice cream, it taking but fifteen minutes to make and freeze enough for our little family. This done at eleven-thirty o'clock gives the cream ample time to set long enough for husband's dinner at twelve.

As often as possible I prepare and cook the noon meal during the cool part of the morning, and it saves myself, as well as enabling me to be cool and refreshing for the field hands, if we happen to have any.

The two girls and I spend our afternoons on the east side of our home where we get the cooling breeze. They play in the dirt (don't be shocked) build block houses, etc., while I read, sew or mend. When night comes all of us, papa included, are ready for a cool refreshing bath, all sleep as well as the hot nights allow.

The children have each a dozen little play suits, and are bathed and dressed in a new suit every morning. My washing is made play work by a washing machine that cleans wristbands and collars, too. I generally iron while the dinner boils, thus saving time and fuel.

I am very orderly, and even this saves time and worry. Stereoscope with nearly three hundred views, a post-card album, two pet gold fish, and our horse and buggy furnish every-day amusements.

Am a great lover of fancy work, post cards, and have a nice collection of photographs. Now for a few tiny hints:

Flavoring for cakes is wonderfully improved by a pinch of salt.

A Syrup spread over the burn on baby's finger nearly always allays the pain at once and is very handy. Add a tablespoonful of sugar to a can of peaches after opening; it gives them a new, fresh taste.

A pinch of sugar put into baby's mouth will stop hiccupping.

Texas is a beautiful state, even the winters are lovely for great clusters of mistletoe make them green again.

Campbell has two thousand inhabitants, a college that promises much, and is really just now beginning to live.

Could someone send me personally the poem, "My Mother's Hands"? I recited it many years ago, but memory fails to tell me all and I'm very anxious to get it, as the earliest remembrance of my mother was her teaching me to recite this poem, and nearly eleven long years ago she folded her hands and went to sleep. Love and best wishes for all.

Mrs. CHARLES E. LOHR (nee HOWARD), Campbell, Hunt Co., Texas.

## DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a reader of COMFORT for some time, and have concluded it is time I was writing to tell you how much I enjoy your letters; they are all just splendid.

I want to say this much in regard to our editors: If there were more men like Mr. Gannett and Uncle Charlie, life would be made more pleasant for many and I am sure Mrs. Wilkinson is the kind of woman to make sunshine wherever she goes.

I am twenty-nine years old, have been married thirteen years and have two sweet children, Layton and Lucile.

I want to say to the sisters whose children have paralysis, that if they will give them a bath once a day, ice would be better, morning and night, of hot salt water I know they will be benefited as my boy had paralysis when only a year old and that is what the doctors had us do, and he is now strong and well. We only gave him the baths of salt water one month, as strong and hot as could be borne.

Those who have plenty of flower slips would do a kindness if they would send me a few. I love flowers and as I am not able to get out much I would enjoy them.

I also wish to ask why it is that the government wishes to collect the Lincoln pennies which were first made and have the engravers' initials on them; also what are they worth and where can we sell them? Also I have a pearl, half as large as a pea, which I found in a can of oysters. Do you think it any good?

I kind love to all the shut-ins and sisters, I will close by asking for a few letters.

Success to COMFORT and its editors.

Mrs. W. W. WALTERS, El Dorado Springs, Mo.

## DEAR EDITOR:

Will you please allow me a little room in our corner as I am a New Mexico sister and come to answer Mrs. Mollie Pattons' questions as best I can.

I have now been in the territory nearly three years and have seen some of it. We came here from the state of New York four years ago and spent one year in Texas. Will say that in my opinion this government land which is given to the people (under conditions of course) is just as good as thousands of acres in Texas that they are booming so high and selling for from ten to twenty-five dollars per acre. Here to homestead three hundred and twenty acres you are obliged to cultivate forty acres the second year, and eighty acres from then until you prove up at the end of five years when you get your deed.

Now to answer the questions asked by Sister Mollie. I think it would be hard to get government land under an irrigation ditch, for if you did you would have to pay for the water. Some are putting down their own wells and fixing to irrigate. The free land is hilly in some places, level prairie land in others. There is no forest land that I know of. Of course the

Just Before Dinner  
When the Housewife  
Serves Van Camp's

Think what it means in hot weather to have a stock of Van Camp's in the pantry.

Each can means a hearty, delicious meal waiting to be served. Ready cold in a minute, or hot in ten minutes. Just as fresh and savory as the moment it came from our ovens.

A hearty meal—84 per cent nutriment. Richer than beef, or eggs, or cheese.

An inviting meal, with every bean nut-like, mealy and whole. None crisped, none broken.

A delicious meal, with the tomato sauce baked into the beans—sauce made of vine-ripened tomatoes.

Never has a dish of baked beans been created

which can compare with Van Camp's.

So much for convenience and taste.

But the main fact is that Van Camp's are digestible, and home-baked beans never are.

We bake in steam ovens, at 245 degrees. We bake in small parcels so that full heat goes through. Yet we bake without crisping, without bursting a bean, because we don't use dry heat.

Home-baked beans, below the top, rarely get heated above 100 degrees. As a result, the beans ferment—tax the stomach—go to waste. Factory baking is utterly essential to make beans fit to eat.

Let our cooks bake them for you while you rest. They have had decades of experience. They have the finest materials, all modern facilities.

They do the baking for a million homes. Even in cost you can't begin to compete with them.

Ask your grocer to send a few cans, and judge the facts for yourself. But don't get the wrong brand, for you'll be disappointed. Get Van Camp's.

"The  
National  
Dish"

**VanCamp's**  
BAKED  
WITH TOMATO  
SAUCE  
**PORK AND BEANS**

"The  
National  
Dish"

Three sizes: 10, 15 and 20 cents per can

Van Camp Packing Company (Established 1861) Indianapolis, Ind.

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first settlers get the first, the rest get their pick of what is left. We lived four months in Otero County, one year in Roosevelt County, and one year and three months in Union County. Here we have in our opinion more rain than in some places and a very high altitude. Our boy, who suffered from asthma simply could not live in York state, but after living in this climate is a big, strong, healthy boy. For government free land laws write to U. S. Commissioner at Santa Fe, N. Mex.

We have a fine little community, thirteen miles east of Des Moines. Last year we built a schoolhouse and since then have had about four and one half months of schooling. We have a literary society and every one helps and tries to get what help they can out of it. Then we have a Sunday school that I believe is doing lots of good, but it is a struggle for a few because we don't have the necessary literature as home-steaders are mostly poor folks. Now we are trying to get an organ and expect that we will be a long time about it, but each one will try and help a little. So if some of the sisters who have them to spare will send me quilt pieces, I will piece a quilt to sell for my share.

Will some of the sisters suggest simple ways of raising money. No big, expensive things, but something simple and easily developed.

Much success to COMFORT and all its readers.

Mrs. B. J. MARGESON, Des Moines, Box 5, N. Mex.

## DEAR FRIENDS:

I have been a reader of COMFORT for sometime. I am a widow with one little girl three years old. Am living with my mother at the present time, but must work whenever I can find employment, which is rather hard for me to secure, as no one wishes to have a baby around. She is a good little girl and I do not like to be separated from her. I thought that possibly some of the COMFORT sisters might know of some one I could work for and keep my little girl with me. There are some I know that would enjoy her company. I am twenty-seven years old. Would like to live in the West. I would be so thankful to find a home through COMFORT's columns.

Mrs. EMERY BELL, Nevada, Mo.

## DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I do enjoy the Sisters' Corner very much and thought I would write a little letter to tell you how much help I get from this dear paper. I think the best way is to tell anyone about it when we appreciate their efforts in our behalf.

I am twenty-two years old; have been married two years and have the very best husband living and a darling baby boy who is the pride of our home. He is so good and sweet and it is such a pleasure to care for him. I don't think any home is complete until there are little children in it. I was born in Missouri in Gentry Co., and lived there until our marriage when we moved to St. Joseph, Mo. That is a beautiful city of one hundred and two thousand inhabitants. Our home was in the northern part of the city near Kray Park, which made it very pleasant. We lived there until my husband's health broke down and the doctors advised a change of climate. So we came to New Mexico, and he is greatly benefited already by the change. We are only thirty miles from the Texas line and about half way between the northern and southern boundary lines.

This is a fine country we think. If we only can get water to irrigate the land anything almost can be raised here. We are having plenty of rain so far this spring, so everyone is hopeful for a good crop this year.

Everyone in this community are homesteading government land and almost all of the houses are either one or two room shacks. Some few have four and five room houses and still others have "dugouts." Don't think for a moment though that the people are in the least "backwoods," for such is not the case. Almost all of them are well-read people and all dress neatly and in good style and all are so sociable and friendly.

We have church services once every month and Sunday school every Sunday at the schoolhouse. In the country out here, the schoolroom serves for both school and church services. We have a good organ and good singers.

We have a small grocery store and the postoffice. I care for the store and office while my husband does farmwork, as I wish him to be out of doors as much as possible to get the full benefit of the climate. I do all of my housework, care for the store and care for my baby boy, so it keeps me pretty busy, but when one is busy they don't have time to get blue and discouraged.

We have a piano and I try to keep up my practice. I think good books and magazines and music and games should be in every home, for they have such a good influence over a child. I have never known what it is to be without good reading material and music.

I do a great deal of needlework and do my own and baby's sewing. Eyelet embroidery and drawn-work are my favorites, although I do other kinds too. I'm always anxious to see the fancy work patterns given in COMFORT.

I agree with Sister Alice Hill that singing helps to do a great deal of hard work, and when you are feeling blue sisters, and everything seems wrong, just see how many blessings you can count and see how much lighter your heart will feel.

I wonder how many of us are living far away from our dear parents? My parents and a small brother, ten years old live in St. Joseph, Mo., and we do miss them greatly. I try to write a long cheery letter to them every week for they miss us, too. I am the only daughter and my boy is the only grandchild.

When the goods are rinsed first in soap suds when removed from dye and then in clear water until no dye colors the water then hung on the line to drip until almost dry, you will never be troubled by the dye rubbing off or cracking. Always press the material on the wrong side before it becomes quite dry and it will look like new.

With all good wishes for every COMFORT reader I am your sister,  
Mrs. MABEL HAMILTON, Cantara, New Mexico.

## DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have taken COMFORT almost a year now and like it fine. I am a great lover of stories, but I also like to read the sisters' and cousins' letters.

I am fifteen years old, five feet two inches tall, brown hair and eyes. Have lived on the farm all my life. Have two sisters, one ten years old, and one five. I am housekeeper now for papa, as mother has been dead over two years. You don't know what it is to lose mother until she is gone. I can't begin to tell you how much I miss her.

Today is the fifth of May. I have my garden all out but nothing is big enough to use yet. I have about two hundred and fifty little chickens, and will have some more hatched next week, also some little turkeys, so you see I have my hands full. I want to clean house next week if the weather is nice. People are just beginning to break the ground for corn as it has been so wet, raining most of the time in April. Not very many oats were sowed this spring. We also raise wheat, hay and a little clover, a good many sheep are raised, but few hogs.

Our barn was struck by lightning and burned last June. We built another last fall and have it painted red. I like flowers but did not have very many last year. I want to get some house plants this fall. I could not have any before, because they would freeze in the winter when I went to school, as papa would be at work and could not keep the fire. I done all the housework and went to school all winter.

I never feed my little chicks anything but baked cornbread, and when about three or four weeks old feed little cracked corn and wheat with cornbread and I scarcely ever lose any except when it is rainy and cold if they are hatched very early.

With best wishes to all,  
Miss EUNICE RINEHART, Ingham, R. R. 1, Box 43, Ill.

## DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Please welcome a lonely stranger who comes to you for comfort and cheer in hours of trial. One year ago I had a happy home, a kind husband and nine dear, sweet children. We were poor, but loved each other and enjoyed our home. On the seventeenth of last July my husband and I were sitting together in the front door of the hall talking, with our little ones around us. A severe storm arose and I ran up-stairs to lower windows, my husband and children went into the front room for same purpose. There was a loud crash and I ran down-stairs to find my husband and two of our little boys lying on the floor. I got the nearest neighbor to go for the doctor, but my husband and seven-year-old son were both dead. My nine-year-old boy was shocked, but has recovered. I am at the same place that they were killed and trying very hard to keep my children with me and make a home for them. My two oldest are delicate girls, my oldest boy is thirteen. He works very bravely to help mamma. My other little boy was ten years old last May. He attends school mornings and works afternoons.

I want to thank you all for your letters. I enjoy COMFORT immensely, and especially our corner.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)



# RUBY'S REWARD

By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon

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## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Ralph Carpenter, a man of wealth, knowing his days are numbered, reveals to Walter Richardson the son of Sadie Walcott, his early love, the story of his young life, his love for Walter's dead mother, their betrothal, separation, her marriage, his finding her in poverty and the promise to care for Walter as if he were his son and to tell him something when he becomes of age, also his anxiety for him to complete his education, provision for which he makes. In the midst of his talk Mr. Carpenter becomes suddenly ill, and while the nurse and Walter keep watch Edmund in the library finds his father's private papers and one, bearing the words "Last Will," slips through a crack in a quiet desk and is lost to sight. With a sigh of relief Edmund closes the desk. The father dies without making more known of his wishes for Walter and revealing his ancestry. A search is made for the will. Walter is anxious to complete his education and Edmund offers him the position of book-keeper at nine dollars a week with board for one year, and Edmund regards it as a matter of disrespect that the son of another woman is installed on an equal footing with him. Walter realizes his hard position. He goes to the city, meeting a young girl, who, through his assistance, escapes injury. He applies to Albert Conant, Architect and Builder, who advises a practical knowledge of the construction of buildings only acquired by learning the carpenter's trade. After three months of close application Walter asks for evening office work. Making rapid strides, Mr. Conant allows Walter to share with him in the preparation of plans for an elegant residence on the banks of the Schuylkill. He requests Walter to deliver them to a certain street and number. He knows the name is Gordon and is surprised to meet the young girl of his dreams—a sister of Robert Gordon. Walter gives Mr. Gordon valuable information regarding the plans and as he leaves encounters Edmund Carpenter, who is to accompany Ruby to a party. He is surprised to meet Walter and is rude to him. Robert Gordon favors Edmund Carpenter's attentions to his sister. Ruby's estimate of Edmund Carpenter's character surprises her brother and awakens a new bond between them.

Mr. Robert Gordon and his wife give a reception to a noted poet, Mr. Whitfield. Owen Ruggles, an unbidden guest, comes three hundred miles to see the man that's walked into his heart with his sweet way of saying things. Ruby Gordon makes the man feel at ease and arranges for Mr. Whitfield to meet him. Standing near the library door Ruby hears Edmund Carpenter, in an angry voice, expostulating with Owen Ruggles for his presence there. The conversation reveals his relationship. Edmund ignores it and Ruby learns that Walter Richardson was a protégé of Edmund's father and of Edmund's refusal to help him to an education. Owen Ruggles invites Ruby to visit at his home another summer. The next morning he calls upon Walter, who shows him every attention. Mr. Ruggles regrets that Walter does not finish his college course and offers to assist him. Walter refuses. He enjoys the independence of caring for himself.

Ruby Gordon, in company with her brother pays a visit to Owen Ruggles and his wife. That night Walter Richardson arrives. Ruby claims him as an old acquaintance to Mr. Ruggles' surprise and pleasure. Ruby learns from Walter's lips that Mr. Ralph Carpenter was Mr. Ruggles' half brother, also the story of his young life. A delightful week follows. There are walks and drives. Walter saves Ruby from possible death and next to God she owes Walter most grateful thanks. Walter is content that he loves Ruby as a man loves only once in his life. Ruby and her brother return to the city. Walter goes to the train with them. Mr. Gordon cordially invites him to his home, and Walter availing himself of the invitation calls. His pleasure is interrupted by Edmund, who is attentive to Ruby. He is displeased to meet Walter and warns him if he falls in his intentions it will be the sorriest day he ever knew. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon plan a grand housewarming and at Ruby's solicitation they send for Mr. and Mrs. Ruggles. Walter is invited. Ruby promises the first quadrille to him. Edmund Carpenter begs to open the ball with Ruby. She detects the rage as he reads Walter's name at the head of the list. Ruby dances an old-fashioned dance with Mr. Ruggles. Robert Gordon follows with Mrs. Ruggles. Ruby evades Edmund's attentions, and he goes home vowing vengeance on his successful foe. Christmas comes, and Ruby's gift, an enlarged likeness of Annie Ruggles, touches the father and mother and Owen Ruggles promises Ruby if she ever needs a friend he is the man to stand by her. Reverses come to Robert Gordon and he loses, not only his own, but Ruby's money. His wife is crushed. Ruby is brave and comforts her brother. The house and all that is in it is to be sold. Ruby is to have all that belongs to her, and what her mother leaves her. Ruby, with the help of a servant puts the new house in order. She secures a position as a teacher. The home is sold and the purchaser's name withheld. Edmund Carpenter calls. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon greet him cordially. He finds Ruby mending. He makes a proposal of marriage. She shall never know a shadow. It cannot be; she does not love him.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### A GRIEVOUS CALAMITY.

WHEN Mrs. Gordon heard of Ruby's rejection of Mr. Edmund Carpenter, she was much disappointed and depressed. She had set her heart upon the match, for it seemed to be the only avenue of escape from their troubles. To Mrs. Gordon, accustomed to affluence as she had been, the restrictions of poverty were little less than a series of calamities.

A calamity more grievous than all others, however, was destined soon to overtake the Gordons. The holidays drew on apace—those days that had always been so full of gaiety and excitement—and though our friends could not fail to feel, more keenly than ever, the difference in their circumstances and the pinching poverty that would make itself felt whichever way they turned, yet two of them at least smiled bravely into each other's face and cheerfully went their round of daily duties.

"I am afraid, *petite*, it is going to be rather a lean Christmas for you this year," remarked Mr. Gordon, regretfully, one morning during breakfast, as his eye caught the flaming advertisements in the paper that he had been reading.

Ruby looked up with her brightest smile. "No, indeed, Robert," she said. "I expect it will be a very happy one, for I have a delightful little project in my head. Besides," she added, with grave sweetness and a tender gleam in her eye, "I believe I understand better this year than I ever did before what Christmas means."

Her brother looked up inquiringly. "Peace on earth good will toward men," she quoted, in a low tone, adding: "We can at least have that in our hearts, if we cannot give lavishly from our purses this year."

The week before Christmas was bitterly cold and stormy, and one evening Robert Gordon came home shivering with a chill and a fearful hoarseness and pain in his chest. The next morning he was in a high fever, and raving with delirium. A physician was summoned, but his grave face as he examined his patient, and his evasive answers when questioned, struck a sudden terror to Ruby's heart.

She obtained a substitute for her class, and at once took her position by the bedside of her idolized brother, and refused to leave him during all those anxious days that followed.

He grew constantly worse; human agency could avail nothing, though the best of nurses and advice were procured, and in a week all that remained of the noble, generous, and talented Robert Gordon lay cold and still in the pretty parlor of that little house, where so recently that cheerful little circle before mentioned had been gathered.

If it had not been for Walter, Ruby felt that she must have sunk beneath this bitter blow. As soon as she learned of Mr. Gordon's illness, he went to the afflicted family, and remained with them until the end.

He was remarkably efficient—gentle as a woman in the sick-room; active and self-reliant out of it.

He took all care from Ruby—for Mrs. Gordon was paralyzed and utterly useless in view of this new trial—and when all was over, arranged

for the last sad rites, so that the sorrowing ones were not harassed in any way with the trying details.

First respect that was shown Mr. Gordon by all classes at this time, testified to the esteem and love with which he was regarded by business men and all others with whom he came in contact during life. A long line of carriages, filled with friends and acquaintances, followed him to his last resting-place, while many kind offers of sympathy and assistance had been already rendered the bereaved widow and sister.

Walter Richardson and Edmund Carpenter met again in this house of mourning for the first time since the evening of the grand reception in Mr. Gordon's former elegant residence. Walter greeted the son of his former benefactor kindly and courteously, but he was met with a frowning brow and a haughty manner, that amounted almost to rudeness.

Poor Ruby was heart-broken. She seemed fairly dazed by this mighty grief that had overtaken her so suddenly; and it was enough to make the strongest weep simply to look into her white face and note the wild, hunted look in her sunken but tearless eyes.

When her brother's body was borne from her sight and laid within the costly Gordon tomb, the tension on her overstrained nerves gave way, and she fell back fainting in the carriage.

Mrs. Gordon shrieked, and lapsed into hysterics, crying out that Ruby, too, was dead; and Walter, hearing the sound, and fearing the worst for his darling, leaped from his own carriage, and rushed to their aid.

A glance within the coach showed him Ruby's ghastly face and inanimate form; and, with compressed lips, he sprang away to a fountain near by, wrenched a cup from its chain, and bore it full of water back to the senseless girl.

He entered the carriage; he gathered his loved one in his arms, and bathed her face and temples until she began to recover consciousness.

Just as she drew a deep breath and unclosed her eyes, Walter chanced to glance up, and saw Edmund Carpenter standing by the open door of the carriage, and glaring at him with something of the ferocity of a wild animal as it is about to spring upon its prey.

Ruby saw him also; and suddenly realizing whose arms were supporting her, she sat up, holding out her hand for the cup of water.

She drank freely, and the clear, cool liquid revived her more fully.

"Thank you, I am better," she said, with a long-drawn sigh. "Hush, Estelle! I will not be weak any more. It is all over; let us go home now."

Walter half arose from his seat.

"Shall I tell them to drive on?" he asked. "No; stay with us, please," Ruby said, laying a detaining hand upon his arm.

Then, turning to Edmund Carpenter, she added:

"Will you kindly give the order, Mr. Carpenter?"

He bowed gravely, and turned away to do her bidding; but, in striving to control the rage that suddenly flamed up in his heart, he bit his under lip until his teeth met through the flesh.

He had read a great deal during those few moments that he had stood by that carriage door.

Walter's face had told its own story as he ministered to the girl whom he loved so well, while the fast of Ruby clinging to him and desiring him to remain with her had shown that her heart turned to him in this time of sorrow as to no other, and the sight had aroused a demon of jealousy within him.

Mrs. Gordon recovered her composure somewhat before reaching home, but once there, she shut herself in her own room and would see no one.

Walter led Ruby into the now desolate parlor, feeling that he could not go away and leave the delicate girl alone with her crushing grief.

"Tell me what I can do for you," he said, gently, as she looked around and shivered slightly, remembering whose presence would never more brighten that room.

"Nothing," her bright lips murmured, as she sank weakly into a chair and closed her eyes. "Shall I call Jane?" Walter asked, fearing she was going to faint again.

"No. Oh, please do not let anybody come here now," she burst forth with a pathetic sob. He bent down before her, saying, with infinite tenderness, while his eyes were full of tears:

"Let me take off your wraps, Ruby, and make you comfortable, then I will leave you, if you wish."

He removed her heavy cloak, untied her sable bonnet, and laid it aside, took off her thick overshoes, and then drew her chair close beside the glowing grate.

"Are you comfortable now?" he questioned, his heart beating with a sweet, fond hope, for she had let him wait upon her like a trusting child, and as if he had the right to do so.

"Yes, than, you."

"Can I do anything more before I go?"

The sorrowing girl shook her head. She could not speak, for his gentle kindness had unnerved her, and two great tears, the first that she had shed, flashed out upon her silken lashes and rolled down her cheeks.

Walter bent lower over her, his heart aching for her.

"You will let me know—you will send for me if I can be of any use at any time?" he pleaded. She looked up at him.

There was a world of tenderness in his face, and his eyes told her, as plainly as eyes could tell, how dearly he loved her, and how he longed to comfort her.

She broke down utterly then. Reaching out her hand, she clasped the one

that he had laid upon the arm of her chair, and cried, helplessly:

"Oh, Walter, how can I ever bear it and live?" That clinging touch, the appealing look and agonized tone were too much for the young man's self-control.

He was on his knees before her in an instant, and had drawn her into his arms and laid her head upon his breast.

"My darling, how I long to comfort you! Oh, if I could but shield you from all sorrow!" he murmured, fondly.

His tender tone, the sense of protection, of sympathy and love thus thrown around her, when she felt so utterly desolate, opened the flood-gates that had been so long closed, and she burst into a storm of tears.

The young lover said not a word; he did not attempt to soothe her, but held her close to him and let her weep until all her wild grief was spent. Then he laid her gently back in her chair and stole softly from the room.

He found Jane in the kitchen, and asked her for a cup of tea.

She had just taken one to Mrs. Gordon, and soon had another ready for him.

He took it and returned to the parlor. "Will you drink this, Ruby?" he asked. "I know you need it."

And, as if it were enough for him to simply make the request, she drank it.

"Now could you eat a little bit of something?" he pleaded, knowing how little she had eaten during the past week, and longing to see the color come back to her wan cheek.

She shook her head with a sad smile.

He did not urge it, for he saw that she could not; but his heart was throbbing with a great, new joy in spite of his sorrow for her, for the sweet, shy glance that she had lifted to him told him that she did not resent his impulsive and almost unconscious freedom of a few moments ago. It almost told him that she owned and recognized his right to be her comforter, from the fact of his own great love for her.

He knew that there must be a verbal understanding between them very soon, but not just yet while she was so sorrowful; it would seem selfish and inconsiderate to press her for any confession or pledge at such a time.

The short wintry day was drawing to a close; darkness was settling about them, and with it the funeral gloom seemed to deepen in that quiet parlor.

Walter knew that he must not linger there longer, though he could not bear to leave the almost heart-broken girl alone with her grief. But he had duties. He had become a teacher in one of the evening schools for drawing this winter, and was so occupied three nights in the week.

This was one of them, and presently he told Ruby that he must go.

"You need rest, too," he said, tenderly; "and you will rest, will you not? Remember that you have taxed your strength very severely of late, and you will break down if you do not give yourself proper attention. Promise me that you will try to sleep tonight."

"Yes, I will try," Ruby answered, feeling that it was very pleasant to have him so thoughtful of her.

"Tell me if I may come again soon?" he asked, in a lower tone.

"I know, of course, that you will not care to see visitors at present; but, Ruby, you know that I must see you again very soon."

Her face flushed crimson for an instant, for she knew what he meant, and she was too truthful to pretend to misunderstand him; so she simply murmured:

"Yes, do come soon."

His handsome face lighted, and an expression of endearment trembled on his lips. But he repressed it, and held out his hand to take leave of her.

She arose, and laid her own within it, and as she did so giving him another quick, shy glance, that spoke volumes to him and sent the blood bounding through his veins to the glad pulsations of his heart.

He hesitated a moment, then bent and touched her forehead lightly with his lips, released her hand with a lingering pressure, and then went away, knowing that he had won the heart of the beautiful girl who had been like a poem and an inspiration to him ever since he first met her on that bright summer day more than two years before; knowing too, that when he should come to her again Ruby Gordon would tell him that some time, when he should feel it right to claim her, she would be his wife.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### THE FLIGHTED TROTH.

Walter waited three days before going to Ruby again, curbing his love and impatience as best he could, and leaving her to the rest and quiet which she so much needed.

But on New Year's eve he presented himself again before the door of that little house in which his heart was centered.

Jane showed him into the parlor, a wise look on her good-natured face, and then went to call her young mistress.

Ruby soon came to him, still looking pale, and wan, and very sad in her black robes; but as she laid her small hand in her lover's outstretched palm, and his fingers closed over it with a touch and air of right and ownership, the rich color swept in a crimson tide to the golden rings of hair lying lightly upon her brow.

He had come determined to settle their relations at once, to remove every barrier, and, still holding her hand, he bent toward her and said, in a tone that was tremulous from very tenderness:

"You know, my darling, why I am here to-night; know that I have come to ask you a question, the answer to which will either make or mar my whole life, and I must settle it at once. I must have some assurance from you before I can be satisfied. I do not need to tell you how dear you are to me, for I must have betrayed it in a thousand ways, and yet you are all the world to me. Ruby, do you love me? Will you some time, when I am in a position to claim you, be my wife?"

Ruby Gordon was too sad, and the realities of life were too stern just then, for any prudish holding back, or for anything but a straightforward answer.

She had known that she loved Walter for a long, long time, and she knew that nothing could comfort her now, in her sorrow and loneliness, so much as the consciousness that the great, true heart of this noble young man was all her own, and that she could have it to lean upon in this trial and through all coming years.

She lifted her grave, sweet face to his, but the look in his eyes was too much for her, and her cheek deepened, as she murmured:

"You know that I love you."

He dropped her hand, and his arms were around her in an instant.

"And the rest of it, Ruby—you will be my wife some time?" he whispered.

"Yes."

Walter Richardson's face grew luminous with the great love and happiness that thrilled him, as he caught this low-breathed pledge.

He drew her gently to a sofa, and, with his arms still clasping her, seated her beside him, and laid her bright head upon his breast.

"My own darling, I may say it now," he said, "you have crowned my life with happiness. It is a sad time, I know, to talk to you of happiness, and yet, dearest, I trust that you are not unhappy in my love. At all events, you shall lean upon my strong, true heart, and let me try to comfort you."

"You have already comforted me more than I can express. What should I have done without you, Walter? Estelle has been ill, almost paralyzed, and I should have been utterly alone through all this trouble but for you," Ruby murmured, brokenly, while she lay still in his arms with a sense of perfect rest and content, and let the tears, that would not be stayed, rain over her face.

He wiped them tenderly and in silence.

He knew that no words, however fond, could assuage her grief for her brother; only time would serve to heal the wound; and yet he felt that she was comforted and strengthened by the simple knowledge of his love and presence.

"I should not trouble you thus," she said, at length, trying to control her sorrow, and looking up with a pathetic attempt to smile, "but, oh, Walter, my father was everything to me."

"I know it, darling, and no one can ever fill his place in some respects. But, as far as may be, let me be 'everything' to you in the future. I will work hard; I will strain every nerve to make a position in life worthy of you; and I hope it will not be so long before I can take care of you as I wish you to be cared for. You can never know, dear, Walter went on, "how I have rebelled against the hard fate that has been yours during the last few months; and yet, Ruby, I never should have dared to break the seal that I had set upon my lips, if you had not lost your fortune."

The young girl sat up and looked at him, a gentle surprise in her beautiful eyes.

"Why not?" she asked.

"Because of my own poverty," Walter answered, flushing.

"You are very proud," Ruby returned, with a look that thrilled him; "but you are not poor."

"What can you mean by that?" he questioned, smiling.

"You have a grand intellect and rare talent; you are kind and noble; you have energy and ambition, a brave, true heart, and, besides all this, an untarnished name and character. No man should feel 'poor' with such manly attributes, and any woman should feel proud to give her love to such a man."

Walter's face kindled, and, bending forward, he kissed the lips that had uttered such noble words.

"Is that your feeling toward me, Ruby?" he asked.

"Yes, Walter; I am very proud of you, and

"Well, dear, tell me all; my heart is hungry for it," he pleaded, as she stopped and blushed.

"And I have been very fond of you for a long, long time," she confessed, with drooping lids.

"How long, Ruby?"

"Ever since that first summer at Redville; I am not quite sure but it began that evening when we sat beside the pretty spring in the pasture near Mr. Ruggles' house; but I am very sure I found it out that day when I found myself slipping over that horrible precipice from the natural bridge, and thought I was looking my last on your face. But you saved me, and somehow, ever since I have had a feeling that I belonged to you."

Walter's heart leaped within him with joy as he listened to this confession, and he drew the slight form of his beloved closer within his embrace.

"I have been far richer than I dreamed if I have had the gift of your dear love so long," he said, tenderly. Then he added: "But, Ruby, my love is a good deal older than yours."

She lifted questioning eyes to him.

"It was born on that day when you and I took the car on the corner by your brother's house. Just think," he said, smiling, "I saved you from a fall, and in return you stole my heart."

"Well, since you have succeeded in arresting the thief, I do not believe your loss is irreparable," Ruby returned, with a little gleam of her old playfulness, that cheered her lover immensely.

"No, nothing remains but to pronounce sentence upon the culprit, and that we will reserve for the present. But, my darling," he continued, gravely, "I want to ask you about the near future. Do you know what Mrs. Gordon's plans are?"

"No, Walter; she has said but little as yet. Of one thing, however, I am quite sure—she will not remain here. You know that Estelle will be quite rich—now."

Ruby's voice faltered and broke over that last word.

"Yes," Walter returned. "I heard that Mr. Gordon's life was heavily insured; but was it all made over to her?"

"Yes, Robert had the matter attended to several years ago."

Walter said, regretfully:

"I suppose he had no idea that I should ever need it, for I had so much money of my own then. But I am glad for Estelle, for she does not seem able to bear being poor, and now she will be very comfortable. It seems hard, though, that it could only come to her through Robert's death."

"It does seem hard," Walter assented, "and yet it was a wise provision on your brother's part, and I have no doubt that Mrs. Gordon will share liberally with you. I hope so, at all events; for, darling, I cannot endure the thought of your toiling in that school."

"You do not consider it a disgrace?" Ruby said, turning a startled look upon him.

"No, indeed; far from that. I have always felt that it was a very noble thing to do; but you are not the most rugged person in the world, and I fear the tax upon your strength."

"It can be no worse for me than for hundreds of others," Ruby replied, "and it will be a mercy to me now to have constant employment, for I

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)



"RUBY, WILL YOU SOMETIME, WHEN I AM IN A POSITION TO CLAIM YOU, BE MY WIFE?"





## LEAGUE RULES:

To be a comfort to one's parents.  
To protect the weak and aged.To be kind to dumb animals.  
To love our country and protect its flag.

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**W**ELL, here's the Glorious Fourth again. To tell the truth I almost feel like doing a little celebrating myself this year, for things certainly have a somewhat brighter outlook, and the future of our country seems more hopeful and promising than it did twelve months ago.

The cause of liberty and good government has really made a little progress in Uncle Sam's dominions during the past year and seems to have got its feet placed for a further advance.

Hurrah for the postal savings bank! We've got it at last, in a small way to be sure, but it has come to stay. It has made a small but good beginning, a splendid success from the start, and the only reason it didn't make a bigger start and bigger success was the ridiculously small scale on which the government has seen fit to start it. It has been established in from three to half-a-dozen post-offices in each state thus far, but the Postmaster-General is extending it to other post-offices as fast as the limited means at his disposal will permit. At these few offices and in the few months that it has been on trial the deposits both in number and amount have far exceeded all expectations and have demonstrated the popularity and usefulness of this institution. At the present rate of extension it will be many years before these facilities are so extended as to meet the needs and convenience of all the people. Congress should at once provide the means to extend the service so as to accommodate every section of the country, especially those most remote from the banking centers. It has proved a great blessing the last twenty-five years in Europe, and it is equally beneficial in the United States both to the people and the government. Tell your Congressmen to push it along so to give everybody a chance to avail themselves of the privilege.

It will accomplish three great purposes: first, it will provide a safe and convenient investment for the small savings of those who have no banking facilities or are afraid to trust their money in the banks, as many of our foreign and some few of our native population are; second, it will keep millions of dollars in this country which otherwise would be sent abroad as heretofore by foreign wage-earners in this country who have been accustomed to deposit their savings in the postal savings banks of their native countries and distrust our banks because they are not familiar with them; third, the aggregate of these small sums that are now being hoarded in old wallets, tin boxes or bureau drawers, doing nobody any good and subject to loss by theft or destruction by fire, as well as the money that would otherwise leave the country, amounting to millions in all, will be turned into the government treasury as a loan to Uncle Sam; the depositors will get their interest regularly as long as they let their money remain and can be sure of getting their money any time they want it; it will also give the government a large fund to use for public improvements without having to resort to the expedient of issuing bonds. To illustrate: the government will have to issue its bonds, probably from two to three hundred million dollars, to raise the necessary funds to pay for the Panama canal now building, and the Secretary of the Treasury is now offering the first fifty millions of these canal bonds for sale. Most of them will probably be bought by the capitalists. If the government had started the postal savings bank ten years ago it could pay for the great canal out of the deposits of the people's money without having to sell bonds. The postal savings bank in the future will provide the government with the funds to carry out the vast irrigation and internal water ways improvements which would add so much to the national wealth and prosperity. Instead of borrowing big sums from the big capitalists give the people a chance to lend their little nest eggs to the government through the postal savings bank. Another excellent feature which the Postmaster-General has recently announced is that depositors in the postal savings bank will be permitted to exchange their deposits for \$20.00, \$100.00 or \$500.00 government bonds if they wish to do so.

A recent order of the Postmaster-General extends the postal savings bank to include a total of three hundred post-offices.

Another thing that COMFORT has always advocated strongly and which we must have to put this great country in the rank of civilized nations is the parcels post. It is even more of a business necessity to the masses of the people than is the postal savings bank and they have been petitioning their Representatives and Senators in Congress for years to give it to them. Inasmuch as the post-office establishment could handle this business at a good profit to the government there seems to be no reasonable excuse for the repeated refusal of Congress to emancipate the nation from bondage to the extortionate express companies by establishing the parcels post. Does it not make you suspect the sincerity of these fruitless congressional investigations and hot air demonstrations against the trusts when you see Congress steadfastly refusing to deliver us from the plague of the giant express monopoly by the simple expedient of the parcels post? How much longer are you free-born American citizens going to stand it? Wake up and write a new Declaration of Independence on this 4th of July and send it to your Congressman and senators. The women should write as well as the men, for these aspirants for political honors know that the women can make their influence felt on election day even if they can't vote. Write them that the American people ought to be and must be free and independent of the oppressive tyranny of the trusts and express companies; that you respectfully request them to do all in their power in favor of establishing the parcels post, of the enactment of an efficient law for the suppression of the criminal trusts and the adequate punishment of those responsible for such crimes, and of a law to prevent the immensely valuable government coal and timber lands of Alaska from being appropriated by individuals and syndicates of capitalists, and of a law to absolutely prohibit Asiatic immigration to the United States, and of a constitutional amendment for the election of U. S. Senators by the people. These are some of the reform measures that are most urgently needed just now, but they are opposed by very powerful moneyed interests, and you all know what that means. But fight hard and we may yet win as we have for the postal savings bank.

Pressed by public opinion the Senate has ordered a new investigation of the notorious fraud and bribery which has scandalized the election of Senator Lorimer of Illinois. The unanimous voice of the press is that the Senate must clean

its skirts in this matter, and though late, better late than never, and that it must be purification and not a whitewashing.

The House of Representatives has again voted unanimously in favor of the election of U. S. Senators by the people. Will the Senate presume, as heretofore, to turn it down in face of the general popular demand and the express request of the legislatures of a large majority of the states?

Congress is now in session; keep a close watch on its doings, for this is your duty as American citizens invested by the constitution with the ultimate responsibility of good government. The Senators and Representatives are your servants to do and not oppose the will of the people. If they don't give you good laws it will be your fault in the end, for you have the power to make and unmake them. It is absolutely essential to the welfare of the nation and to the preservation of liberty that the people should take a deep interest in and inform themselves in regard to, all the great measures and policies which are before Congress.

COMFORT is not allied to any political party, but regards it as a patriotic duty to call the attention of its readers to such matters of general public interest as concern their material and moral well-being, and to urge them to vote intelligently and according to the dictates of their own consciences, and to make their influence felt in favor of progress and reform in politics and in legislation in their own states and in the nation.

It costs thirty cents to join this League, twenty-five cents for a fifteen-months subscription, and five cents for your card, button and correspondence list. Young and old are invited to join.

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Now for the letters:

BOISE, IDAHO.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am much interested in your Christian work. We have very much the same ideas concerning the way of serving our Lord and Master. I have sunshine work to do right here at times, and it is thus all over this broad land, if we will only look around us. My motto is: More sunshine and silver showers, and less loud dress and prayers. I don't go to a cent on a person who makes loud noises in public, called prayer, and yet won't stop to give anyone a lift.

I notice lots of shut-ins only long for a change of climate, many thinking that if they could only get to the mountains they would be well again. That is an exception, but most cases are better off right where they are. If they will only look around them and use every effort to get well. Take it at Boise, for instance. After you leave Boise for the mountains, you encounter bad roads for hauling provisions, very steep. A six and eight horse team only haul from two to four tons of freight. Provisions are high up there because of this. There is no hay and no grain for horses grown one mile east of Boise for one hundred and fifty miles. So feed comes in for another item, and causes stage fare to be ten cents per mile. The last and worst item is the terrible snow.

The Boise mountains received their first snow the last five days of September, and now the snow at Atlanta, Idaho, ninety miles from Boise, is four feet on the level, and will reach from nine to twelve feet before spring. I have seen snow drifts twenty feet deep on the mountains west of Yellowstone park, the first day of July. I spent one summer, one month long, in all it was too, twelve miles due west of the southwest corner of the National Park. It is an ideal place for health if you have a body that can take advantage of it, if not here is the trouble. A certain man's wife became sick and he had to have the doctor, who lived at St. Anthony, thirty-five miles distant. The roads were in excellent condition. The doctor was two days coming and going, his bill was the small sum of twenty-five dollars. Just one call, a case or the grippie. So you readily see, a doctor can only reach the best part of the mountains, about two months of the year. The rest of the time you have to reach Mr. Doc. the best you can. The typhoid fever is becoming awful bad in the irrigated valleys, because so many people will drink irrigation water, which becomes very full of bacteria in the summer days, with all kinds of filth getting into the canals. And the grippie is very bad in winter in the valleys, because of our open winters. Our coldest weather here yet at Boise is twenty-two degrees above zero, although our ice is about four inches thick—something unusual for Boise. Very seldom we get any skating or ice either. This valley is fine fruit land, and is especially adapted for prunes and apples. And when properly arranged for scientific farming, raises wonderful crops of alfalfa.

Yours truly, E. E. CHEESEBRO (age 30.)

Thank you for your interesting letter, friend Cheesebro. I don't know your name but I am going to call you Ed. I agree with you that the person who makes a loud noise in public and calls it a prayer, and who would not turn his hand to help a fellow being, is of that type of Christian that Christ lashed more than once. They are like the Pharisees in the market-place, making loud lamentations, and loud protestations, first-class hypocrites and nothing else. They know the letter, but not the spirit of the Master's teachings. A dear old lady wrote me some years ago, and wanted me to write her a prayer that she could commit to memory and deliver at public prayer meeting. She said there were one or two members of her church who made some eloquent, soul-stirring prayers, and she greatly envied their ability in this line. She said the other members of the congregation looked down on her because of her shortcomings in this direction. I wrote this old lady a prayer. It was not the prayer she expected to get, and whether she ever used it or not I do not know, but if she did use it, it would have put the kibosh on the human praying machines all right. Here is the prayer: "Dear Heavenly Father.—I am only a poor old woman, one of the least of Thy children, but I am trying my best to live as I believe Thou wouldn't have me live, and my heart is filled with love for Thee. I have not the ability to express, as do the brothers and sisters of this congregation all that is in my heart, for the gift of eloquence has been denied me. I try however, to express my



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love in deeds not in words. Today, dear Lord, I have visited three invalids. To the first I took some chicken broth, to the second I took some flowers and a book, and to the third I carried some fruit, and as she is helpless I gave her a bath, changed her clothing, straightened up her room, and gave her a dollar—all I could spare. Instead of protesting my love for Thee in ill-chosen words, I have tried to express it in deeds. I thought the gift of broth, flowers, fruit, money and loving service, would be more acceptable in Thy sight, than any prayer I could deliver, no matter how eloquent. Put it into the hearts of this congregation, O Father, to express their love for Thee by faithful service, instead of mere lip service, even as I have done. Amen." If that old lady ever got that prayer off, there would have been a sensation in that church all right. No one, unfortunately would deliver a prayer of that kind, and yet that is the very kind of prayer that would be the salvation of the church (no matter of what sect), in this country today. Church going for a third of those who attend places of worship is merely a dress parade. But more of this some other day. What I want to talk about now is sickness in isolated communities. The most necessary things for health, are fresh air, wholesome food, and pure water—especially pure water. There is absolutely no reason why people should have typhoid fever, except that they insist on eating and drinking filth. About every third or fourth letter that I receive from COMFORT readers, speaks of someone in the family, having, recovering, or dying from typhoid fever. There is absolutely no reason why one living soul in this country should contract or die from this filth disease. To give you an idea of how typhoid can be spread, two or three winters ago, a nurse attending a case of typhoid in a remote region in Pennsylvania, finding it sometimes inconvenient to carry the body waste of the patient to the proper place, threw some of this matter on the snow drifts around the house. When the spring came, and the snow melted, the typhoid germs were carried into a nearby stream. That stream supplied the drinking water of that thirty-three miles away. Not long after there were six hundred cases of typhoid in that small town, and over seventy deaths. Charles Kingsley, the famous English author, was minister in a small English village where a terrible epidemic of typhoid was raging. The people were dying like flies, and begged Kingsley to set aside a day of prayer and supplication to the Almighty, to stop the dreadful visitation of death and sickness. The Rev. Charles was wise in his generation. His reply was this. Remember it all of you: "Clean out your dirty filthy wells, then if that does not stop the typhoid, we will ask God to help us out." The villagers cleaned out their wells and the epidemic stopped. No day of prayer was necessary. See that your water supply is absolutely pure. If there is any question of its purity, boil every drop of water you drink, and also boil the milk, for remember your milk vessels are frequently washed out with water containing the germs of typhoid. Scald all milk receptacles with boiling water, and to be on the safe side, also boil your milk. Boiling water is death to germs. I would no more think of drinking water or milk that had not first been boiled than I would of swallowing arsenic or other deadly poison. Quit swallowing filth and you won't have typhoid. Boil your water, and pour it into milk bottles or other receptacles, and put it on ice. Never put ice in your drinking water or milk. Ice cut from lakes and rivers is often full of sewage. Now a word to you who are taken sick, far from where a doctor can reach you. Every family ought to be compelled by law to have a clinical thermometer in the house. Probably not one in ten of those who read this will know what a clinical thermometer is. Well, it is that little glass tube the doctor puts in your mouth, under your tongue. You can get one of these thermometers at any drug-store for from fifty cents up. When you are in health the temperature of your body is ninety-eight degrees and three fifths of a degree. When sickness comes there is generally fever, or as the doctors call it a temperature. Your body feels hot. The doctor inserts that little glass tube in your mouth, looks at your tongue, to tell the condition of your stomach, feels your pulse to tell the condition of your heart, and then even if you don't tell him a word, he knows pretty well what your condition is. If your temperature is very much

above normal, ninety-eight and three fifths, he knows something is seriously wrong with you, and then he tries to find out what that something is. Most of you are connected by phone with the adjoining cities, and can reach your doctor over the wire. If you are able to tell him your temperature, and how many times a minute your heart is beating, and where your pains are located, he will probably be able to tell you what to do without coming out to see you. You can tell by the rise and fall of the thermometer, whether you are getting better or worse. Directly the thermometer (which every sane person ought to have in the house), reveals the slightest sign of fever, stop eating solid food, and drink only milk or broth. You have heard the old adage: "Feed a cold and starve a fever." You should starve a fever, but you should not feed a cold, because most colds are accompanied with fever. The great value of a thermometer is that it tells you when to stop taking solid food, for if you eat solids when you have fever, it will force your temperature up and make you worse, and at times endanger your life. Directly you feel sick, take a cathartic, or in other words, take salts, a seditif powder, or best of all Castor oil. Never be without Castor oil in the house. It is the one thing that thoroughly cleanses the intestinal tract. Cleanse the body thoroughly and live strictly on a liquid diet, then you are giving nature every opportunity and every encouragement to fight off whatever ailment is bothering you. If you have a cold or a chill, or pains in the chest, a heavy cough—things that suggest bronchitis or pneumonia, get under the blankets as soon as possible and take hot drinks copiously, until a profuse perspiration is induced. You should also never be without quinine or phanacetine. These two drugs, singly or combined will quickly break up feverish conditions, such as grippie, malaria, etc., and even ward off attacks of pneumonia. While there is any temperature small doses of quinine or phanacetine can be given? Your doctor or druggist will tell you how much to take. If we had a public health service, as we have a public hog service, people would be taught a few simple health rules. Over a million lives are sacrificed yearly in this country through sheer carelessness and ignorance. All those valuable lives could be saved if people knew and would practice a few simple rules of health. If I were a millionaire, I would have a pamphlet printed, and have it put in every home in the country. Just a few health hints, and I would guarantee that if people would follow the suggestions contained in that pamphlet a million lives yearly would be saved in this country. Masticate your food properly. Don't bolt it like a dog. When you feel sick, eat no solid food, cleanse the bowels, and if you can, starve for a day or two, and then go on a liquid diet until you feel better. Sickness generally means that some portion of the body is overworked. Give it a chance to rest up. Sleep with your window open. Keep the body clean. Keep filth out of your drinking water and food. Learn about the internal bath. Your doctor or druggist will explain. A knowledge of this may be the means of saving your life at some time. Keep your feet warm and dry, and never stand around in water-logged shoes or wet garments. Keep a carbolic acid solution in the house, and sterilize every cut and sore. This is to prevent blood poisoning. Do these things, and even if you live fifty miles from a town, the chances are you will never have to send for a doctor.

BLACK ROCK, KE.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am a farmer's daughter and I am proud of the fact. I think the farm is the proper place for young people, don't you?

Well, Uncle, I am the sister of one brother and two sisters, and we have such a jolly time. I wish you would visit me this fall. I would feed you on dish-rag soup and scrubbing-brush hash, and am sure you would get fat on it. I have company tonight and am expecting to meet my ideal.

I would like to receive cards from the cousins and will answer all I can.

I am five feet five inches tall; have real light hair and blue eyes, weigh one hundred and eighteen pounds. I am fourteen years of age. Ain't I big?

Your niece,

Miss Rex Wood.

Rea, there is a remark in your letter that has got on my nerve. You say: "I am having company tonight and am expecting to meet my ideal."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)



## Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

I would like a letter party on the 17th of July. I feel as if letters from you all will be a real blessing to us on that day. I am very anxious to know you all. I am always glad to get a letter as we lead a very quiet, lonely life.

Your true friend and sister,  
Mrs. J. C. BARNWELL, Farmville, Va.

DEAR COMFORT EDITOR:

In reply to Mr. Gannett's question in his June editorial: As regards the Woman's Chilton Club of Boston, Mass., which has taken out a liquor license to dispense intoxicating liquors in their palatial clubrooms for the gratification of their own immoral habits, and also to treat both their lady and gentleman friends, in spite of a strong public protest, I do not think they can be too strongly condemned for such a course.

I fully agree with the ministers who have attacked and condemned such conduct. I do not think ministers and the religious world and periodicals would be doing their duty without condemning them, and holding them up to the world as disgracing themselves and their friends, by encouraging and practicing intemperance and sowing the seed of depravity, in these enlightened days, when everyone should be trying to save the people from intemperance and degradation.

I am surprised beyond measure that the women of Boston who claim to be aristocrats, and the most aristocratic club of Boston should so degrade themselves by doing such a thing.

It shows plainly that their claim is not well-founded, but they have fallen far below mediocrity in their aims for the future.

Surely such women are not fit to become mothers and rear children, for they bring both husbands and children to shame.

May they be brought to see their wrong course and turn from it before it is too late. They certainly are disgracing their sex and should not be held in respect by the people while they continue such a bad example and tempt others.

No wonder public indignation is aroused.

I hope every minister of the gospel and every religious periodical will condemn such a course, and bring their influence to bear on them as far as possible, that they may see the evil of their ways, in its results on themselves, their husbands and children and others, and may be brought to abandon it at once and entirely. I believe every COMFORT reader will agree with me.

MRS. ELLEN HOYT LIFE, Watertown, R. I. Co., Ill.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I will now try and see if I cannot interest the sisters with a few words from away out here in Pennsylvania. It has taken me a very long time to pick up enough courage to write, although I have been a reader for the past few years. I think COMFORT is very interesting, not only the Sisters' Corner, but every part of it. I read the sisters' letters first.

I like to read the letters of mothers who write about their children. I have two little girls, the oldest will be three years old in July; we call her Anna Louise and baby Katherine who was one year old in June.

We have a nice home which is not very large, but we have all the comforts we could wish for, and we are very happy. My husband works in a stove foundry, and sometimes ago he had his foot burned by some of the hot iron setting into his leg and hand and was a bad burn, but I had good remedy and it did not take very long before his foot was well again.

I cut the bark from an elderberry branch and put it into a dish (something that will not break when put on the stove), and enough pure fresh lard to cover the bark, let it come to a boil, then turn the bark and let it boil a few minutes. The lard will turn a light green, then take it off the stove and strain. When cold it is ready for use.

The hard coal mines are here on the outskirts of the city. Homes are often in danger of mine caves. There was a disaster at the Pancoast mine in Throop on the 7th of April, when seventy-three men and boys lost their lives in one of the lower workings. They were shut off by fire and could not be brought out until all were dead. Throop is a sad place today with so many widows and orphans. The mayor of Scranton started a relief fund for the benefit of those widows and orphans and in one week the relief fund amounted to fifty-three thousand seven hundred and three dollars and ten cents.

Wishing you all success, I am your sister in COMFORT.

MRS. R. SCHUMAKER, 222 Marfield Ave, Scranton, Pa.

DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS:

I have been reading the sisters' letters and thought I would write you a few lines. It is the longest I have ever published, for it is the longest I have ever published in this great wide world for so little money.

I am one of those young mothers. I have been married five years. We have two sweet little tots to bless our home, a little girl Agnes four years, and a little boy Antonio, two years old. I too, have one of those good dear "Johns."

I am twenty years old. (Oh, I hear Cousin Marion groan), but I never married for fun, but because I am an orphan and had nobody to lean upon. A good chance was at hand and I took it, and I am as happy as a bird. My life is full of fun and frolic and we are still sweethearts and always will be.

And now I want to say a few words on how we ought to rear a child.

The fate of our nation rests upon the sanctity of its homes. It is in the home that the formation of character is laid. Children have their rights in the home. Parents are cruelly selfish who do not recognize those rights. A child should be controlled and taught obedience in the home for if he does not learn to submit to authority in the home, he will make mischief in the school and in the state when he grows older and will more likely be a failure. A child has a right to be loved, in fact, this is the greatest treasure that can be bestowed upon him. I do not mean that he should be spoiled and petted so no one but his parents can endure him. Children are very sensitive and if their parents talk before them as if they were a burden, it makes them unhappy. A home should be a pleasant place, a place where there is joy and peace, and not a place where there are frowns and cross words. God never intended that this world be dark and gloomy. If He had, He would not have made the singing birds and beautiful flowers and trees. A child should be taught to be kind to all of God's creatures, but if he is allowed to mistreat his dog or horse, he will grow up to be a hard, cruel man. A child should be trained to love the beautiful and good; to be industrious and economical and above all things, to respect his parents. We often hear boys refer to their father as the "old man" and sometimes even to their mother as "old woman." I have read that the American children have less respect for their parents than any other children on the globe. Of course this is not the child's fault, but rather the fault of the parents. It seems to me that the women who devote their lives to training their children right have a broader field to work in than those women who study fashion plates and plan great receptions.

I am a Hindu, but I speak the American language. If any of our kind of people see this please write me.

Your faithful sister,  
Mrs. E. J. SEENAST, R. R. 1, Box 76, Ellis Co., Ennis, Texas.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Have become a COMFORT subscriber in the last two months, and consider that I never before received so much value for so small a sum of money.

I have the April copy before me, and have been noting in particular Mrs. Fleria T. Brown's letter. We came to New Mexico—the northeastern part—three years ago, just when the series of droughts began. It has been an uphill struggle even to exist, as we get almost no rain at all. But Mrs. Brown's letter encourages me to hope for better things. Surely if there have been good growing seasons here in the past, we may hope for them again.

I wonder how many of you sisters had to learn housekeeping after you were married. I obtained a teachers' certificate when only fifteen years old, and taught for ten years, then was in a railroad office three years, before I was married. Although my mother is one of the best of cooks I never learned much about cooking except to make all kinds of bread. That helps a great deal, but I have been a pupil more years than I was a teacher. Here where everything is scarce, and high in price, it has been necessary to practice the most rigid economy. I must learn to prepare something cheap, as well as appealing, for the children's lunch baskets.

I am especially fond of flowers and devote all my spare time to their care. But there is so much alkali in the soil and water here that they do not do well. If any sisters can tell us what flowers will thrive in such soil I should be very grateful.

With kindest regards,  
NETTIE O. HANNAHAN, Clayton, New Mexico.

Mrs. Hannaman, "To make all kinds of bread" is a real accomplishment. Some cooks declare

there is a "knack" in making good bread which would seem true in many cases when try as hard as may be, the bread will be heavy, dark and without a good flavor.

I am wondering if at your own convenience you would send in some of your bread recipes; also any others that you may have time for?

They would be fully appreciated by all who read our corner, and in return I trust you may find some useful suggestions each month to help along in the housekeeping.

To all the New Mexico sisters, may this season's crop yield be so bountiful that in a measure it will make up for the years of droughts. When I read of crop failures in the sisters' letters, I can never overcome the feeling that a cruel blow has been struck and that only the stout hearted can overcome the setback. 'Tis hard to work in vain.—Ed.

DEAR SISTERS:

As I was renewing my subscription, I thought I would bring a remedy, and ask for some information. Can any of you tell me something about the Red Boubou turkeys, their habits and average weight, and are they inclined to wander? Also about the Yellow Bronze, if there is such a turkey? I have raised the Mammoth Bronze for several years, but they have taken to wandering so much that I am going to get rid of them, and would like to find out something about some other large breeds.

Do the sisters know that dry flour will prevent and cure bowel trouble in little chicks. I feed boiled eggs and corn bread for the first few days, and after that crushed corn, or corn bread, and three or four times a week, put a handful of flour in the feed. I have only had three cases of bowel trouble this year and before I began using the flour, I would lose three fourths of my flock.

MRS. M. ELKINS, Point, Texas.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been peering around the "corner" for some time, trying to get courage to knock for admittance. I am an Ohio girl, sixty-seven years young, although I am grandmother and something of an invalid from rheumatism and other troubles and a shut-in during the winter, still I cannot realize I am so old. And you know we are only as old as we feel.

I do so enjoy COMFORT and especially the Sisters' Corner. I am a voracious reader and although I take several magazines I always look eagerly for COMFORT.

The little town of Wauseon has about twenty-eight hundred inhabitants and I am happy to say no saloons. We have several fine churches, two fine school buildings, and two banks, besides various other business houses, several manufacturing plants. Three railroads pass through here and an electric line. This is the county seat of Fulton Co., so of course we have a fine court house.

I have a kind husband and a cozy home, four daughters, all married, and several dear little grand-children. Although I am only stepmother to the girls, I have reared them and they seem like my own. I never had any of my own and the little ones are very dear to me.

Lizzie Klafer. I have had good success canning peas as follows: Fill your cans full of peas, then fill to overflowing with water, put on the rubber and top, screw on rather tight to prevent surplus water getting in the can. Put narrow pieces of board in the bottom of your boiler, put in the cans and fill nearly to the top with cold water. Put on the stove and boil for three hours, keeping extra water boiling to replenish boiler occasionally. When cool enough to take out put on the table and tighten covers and see that they do not leak. I wrap mine in paper to keep perfectly dark.

Mrs. Walter Richter. My husband keeps rabbits, and in the summer feeds them on green things, lettuce, cabbage, beets, etc., in the winter he gives them bran, oats, corn and plenty of hay, and some grain through the summer. When cool enough to take out put on a good deal of their own living.

Just a word for Mr. Gannett and Uncle Charlie. I think they are just grand, doing so much for suffering humanity. Surely they will have their reward. My sympathy is with the shut-ins and all cripples.

From your sister,  
MRS. CLARA SALLABANK, Wauseon, Ohio.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a constant reader and admirer of our department for these many years, and can't refrain from writing any longer, I feel at home with you, as I have been agent and subscriber too, for this helpful paper. Oh! if I could stop to count the many different ways I have been benefited by the useful and valuable suggestions through these columns. I exchange literature with my neighbors and it makes our visits so pleasant and edifying to read and consider all the nice, social correspondents' ideas. We find it strengthening, and elevating to our heart and minds, and also keeps us in touch with each other. People often say to me that "The COMFORT is as good and useful a paper as I care to take." They always feel as refreshed when sitting down to rest with COMFORT as with a pleasant visitor.

I want to tell the faithful readers of our delightful climate, and the pleasant and peaceful country which we have in Florida the year round. My husband often says he would not give this country for the world and not have it to live in any more. The ways and customs of making a living was tedious at first, but the experiences have meant a fortune to him in many ways. Can you wonder that people here are so good natured and kind?

We have a beautiful and pleasant home. Our crop of grape fruit paid for our automobile. There is our eight hundred and seventy-three boxes of oranges, then our truck farm and some stock of different kinds which there is also a good and ready sale for, not saying anything about the great variety of all the year round fruits, and one hundred and thirty nice chickens, geese, turkeys, Guinea and six peafowl.

I am now under an orange tree, that has a trunk the size of a half barrel, and limbs covering thirty-two feet from one side to the other, and had eighteen boxes of oranges on it. Some oranges are on it now, and it is in bloom. Oh, how the fragrance of the blossoms wafts gently through the lovely breezes that have benefited and helped me to recover from thirty years of ill health. How my own sense of feelings goes out to all that suffer and are shut in from the lovely scenes of this wonderful God-giving world and its beauties. Sisters do you ever stop and think earnestly how God has blessed the people of this universe? If we trust him and have faith in him and when we humiliate our self-will enough to humbly fall on our faces in prayer, He will so gladly and willingly comfort and strengthen us. He has me in many ways.

Many good wishes to our patient Sister Wilkinson and readers,  
MRS. I. V. SMYTHE, St. Augustine, Florida.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a reader of COMFORT for several years and like it better every year.

I want to say to those suffering from eczema to go to a good botanic drug-store and get pipe-sassa or prince's pine, steep and drink a half cupful three times a day, before meals, also bathe the affected parts in the tea. It cured a friend who suffered from eczema which doctors and specialists failed to cure. It is a first-class remedy for erysipelas and doubtless for other skin troubles.

I can heartily recommend syrup made of mullein leaves as a remedy for weak lungs. Steep the mullein until you have a strong tea, sweeten well with brown sugar and boil down again to a syrup. When anyone has a cough and their lungs get sore, try it, at the same time form the habit of breathing deeply. It cannot be too highly recommended.

As an ointment for piles nothing is better than to steep a portion of mullein in fresh butter, extracting all the strength, then strain and put in a glass jar. This is very healing and may be freely applied; excellent for any sore.

Sincerely yours,  
MRS. F. B. FINCH, Henderson, R. R. 2, N. C.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

For some time I have tried to muster up courage enough to write to this dear old paper, COMFORT. There are so many helpful things found on its pages and the Sisters' Corner is just splendid. Please may I be one of you and add my little mite?

How many of you keep a bottle of peroxide near at hand so when someone cuts their finger or has some other raw sore, pour peroxide on it. It kills the "bugs" as my little girls say. Swab the throat out with it in case of tonsillitis.

For corns soak foot in warm water, dry with towel and apply paraffin to corns. Do this several times and the corns will disappear.

No doubt you wonder what I look like. I'm no beauty by any means so far as looks go, but have always tried to remember the old saying "Pretty is as pretty does."

Have light brown hair, hazel eyes, fair complexion, five feet five inches tall and weigh one

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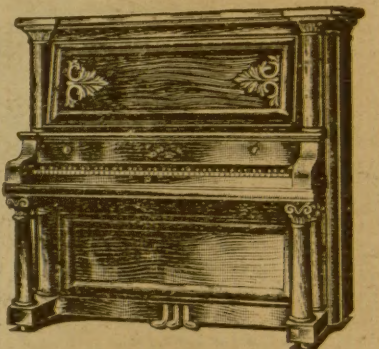
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hundred and twenty-five pounds. Was twenty-nine years old Jan. 12. We were married Sept. 2, 1903, and have three dear little children. Ruth, aged six, goes to school to her papa, who is teaching the Berlin public school this spring. Alice, aged four, is always teasing to go, and Master Francis one and one half years old is into everything his little fat hands can reach. What priceless treasures the little children are! Blessings on you all.  
Mrs. NELLIE (CANAGA) GINTHER, Berlin, Linn Co., Oregon.

DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS TOO:

I just must write a few lines for my heart is so full of love and happiness that I think it will burst if I don't pour some of it out on paper.

Dear Mrs. M. D. Nott. I did just read your letter in COMFORT and you expressed my ideas exactly. I too have a dear husband, yes, and three dear little ones which we are so proud to call our own.

The editor's talk to Mrs. Giel interested me very much for I do love to rest and hold baby in my arms while I rock him to sleep. What mother doesn't? In fact, about two and one half years old, what a great rest it is, too. Oh, why are people getting so wise that they even deprive a mother of the privilege of rocking her little one to sleep. But it may be for the best for that same little one. Oh, dear editor, do you really mean it? Oh, well, I won't rock, I will sit and hold baby while he is going to sleep. The little dears won't always be babies; all too soon they will be grown out of our arms, and I can't bear to think of it.

Mrs. Giel, I will tell you how I manage my work. I devote to my little ones a great deal of time, do what I can to my work in one day, and what don't get supper, but put the children to bed and visit with husband till we get sleepy, and above all I never worry about what I didn't get done. I get along just fine. I try to manage not to get tired for then I am afraid I would be cross. In fact I think worry makes a person as tired as work does.

I forgot to tell about the children—Calla aged six, Joey, past two and one half years old, and Walter just one year old the 27th of February. This is also my birth month. I am twenty-six years old.

What is the matter with Oregon? Has she no writers to COMFORT? Such lovely weather as we are having now.

This is a great fruit belt. The Dalles is a very busy little city as it is the head of navigation at present on the Columbia, also the center of the grain and fruit belts that lay south, east and west. We live five miles from our city in a small valley called Mill Creek. We have rural delivery, telephone, good roads and good neighbors. We own twenty acres of land, half under irrigation. Yes, we irrigate here, we raise all kinds of fruit, vegetables and berries. The principal berry crop is strawberries and the principal fruit crop is apples. (Spitzbergen) cantaloupes are grown extensively here with profit, also snap beans. There are at present several Eastern families visiting on the creek with a view to locating here. Easterners are delighted with our climate and scenery, and so are we old settlers delighted. Well, I fear my letter won't be interesting after all, but I know I feel much better anyhow, so I will close and go to work. My heart is much lighter after this foolish little chat.

But wait one moment, let me add my mite. Old grain sacks make an ideal wall covering in place of regular house lining. Tack all around sides, draw tight of course, and tack back and there through the middle, then put on your wall paper. We did our house that way and it makes as smooth a wall as house lining and the paper will not crack if allowed to dry slowly, with very little stove heat. The paper sticks so easy and the sacks make a warm house, besides it saves quite a bit if a person happens to have the sacks that otherwise would go to waste. Try it, some of you sisters, and I am sure you will be delighted.

With love to all, especially the mothers and little ones.  
MRS. EMMA (BEACHE) WHIPPLE, The Dalles, R. R. 2, Oregon.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I've read and enjoyed COMFORT so long that I feel as if I had a place here, though if my space is taken up with a more helpful letter I'll not be offended in the least.

I'm a baby crank, and if I had none of my own, I would try to borrow one, so I will chat a little on this subject.

How many of the sisters love their babies too much to kiss them in their little mouths? I do, and wish every mother would leave that habit off. Also chewing food for them as I've seen so many mothers do. I have six, all living, and though my health is not the best, my children are healthy and with the exception of one, my babies were all healthy and gave

no trouble while teething. Baby needs very little teas or medicine if kept comfortable and dry. I keep my babies dry at all times, either night or day. Give them their regular bath which they usually enjoy. My baby at nine months weighed twenty-two pounds, and is as jolly and busy as can be. I don't know how anyone gets along with less than six (my number). I'm sorry for people that don't care for children. My two oldest boys cook and keep house for me when I am sick.

I am so sorry for the shut-ins and wish I were a millionaire for I would start a carload of wheel chairs and comforts tomorrow.

We are farmers and have a lot of work to do. Won't you please give me a shower?  
MARY J. TANT (nee WHEELER), Lincoln, R. R. 2, Ala.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Have just gotten through reading COMFORT and it is a fine paper. I will describe myself, then I might not be so timid about writing. Am five feet three inches tall, weigh from ninety-five to one hundred pounds, have light brown hair, blue eyes, light complexion, have been married three years.

Can any of the sister give me a cure for bronchitis? Have been very bad with it all the winter, and confined to the bed at present, May 4th.

The shut-ins have my deepest sympathy, as I have been sickly all my life. I wish I could do something for them.

Will some of the sisters who teach Sunday school tell me how they keep the attention of the class. Mine ones will know how hard it is to get them interested. I have about twenty scholars.

Would like to hear from the sisters, if there are any who come from Musselburgh, Prestons, Edinburgh, Scotland. Won't you please write me? I have been five years in this country, but still long for the "dear home land." Sisters sing this over when you get blue.

"Keep sweet, keep sweet.  
It matters not what troubles you may meet,  
For in the sunshine or the rain,  
All will come out right again,  
If you'll only just keep sweet."

God bless you all. Your sister in Jesus,  
MRS. JEANIE GRAHAM, Bicknell, R. R. 14, Knox Co., Ind.

DEAR SISTERS:

Some facts in regard to children's diet: So many people think it makes no difference what we give our children to eat, they only have one life to live, let them enjoy plenty.

Now I think this is a wrong idea of the matter. The children, by being allowed to eat anything they want at any time they want, injure their health; children have a weak constitution to start with and if they are allowed to do the same things in regard to eating as their parents did, their children will degenerate and theirs still more, etc. So it behooves us to care for our children's health. From infancy children should have regular hours for eating. When they are real small they must, of course, eat often, their stomachs are unable to hold a large amount at one time. As they grow older lengthen the period between their meals. They should have all the milk they can drink and all the bread and butter they want. Oats and wheat and eggs (not cooked hard), are very good

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)

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# "FAYE'S CHOICE"

By Violet Knapp

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FAYE FOX was one of those most uncomfortable beings—a poor girl with rich relatives; no rich in the sense of being multi-millionaires, but exceedingly well-to-do citizens of their native town. The kind of people who own the fastest yachts in the country, the largest automobiles, the finest houses and grounds, and who have the most exquisite gems and the latest fashions in gowns. They also go to New York, Boston, and even Chicago, on business and shopping trips with delicious frequency. Even trips abroad and a winter in California and Mexico are openly discussed as probabilities. Most of the townspeople regarded Faye with undisguised envy. "She is the granddaughter of Mr. Joseph Lorimer," they would say; or "That stylish girl over there is Mr. Robert Lorimer's niece. You know he owns that large houseboat 'Idlewild,' and is the manufacturer of the famous Lorimer boilers and engines." Interested friends would also remark, "Faye is such a lucky girl. Just think of her spending all last winter in Washington visiting her aunt, Mrs. Spencer. Professor Spencer, you know, is instructor in the Divinity School there."

On the surface all this seemed adorable and enviable, but Faye did not tell her friends of the heart-burnings, and tears shed. Her cousin Louise was a continual thorn in her side. Being five years younger than Faye, the two had never been very companionable, but now that they had reached the age of nineteen and four and twenty, respectively, matters took on a different aspect. Louise's father was dead, and when she was in her early teens several of his relatives died and bequeathed her many thousands of dollars. At first this did not seem to turn her head, but as she grew older the money grew in importance in her eyes and she felt particularly well pleased with herself and her little world. Her mother, Mrs. Granby, had married the second time and was in affluent circumstances, quite different from Faye's household. Her mother also had taken a second husband, but he was an Episcopal clergyman, and naturally was not possessed of very much of this world's goods. Mr. Fox, Faye's father had left his widow and little daughter nothing, and old Mr. Lorimer did not see fit to settle anything on them being a great believer in everyone making their own way, as he did, he would add, forgetting that he as a man had a much better chance to go into business sixty years ago, than a delicate widow had who had been brought up in a luxurious home, and with a child to support.

"It is so hard to have to contrive everything one has," Faye would say to herself,—and sometimes to her mother. When Louise and her aunts would purchase a dozen stocks and collars, she would be making some out of scraps. Her gowns were dyed, turned and returned until they were handed down to her half sisters, Sibyl and Susanna. The congregation at St. Mark's would often remark, "How stunning Faye Fox looked this morning. What a sweet gown." "Yes, and her hat was so becoming. It was a dear!" But this same hat and gown were no doubt contrived, as Faye expressed it, out of Mrs. Robert Lorimer's cast-off things, or an old-fashioned garment of Mrs. Granby's.

Another source of great annoyance to Faye was the Christmas problem. Expensive gifts were made her and expected in return. And many were the sacrifices she made during the year in order to put the money into her Christmas mite box. Every gift Louise received was magnificent, and she expected one equally as expensive from Faye. And how to get these fine things to present to her relatives and friends was Faye's problem. "Oh, mother, it is hard to spend four dollars for a small cut glass bottle for Louise when I so need shoes and—underclothes," burst out poor Faye one December. "Yes," returned her mother, "but you may get a piece of Canton china or an expensive picture in return," smiling half sarcastically. "Yes, that's just it. When I would so much rather have the money."

But the thing which troubled her most was the ardent desire and certain expectation of her whole family including her mother, that she should make a great marriage.

"Faye will marry well, of course," Mrs. Granby would say, and Louise would add, "Yes, that is her only chance of getting money."

Faye's mother, Mrs. Blake, felt a sort of prophetic pride in thinking of her daughter as well settled in life and able to hold her own with the rest of her family. This attitude of mind nearly drove Faye to desperation. Of course a rich husband was a thing greatly to be desired, but how was she to find him? And were there not other things to consider in marriage? Her mother had evidently thought so. But as she would, she knew that she had been a disappointment already, in that she had not yet caught a wealthy suitor. After much pondering and mental wrestling she at last concluded that she would go away from it all, go to some distant city and work. But the very next Sunday after reaching this prize-worthy conclusion—it was the first of June,—there was a new face at church. She didn't see the face until after service, but during the sermon she deliberately studied the back of his head. It was a well-shaped head and before the final "amen" was said she felt almost excited for fear the face would not come up to the ideal countenance which she had pictured as belonging to such a promising head. In her eagerness she had forgot herself and stared openly at the stranger. At last he looked around and the two looked deeply into each other's eyes. The quick blood mounted to Faye's cheeks and she turned hastily away and began to chat to her neighbor in a most animated manner. Not until she saw him again could she form any coherent picture of his features. Upon inquiry she learned that he was a young Scotchman just over from Aberdeen, who had entered the employ of her uncle, Mr. Lorimer, as office assistant. Mr. Lorimer could not remember his name, but said he came well recommended.

The morning after this encounter Louise stroled over to the Blake home and told Faye that Mr. Renway, a young Chicagoan whom she had met in New York last winter, was coming to spend the summer at a neighboring beach, and added, "So I shall see lots of him, and oh, Faye, he has loads, simply loads of money. Um-m-m." And she pursed her mouth and shook her head in a knowing manner. Faye was feeling cross from having learned that the distinguished looking stranger of yesterday was only an under clerk in her uncle's office, so replied, "Yes, and how did he get it? His father owns pork and beans."

But when Mr. Renway came he was so charming that the girls speedily forgave and forgot the savory odors which no doubt rose from the despised cans, and accepted his attentions and flowers without a demur. By this time Faye had also met the Aberdeen man and learned that his name was Ronald Ramsay. Whenever she saw him at church she was most cordial and one day he took his courage in his hands and boldly asked if he might call. They had such a pleasant time that he came again and again, till he admitted to himself that he had lost his heart completely to his employer's niece. The fact carried with it great bitterness as well as wildest joy, for how could he hope to win her, how avoid being considered a fortune hunter, for he naturally supposed Faye had a share in the family wealth. He also had Mr. Renway to consider. No doubt he, too, was a suitor for Faye's hand, and in this he was not mistaken.

One evening in late September Ronald called to see Faye and learned that she was out with Mr. Renway in his automobile, but her mother enter-

tained him until Faye arrived. As he watched the great car glide noiselessly away in the dusk, he felt more hopeless than ever; for what could he offer Faye in place of the Kenway luxuries? A tiny cottage, an occasional drive, no servant, but on the other hand a big heartful of love and devotion. "Yet," he argued, "I want my bride to come to me for love of myself alone," and he determined to broach the subject that very evening. As soon as they were by themselves on the piazza, for it was still warm, Faye asked: "Where have you been keeping yourself the past week? I've hardly caught a glimpse of you."

"I've been busy thinking and planning—planning for a little home which I have been longing for and dreaming of ever since my mother died five years ago."

"And you are going to have it at last?" Faye's voice was steady but her heart was pounding uncomfortably and she felt that she was trembling from head to foot. Ronald arose and came over into the shadow of the vines where Faye was sitting on the piazza rail. "That all depends on you Faye. Without you I shall not have one. In fact, I should have to stop dreaming about it." His voice almost broke, as he took her cold trembling hands in his. "I know I must seem like a fortune hunter to you, sweetheart, but I had to tell you. I couldn't go away and say nothing. Oh, Faye, if you could look into my heart you would see that it is only love, and not your accursed money! I have fought—"

Faye interrupted him with a peal of hearty laughter, try to control it as she would. He dropped her hands quickly and left her side, frowning heavily. "If that is the way you regard it, I am very sorry I told you of my dreams," he burst out.

Faye ran to him and putting both hands on his shoulders said earnestly: "Ronald!" The name sounded sweet from her lips. "Could you think that? I laughed because I haven't a cent in the world." He stared at her amazedly for a minute, then would have crushed her to him, but she held him off. "Thank God," he said, "that simplifies matters."

"Does it?" she asked. "Yes, immensely, for me."

"But hardly for you. You don't know what agony my poverty has caused me. I'll confess it. I hate, hate being poor. I've always had to manage and contrive every way to keep up the show of being the Lorimers' relative, and oh, it has been so hard, so tiresome," and her head sank into her hands.

"Poor little girl," he said softly, without touching her.

"I know you will despise me, and I despise myself," she continued. "But now when a way out of it all is offered, I can't decide in a minute, I really can't."

"You mean Renway?"

"You know I have been out motoring with him this afternoon." She turned away and stamped her foot. "I hate myself. I am ashamed to think I hesitate a moment between love and luxury. I—I—!" Her voice choked, and with one stride Ronald had her in his arms.

"Oh, Faye, Faye. If Renway stands for the luxury, I must stand for the love. Is it so? Tell me quick, is it so?" She raised her face suddenly and he kissed her softly.

"Would the cottage be so unbearable if I were there?" She gave him no answer for a few seconds, then said, "Ronald I must have a little time to think. Can you wait until Thursday for your answer? Perhaps you won't love me for this, but—will you wait?"

"Yes, if you will tell me now that you love me, dear heart." But she slipped from his arms and disappeared into the house.

As Ronald strode down the street, Thursday seemed an intolerably long time to wait, although it was only three days. When he reached his boarding house he found a letter awaiting him, the contents of which proved to be of the most astounding nature, and at first he was nearly benumbed with the weight of it. But when it dawned upon him what it would mean to Faye as well as himself, he became alert and eager to go to her with the news that his godfather, who also was his great uncle, had just died and had left his entire estate and fortune to him.

Ronald, provided he would live in Scotland and have added to his name that of his godfather's, "Newell." But instead of going to Faye at once with the news he paced his room nearly all night, only lying down when the first streaks of dawn pierced the gloom, saying, "No, I will not tell her—I want her if she chooses me, but there must be no question of guineas and pounds."

The next day Mr. Lorimer gave a luncheon on board his houseboat, "Idlewild." Mr. Renway called for Faye in his automobile to take her to the dock, and they had a breezy spin, passing the workmen from the Lorimer shops who were going to their dinner. Among them she saw Ronald. He did not appear to notice the auto or its occupants, but was talking earnestly with his companion, a man covered with the soot and dirt of his daily toil.

"A grimy lot, that," said Renway, nodding his head towards the stream of workmen.

"But they do our dirty work for us, such as making automobile and houseboat engines," he laughingly added. "So we won't complain. Fair Faye, will we?" and he tried to catch a glimpse of her eyes under the shade hat, but she was looking at her white shoes, her immaculate skirt and soft hands as they lay in her lap. At length she said slowly:

"No, I can't complain. O Gerald, I am a luxury loving thing, I fear."

"No wonder. You have been brought up in the lap of luxury, and I will spend my whole future in an effort to think of added ones I can give you. You have only to say the one little word, Faye."

Moved by his tone and the seductive prospect of future ease and limitless wealth she laid her hand on his arm and said softly, "It shall be as you wish, Gerald."

He had only time to say, "Oh, Faye, darling," when an array of automobiles, carts and a street car called for such careful driving that nothing could be said until they reached the dock where the others had all arrived before them.

The day was not a success to Faye. She felt a constant sense of oppression and misgiving; but she had no chance to have a word alone with her lover till he put her down at her gate in the early gathering dusk.

"I'll see you about eight thirty tonight, Miss Fox," he said as he started the machine.

"How peculiar to call me that," mused Faye as she went up the walk. "But we were on the street and perhaps he thought it only good form. But there wasn't a soul within earshot."

Punctual to the minute Gerald Renway appeared, and taking a light wrap, Faye led the way to the veranda, where she and Ronald had been the night before. But she drove his image and voice resolutely from her mind and tried to appear at ease with Renway. He began striding up and down, then suddenly paused before her and said, "Were those things true that I overheard Mrs. Granby and Miss Louise say today about you?"

"Well, really I don't know. But they generally speak the truth." She waited.

"Is it so that you have showed partiality to—"



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know that without my telling you."

"What!" exclaimed the now astonished young man. "You—poor? You, Joseph Lorimer's granddaughter, poor?"

"The money is his, isn't it? Not mine. I am not worth a sou, if you must know."

Renway began to pace up and down again violently, his hands thrust deeply into his pockets. To Faye's bewildered mind rose the picture of a man, when she had told him she was penniless. It gave her strength and dignity for the task before her.

"Mr. Renway, in a moment of weakness and cowardice I said 'yes' to you this noon. Your riches, or what they will bring us of ease and luxury, were very attractive. I own it to my shame. But I have come to myself since then, and know they could never give me lasting satisfaction or happiness. So I beg you to consider the 'yes' unsaid. I am poor, and am not ashamed of it. In fact, I glory in it." Her thoughts lovingly lingered on the fact that her poverty had broken down every barrier between herself and Ronald Ramsay.

"Oh, you do, eh?" sneered Renway. "Will you glory in it when your workman comes home to you all smutty and tired and dirty?"

"Yes, and she stamped her foot as she said it. "Yes, I will."

"How about the luxury you so love?"

"I never had it so I shall not miss it greatly."

"Come, Miss Fox, let's part friends," and he extended his hand. "I was undeceived before any engagement was announced, so it will all blow over. A poor wife would never suit me, I tell you frankly."

Faye took his proffered hand and said, "I am glad you are so frank. I will be too, and tell you of my engagement to Ronald Ramsay."

"I Ronald Ramsay?"

"Yes, I engage myself to him this minute."

Thursday morning Ronald received a note from Faye. It was the first one he had ever had from her and he kissed it unshakably. It ran thus: "My dear Mr. Ramsay: We are expecting guests this evening so I cannot see you as we planned, but about nine o'clock I will try to slip away to the little summer-house on our lawn, the one with the honeysuckle climbing over it. If you are there, I shall have just three words for you. Yours cordially, F. F."

"Will the scent of honeysuckle hereafter remind me of my heaven or my hell?" he said to himself. "What will her answer be? If she says she prefers money to love, can I keep from telling her of my fortune—a fortune fully as great as Renway's, and with a fine old Scottish name and castle thrown in."

In an agony of doubt and fear he got through the day at the office. The evening seemed a week in length, and at a quarter of nine he made his way to the Blake summer-house and drank in the sweetness of the blossoming vines. From the house he could hear the strains of music and laughter, when suddenly a pair of soft arms were around his neck and a timid voice said, "I love you. Those are my three words, dear." Faye was leaning over the low rail and between the parted vines, and as Ronald sprang to his feet and drew her to him, the tiny trumpets of the honeysuckle gave out a blast of fragrance, in lieu of sound.

After the first, Faye half tearfully said: "But I have something important to tell you."

"So have I, sweetest girl."

"But mine is very important."

"Mine is tremendously important." Their lips met smilingly in the fragrant darkness. "I must tell you and then be gone. It is about Mr. Renway."

At this he was all attention, and listened while she gave a rather incoherent account of the brief engagement.

The highways and byways of personal communication are the 12,000,000 miles of wire connecting 6,000,000 telephones in homes on those highways. Steadily the lines are being extended to every man's home.

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He was silent, overcome with joy at the knowledge that she had compared the two and chosen him with a full heart. Faye would not wait to hear his news, saying: "I couldn't be absent another minute from the house if you were an English duke in disguise." He started, but said nothing. She made him come with her to the house and as he entered by the front hall he saw as in a dream the entire Lorimer family assembled, together with a couple of Faye's most intimate girl friends, and heard Faye, his Faye, telling them all that this was the man she was to spend her life with, adding laughingly, "I want it thoroughly understood that my name is to be Ramsay, not Renway."

It was Louise who started the applause and cries of "Brava, brava! Faye." And many were the good wishes and polite words spoken. When the general hum of talk had subsided a little, Ronald stepped to the center of the room and said, "I thank you, kind friends, for your hearty acceptance of me, a poor, under clerk, into your family circle. You have remembered what our own Scottish poet has said: 'A man's a man for a' that.' Now I want to tell you what Faye doesn't even dream of, that I have just fallen heir to an ancient Scottish name, a Highland chieftain, a house in London, and two hundred thousand pounds sterling, so the wife of the poor Scotsman whom you have so kindly received can at last hold her own with the rest of her family."

Louise broke the strain by exclaiming, "Aunt Jemima! Faye, will you have me presented to their Majesties? Arrange it as soon as possible, there's a dear."

The talk became animated, eager questions poured out to the smiling "British peer" as they laughingly named him. Only Faye remained silent. At last he turned to her and said: "And what has the future 'peeress' to say?"

"Only that I thank God I did not know it before I engaged myself to a poor clerk all in good faith. I'll attend to the presentation at once, Louise," she added smiling through her teeth.

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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

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## Care of Young Chicks

**S**O many of this month's inquiries have been about preventives or cures for gapes and bowel trouble, that I will take them for my text instead of trying to answer the individual letters. Bowel trouble usually attacks brooder chickens—perhaps I should have said incubator chickens which have been reared in a brooder—more frequently than it does chicks under hens, and the cause is usually want of sufficient heat. Little chicks can't stand being chilly. If you notice even when hens are brooding, they will suffer if the hen happens to be a restless wanderer and a cold damp spell strikes us in late spring. The brooder must be warm and well-ventilated, and there should be a sheltered yard for them to exercise in for the first two or three weeks. If you are running a heated brooder, use a thermometer, and see that it keeps steadily at ninety-five. If you have adopted the new fireless brooder, put plenty of cotton at the top, and never have less than twenty-five chicks to a brooder, for any less than that number can't supply sufficient bodily heat to warm the air inside the brooder. It is also well to cover the bottom of the brooder box with hay sweepings or cut hay, which is warm and soft for the little chicks to lie on. It is also very important to see that they go into their brooder at night, for they are very apt to run into some corner and huddle together, and of course become chilled before morning. Watch the droppings of all chickens, both brooder and those under hens, and at the slightest indication of looseness of the bowels, remove the drinking water and replace with cold tea or rice water. It is a good precaution to feed boiled rice two or three times a week whilst the chicks are little, and if they develop any serious trouble, keep them under cover; or if with a hen, keep the hen shut into the brooder coop, for then she is much more likely to brood them than when allowed to run alone.

Leg-weakness rarely if ever develops if the chickens are properly fed. Green food, and animal food, must form part of their rations. There is a meat-meal on the market which is very good if you can buy in small quantities, but it is not safe to buy a large bag which can't be used up within two or three weeks, so it is usually better for the ordinary farmer to depend on curd cheese and an occasional hard-boiled egg, chopped up fine without removing the shell. And for green stuff I don't think there is anything as good as young clover and the young sprouts of onions, of course, chopped fine enough to be acceptable to little chicks. If you are where you can get beef's liver, it is the best of all animal food when about half-boiled and chopped fine and fed in small quantities. If your birds have had any kind of animal meat from the start, it is quite safe; but if you suddenly commence feeding it after four or five weeks, you must go very carefully for some time, until they become accustomed to it. A rusty nail or two, or a few drops of tincture of iron in the drinking water is a good tonic, and it is advisable to use it if chickens commence to look pale around the bill, or droopy in any way.

As I have explained before in these columns, gapes is really not a disease at all, but a parasite worm about the sixteenth of an inch in length, and like a thin thread. They lodge in the windpipe, and suck the blood of their victim. They are supposed only to materialize on ground on which poultry droppings have been deposited for several seasons. For that reason it is best to try and locate the brooder coops on fresh ground each year, or have the ground where they stood heavily dressed with lime and ploughed in in the fall. These wretched little worms multiply very quickly if they are not removed from the bird's throat, for the little chicks have not strength to eject them, no matter how much they cough and choke. Some of the remedies are as follows: Dip the end of a small wing-feather in turpentine, push it down the bird's throat, turn two or three times quickly, and pull it out. The worm may come with it, but it is so small that it is always difficult to tell. Another is, to mix salt water, or steep tobacco in water for ten minutes; pour a teaspoonful down the bird's throat; keep the head up and the two holets at the base of the bill covered with your thumb and forefinger whilst you count five; release, and suddenly turn the bird upside down, holding by the feet. It will gasp, splutter, and usually eject the worm. But really, I think it is much better to make a practice to put the coops on clean ground, for trying to doctor little chicks is awfully difficult work.

## Correspondence

A COMFORT Subscriber.—I thought I would write and ask you if you can tell me what is the matter with my little chicks. When they hatched out of the shell they were bright and strong, but now they are two weeks old and big for their size, their legs seem to get weak so they can't stand; then they die in three and four days. They seem to have awful hard work to breathe but otherwise they look bright until they die. They eat some, all the time, too. We feed them bran, corn meal, soaked bread, dry clover and grass, meat scraps, and always keep clean water to drink. We have them in a dry place, but on the ground. We have the chicks with the mother. Their droppings seem to be all right. Now, I will thank you very much if you can tell me what is the matter, and if there is any cure. It was nice weather, so we let them out, so maybe they caught cold.

A.—You will find it better to use the dry chick-feed which is put up by poultry firms. It consists of broken corn and small seeds, and is a perfectly well-balanced ration. If, however, you cannot buy it in your neighborhood, crack equal parts of corn, oats and wheat, and mix with equal parts of kafir corn, millet and commercial beef-scraps. Weakness in the legs may come from the parent birds having been too fat, or lacking in vitality, or the feed may have been too rich in starchy materials for the young chicks. Give them deep litter to scratch in. Exercise and fresh air should correct the trouble.

H. H. G.—Will you please tell me through COMFORT why my yearling Barred Plymouth Rock hens don't lay? They have been well housed—not confined to the coop, but ran in shed of barn all winter. Have been fed when cold, bran mash with onions and cabbage in morning; whole wheat and oats or corn at noon, and mostly corn in evening; the whole grain scattered in straw or chaff. They are very fat and seem lazy. Have been awful fat all winter. When I kill one the gizzard is covered with fat; so are the intestines. They have plenty of grit and fresh water. Have about one hundred and twenty and don't get over thirty-six eggs daily.

A.—You are right; the birds are too fat. Cut out the corn; then add a teaspoonful of magnesia to every quart of drinking water two days a week for a month.

R. A. J.—Where can I get eggs of a trio of Spangled Orpingtons? I saw them mentioned in March COMFORT.

A.—I think you will find that it was the new variety of Orpingtons, which are blue, not spangled, that I had reference to in the March number. The lady who has imported the birds, will not, as I understand it, have any for sale until the spring of 1912.

B. V. S.—Can anyone please tell me what to do for my little chickens through COMFORT. I have some about three weeks old. Their eyes close together, and they look apparently well, except that one trouble,

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**CYRUS L. ADLER, President Adler Organ Co.**  
3050 Chestnut Street, Louisville, Ky.  
(11)

## No Interest

Would feeding sulphur cause such disease? I have lost some, but not with this disease. They just get droopy, and I find them dead, so can anyone tell what causes this disease among little chickens? I examine them and they haven't got lice on them. Would mites cause them this way? I have mites in my henhouse. What is good for mites? I have tried everything I know.

A.—Yes, lice and mites would cause the chickens to droop and die. Feeding sulphur would certainly have a tendency to weaken little chickens. Clean out the poultry house, nests and perches very thoroughly; burn all the old hay straw, or whatever the nests have been made of, then paint roosts with a mixture of crude carbolic acid, and kerosene oil, or, if you can get it, use naphthalene flakes instead of the carbolic acid. The correct proportions are, as much of the flakes as the amount of kerosene oil you are going to use will take up. Go over the may be the nests and perches, and all the fixtures and joints in the work, after which apply hot lime wash to the whole house, being careful to get it into all the cracks and crevices, for they are the places in which vermin congregate.

M. N.—Which do you consider the best for eggs, Spangled or White Orpingtons? I have kept Black Spanish and found them good layers, but now I wish to go into the poultry business, and would like to get a favor if you would tell me which you consider the very best breed for laying.

A.—I don't think there is much difference between the different varieties of Orpingtons. They are all good general-purpose fowls. Black Spanish I have had no personal experience with, but think that the Orpingtons, Wyandottes, Rhode Island Reds and Plymouth Rocks are the best general-purpose fowls. For eggs only, in a moderate climate, Leghorns are excellent, but I don't think they are as profitable in the long run as the general-purpose birds, for they don't mean as much as fliers and roasters, and even when eggs are the main desire, they are apt to fall off in the winter unless very well housed. But you must always remember that there are always very young cockerels and old hens to be disposed of, and as the Orpingtons, Rhode Island Reds, and Wyandottes are all good winter layers, I recommend them in preference to any others.

A. S.—Can you kindly tell me what is the matter with my hens? Some of them have rough scales on their legs, and I think it is caused by a germ getting under the scales. What is the cure for this?

A.—Scaly-legs is caused by a parasite which develops in the cracks of roosts which have been allowed to accumulate dirt, but it may be introduced into a flock by a strange bird, and it will spread rapidly if not checked. The birds must receive individual treatment. Make a large pail of warm, soapy water and dissolve a tablespoonful of permanganate of potassium in it. Then catch the birds one by one and hold their feet and shanks in the soda, which should be as hot as you can comfortably hold your hands in. After a few minutes' soaking, take a nail-brush and scrape the hard scale clean, then partly dry with a soft rag, and whilst moist, rub in carbolic vaseline. Usually one application will effect a cure, but it is better to repeat the operation twice at intervals of three days.

K. P.—I wonder if you can tell me through COMFORT what is the matter with my hen? About four o'clock P. M., when I first noticed her she had spells something like fits, she didn't froth at the mouth. She would stand still for a spell, then she would back a short piece, go around always the same way; then she would make a noise like she was afraid something would strike her and she would repeat it all over. She died about six that evening. There is a weed (Loco) that grows here, and I wonder if that could have been the cause. The hen was two years old, and a Rhode Island Red. Best wishes for COMFORT and its staff.

A.—Two-year-old hens of the heavy breeds like the Rhode Island Red are liable to be attacked with vertigo, caused by becoming too fat. But from the symptoms you describe, I should think that the bird had eaten something poisonous, or swallowed something which stuck in the passage of the gizzard. You don't say if her comb or wattles turned color at all. As a rule, in cases of apoplexy caused by fat, the comb will get fiery red, gradually turning to a dark crimson, and almost black. If she had the latter symptoms, the only help would have been to open one of the veins in the lower part of the wing, and allow a little blood to flow, after which she should have been kept on a light vegetable diet. But a hen which has any such tendencies is better dead, for it is sure to cause trouble for the following year if you set any of such a bird's eggs.

G. N. M.—Please tell me what to do for my little chicks. I had one hundred and fifty hatched in an incubator, and they were strong chicks except a few. They were doing fine until they were nine days old. Then they began to stand around and hang their wings, and did not eat, but drank water. Some were sick several days, and others died in a few hours; fell over, stretched out neck and feet, and died in a few seconds. Some had their bowels loose, and others didn't. Had them housed in a good, well-aired, home-made brooder, heated with hot water jars; were not crowded. Fed crushed egg-shells, cracked corn, millet seed, crushed oats, cream of wheat and lettuce. Had a yard to run in. They all died the same way. From the one hundred and fifty there are forty still living. They stopped dying after they were five weeks old. Please tell me of a preventive and cure. Also had some chicks hatch under a hen, and brooded by her, fed and tended the same way as those hatched in incubator. Those with hen are alive and never seemed sick. Answer through COMFORT.

A.—Are you sure that the heat kept up to ninety-five in the brooder all through the night? And did you pass the cracked corn through a fine sieve? A well-padded fireless brooder is to be recommended in preference to a home-made brooder with artificial heat, for if anything goes wrong with the heating apparatus, the chicks are soon likely to be chilled or roasted; whereas in the fireless brooder you depend on padding and animal heat, neither of which are likely to get out of order. Did you keep the chickens without food for thirty-six hours after hatching? Remember the chicks confined to a brooder must have a supply of fine grit and animal food.

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Bear in mind that you are under no obligations whatever to keep the Adler Organ. But, if when the month is up you want to buy it, I'll let you have it at the lowest wholesale price and give you as much time as you want to pay for it. I won't charge any interest.

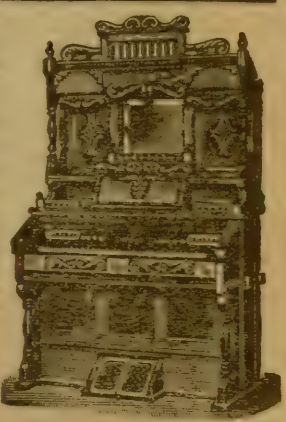
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## Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

also, but they should only have meat once a day. Give them very little fried food as it is hard to digest.

The sweet and pastry question is one that is under great discussion. Some prohibit them altogether and others give a great deal too much in my estimation. I don't think they should be prohibited altogether. A little pastry, say once a week, will do and a plain cake about as often but not on the same day. Candy is all right if given in small quantities after meals. Not many chocolates however, but cream candies, etc.

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One woman said: "I don't want my children to have so much rich food but my husband must have his pie at least once a day and I simply haven't the heart to refuse it to them when it is on the table." Now I take my husband and tell him that I was trying to raise healthy children and ask him if he couldn't abstain from eating that food often than once a week. Any way your husband is or should be your partner in this business of children rearing and should be glad to help you. If he must have his pastry, bake it for him but do not put it on the table and allow him to eat it after they have gone to sleep but be sure they do not see it.

Another thing they should have an abundance of is fruit, fresh and stewed. Give them plenty of it and rear happy, healthy children.

**MARGARET E. MYERS, Fairmount, Indiana.**

## Requests

Mrs. M. E. Longley, Ashland, Oregon, how to salt down corn and string beans.

Mrs. Linda Davis, Sparta, R. R. 4, Tenn., home with contents burned. Quilt pieces asked for.

T. W. Long, Colquitt, Ga., poems, "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck," "The Family Bible that Lay on the Stand," and "Cassablanca."

Miss Hazel Apple, Ada, So. Dak., songs, "The Valley of Custer," and "The Old Oaken Chest."

Mrs. Ella Rogers, Cromwell, Ky., a shut-in from tuberculosis, letters and reading for August 1st, also remedy.

Edith Armstrong, Stanton, Box 148, Franklin Co., Mo., poem, "Christmas at the Poorhouse."

Mrs. L. L. Long, Manitou, Box 166, Colo., how to make cheese.

Mrs. R. Craft, Heppo, Ky., how to cook egg plant.

Mrs. D. L. Throop, Nineveh, N. Y., remedy for salt rheum.

## Remedies

**TARP WORM.**—Three ounces of pomegranate bark of the root grated fine and soaked in one pint of water for six hours. Boil down to one half the quantity and strain. Dose.—On rising in the morning, drink one half (which will be one half cup) and a teaspoonful of bi-carbonate of soda (cooking soda). Take no breakfast or any kind of food during the time medicine is operating. In two hours take the other half and three ounces of Castor oil.

The worm will pass in about four to six hours. This is an old remedy. It leaves the patient quite weak for a few hours but has no bad results.

Mrs. J. JUNGLES, 5918 Madison Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

**GUMS STRAP.**—Take small handful of dried hops and as much horehound, put into one pint of water and steep thoroughly. Strain and add one cup of honey and two cups of sugar. Cook slowly until thickened and bottle. Dose.—One teaspoonful every half hour until relieved.

Neuralgia in the feet and limbs can be relieved by bathing morning and night with salt and water as hot as can be borne. Dry and rub briskly with a coarse towel.

**SCALDS.**—Use olive oil with which one or two drops of carbolic acid has been mixed.

Mrs. E. M. GLENDENING, Watertown, R. R. 6, Box 9, So. Dak.

## Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home

"Some good rules for housekeepers are given below, and are worth remembering and observing:

Drink less—breathe more,  
Eat less—chew more,  
Walk less—walk more,  
Go to bed—bathe more,  
Worry less—sleep more,  
Talk less—think more,  
Waste less—give more,  
Scold less—read more,  
Preach less—practice more."

Burn coffee on iron, sugar on hot coals, or vinegar boiled with myrrh and sprinkled about the sick room are excellent deodorizers.

Mrs. E. M. GLENDENING, Watertown, R. R. 6, Box 9, So. Dak.

Save the juice of ripe cucumbers when making

pickles, strain, add a little alcohol to prevent fermentation. Fine for clearing complexion.

Mrs. M. J. WOODBURY, Auburn, Maine.

So that my children would not get drowned in their drinking water I made them a fountain myself. I took a ten pound lard bucket and made 3 holes in the side and near the top, then filled the bucket with water and put a pie pan over the top. Now hold the pie pan onto the bucket securely and turn upside down. The pan forms the drinking trough and the holes should come just a little below the rim of pan. The water will flow as fast as used and is kept clean in this way.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 28.)

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Dept. A18 22 Quincy Street, Chicago

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# Which Wins the Woman A Lover with a Flying Machine or a Millionaire?

By Jesse Johnson Ramsdell

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.  
When she learns that her accepted lover, William Osborne, whom she adores as her ideal of manly perfection, does not possess the wealth she had supposed but has his fortune yet to make, the disappointment chills her heart and she rejects him, though with deep regret. With sorrowful resignation he accepts her decision and bids her forget him as he says good by forever on the eve of his departure for the West to seek his fortune as an inventor of flying machines. For his great wealth she marries Brandon Greenfield, a much older man whom she does not love. Osborne drops out of her life but not from her thoughts. The next time she meets him is eight years later as her guest at a large party in her own home. He has attained fame and wealth in his chosen career. The old love which she has striven to bury asserts itself at sight of him, and when she hears from his lips that he has come in an airship of his own make and that it is now at the farther end of the garden she asks him to show it to her. As they stand in the moonlight examining the machine, with no one else present except her porter, who is guarding it, her husband suddenly appears and in an excited manner asks the porter why his automobile which he had ordered for eleven o'clock is not ready. It lacks but ten minutes of the appointed hour, and while the porter is gone after the auto, Greenfield explains that a most urgent business call is the cause of his sudden and mysterious night journey. On the porter's return with the announcement that the auto is broken down Greenfield becomes almost frantic and begs Osborne to take him in his airship to meet his appointment. Osborne obligingly consents, and he and Greenfield rise into the sky and disappear in the distance, leaving Mrs. Greenfield to wonder why and where her husband is going. She turns toward the house but before she reaches it she is told by Jimmy Reeves, the young society swell, that Miss Ethilda Dakon had just discovered the loss of her famous diamond necklace which she wore to the party, and that the guests are searching for it; that the last time she remembers seeing it was when she was at the fountain in the conservatory with Mr. Greenfield.

## CHAPTER III.

THE earth rushed away from beneath the two men with startling rapidity. Greenfield gave a little cry, and shrank back from the side. "It would be a bad fall," he said, trying to smile a little.

"We will not fall, Mr. Greenfield," said the other confidently. "I have sailed in this ship near a hundred times. She is safe. But where are we going?"

Mr. Greenfield fidgeted. "Well," he said at last. "You must think I'm a mighty bold sort to ask you to take me on this trip. For asking you to give me your time this way. But I'm in a hurry—you can see that, Osborne—and I want to go to Canada."

"Canada!" "There! I knew you'd be startled; and I don't blame you. But that's where I want to go." "You did startle me a bit, I confess. But the trip is nothing; and my time—," he laughed. "Two hours will bring us there. That is, unless we have a storm."

The other looked at him anxiously. "Do you think such a thing possible tonight?" he asked.

"More than possible. Probable," answered Osborne. "But if it is not too strong, we may weather it—still—"

"We must go through!" declared the other vehemently.

Osborne did not say anything; but bent over his machinery to adjust one of its parts. The other man glanced a quick look around at the night, then swept at the inventor. Into his eyes crept a look of alarm.

For a full half hour the ship sailed serenely on. But the wind began to rise, and presently a thread of fire spun itself across the distant heavens.

Osborne shook his head and muttered, "Too bad." The other said nothing.

The wind increased in force, the stars were obscured, the moon passed behind great banks of clouds. Over to the east the lightning played incessantly and the thunder roared with a mighty voice.

"I guess we'll have to land," said Osborne.

"Oh, no! No! We can't."

"But it is useless to try to sail in this wind. We are even now being carried out of our course a great way. We may land and telegraph to Mrs. Greenfield that we are safe; and then you can take an express to Canada. Pardon me, what town is it?"

"Montreal, Ottawa, I don't care! That is—of course, I do. I meant Quebec. But let us go on. This is better than the railroad, and—and the telegraph."

"I appreciate your feelings; and I understand your anxiety. But it is foolhardy to attempt staying up any longer." He bent to pull a lever.

"Wait!" cried the other in a harsh voice. "If that will make us descend, do not pull it. Do you understand! Do not pull it, I say!"

"But—"

"No nothing. Look at this, my friend." He held a revolver in his hand. "We must go on," he cried.

Osborne started back.

"Mr. Greenfield!" he cried, in amazement and horror.

"I'm desperate, Osborne. You can guess that something is wrong. Something is. I have a string of diamonds here that do not belong to me, and I am going to keep them. That's all; that's why I want to see Canada. Now, you understand, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Enough said, then. I'm not disposed to talk."

"But your wife? Think of her!"

"I'm glad you mentioned her, Osborne. I do feel inclined to have a heart-to-heart conversation in regard to her. I have thought about her, and I've wondered why she didn't keep me straight. They say a good woman can do it. That's past, though. You know how good she is; you know more than I do. You love her! Isn't love knowledge? And she loves you. I am not a fool, exactly, that is; and I have eyes. I know what you would have me think of. The shame and all that. Well, it can't be helped. She'll soon forget that. She can get a divorce and—"

"Mr. Greenfield, it is very dangerous for us to stay up here any longer."

"And it's more dangerous to go down where the telegraphs are. Let me talk, and you keep the ship going. As I was saying—"

A roll of thunder drowned his words.

"—big thunder, all right—Darna you! Did you pull that lever? Answer me, or I will shoot!"

The wind whirled the ship as the pistol spoke, and Greenfield went down in a heap on the floor. He lay still.

The ship began to fall gently; but the wind was growing terrific. Time and again it seemed that the ship would be overturned. Down she went, and still lower.

Osborne swept the searchlight toward the earth; and risked a glance. And a groan escaped him. For beneath lay a body of white-capped waves. He shuddered; and called to the other; but there was no answer. He attempted to creep toward him, and half rose from his hands. A gust of wind struck the ship, and he gave a cry and fell. Then he too was very still.

That night the great storm raged, and the next day when the skies had cleared, the bright yellow sun looked down upon the twisted wreckage and splintered spars of an airship that floated aimlessly upon the smiling lake.

## CHAPTER IV.

Mrs. Greenfield sighed and setting down her tiny tea cup, glanced at the card that the maid presented. She brightened a bit as she saw the name on the bit of pasteboard.

"In here, please Alice," she said to the young woman, who bowed and disappeared.

Mrs. Greenfield rose, and walking to the window, looked out. Presently the door opened; and she turned to extend a hand to Mr. James Hallington Reeves.

"I'm glad to see you, Jimmy," she said, smiling a bit drearily.

He muttered the conventional words, and sank into a chair.

She looked at him with lifted eyebrows.

"I thought you had come to cheer me a little!" she said.

"I came to be cheered," he returned moodily kicking his foot at the air.

Mrs. Greenfield's wonder increased.

"You will have me laughing in a moment," she said. "Laughing at your sadness! I know you'll forgive me, Jimmy, but you're awfully funny!"

"Funny?"

"If you'll give me the key to that," he replied. "I'll—Oh, hang it! what's the use of talking?"

"Jimmy Reeves! It's a girl! It is, I know! Now, tell me, what is her name?"

"Girl? Nonsense!"

Mrs. Greenfield laughed triumphantly.

"Look me straight in the eyes, young man, and say, 'Nonsense!'"

Mr. Reeves' gaze wandered to the window.

"Her name, Jimmy? I demand her name!"

He stood up.

"You've always been very good to me, Mrs. Greenfield, and I know you'll help me in this. I do love a girl, and her name is—Ethilda."

"Ethilda Dakon?"

"The same."

"Jimmy! Wonder, bewilderment, yet gladness were mingled in her voice. 'Oh, Jimmy! She's the very one I had picked out for you. And yet I thought you—you—'"

"Did not care much for her? Well, perhaps I didn't until—until the diamonds, you know. But the way she has taken it, the resolute, kind and womanly way in which—Well, I love her, that's all!"

"I'm so glad, Jimmy!"

"I know you are, and I—I feel as selfish as a—"

—Here I am trying to be as happy as a lark and you are as miserable as a crow! If we only could learn where those good-for-nothing diamonds have gone!"

Mrs. Greenfield started; she looked at him. Mrs. Greenfield, and a sad little smile curved her lips.

"I—I do know where they are gone, Jimmy!"

she said in a low tone; and suddenly her hand went to her bosom and she held out a slip of white paper to him. "I found it this morning on my dresser!"

With wide eyes he took the paper, and read:

"Dear Mary:

"When you read this, I will be in Canada. I have played the stock game too hard—and lost. Everything is gone. The diamonds will start me anew. Am sorry for you, but the crash was sure and one of us might as well get from under. I knew you wouldn't care to be the one; so it's up to me."

"This is a bad deal to you; and I'm really sorry. But no use talking now. Or writing!"

"GEORGE."

Reeves handed the paper back without a word. In his eyes was a dawning realization of what it meant to this woman before him.

"It is killing me, Jimmy," she whispered. "The suspense is awful. Where is he? Where is Mr. Osborne? What has he done to—"

The maid entered; and Mrs. Greenfield paused to turn her sorrowful eyes upon her.

"A gentleman, Ma'am, she said, bowing slightly. "A gentleman?" Mrs. Greenfield snatched the card from the tray, and gave a sudden great cry. Reeves jumped to his feet just in time to catch her.

But almost immediately she straightened in his arms; and stood away from him.

"Show the gentleman in here, Alice," she commanded. And when the girl had gone; "Oh, Jimmy, Jimmy! It is Mr. Osborne!"

"Osborne!"

"Yes," said a voice from the doorway, and Osborne stood before them.

"And—and—" faltered the woman, her gaze fixed behind him.

Osborne's face became very grave for he had sad news to tell.

"Sit down, please do," she commanded prettily; and he did so. And then, without preamble, told his story.

"When I regained consciousness, I was clutching a portion of the ship's side, a very frail support at that. Looking about me, I perceived Mr. Greenfield, still insensible, grasping a similar support. I managed to swim over his way, and—and recovered the diamonds. Then I must have again lost consciousness; for when I awoke I was in a small cottage room, a fisherman's house."

"And Mr. Greenfield—George?"—breathed the woman.

He shook his head, and his eyes were very compassionate.

"He is—gone."

"You mean—?"

"Yes. He was in the next room."

She said nothing; but turned slowly away with heaving bosom, her eyes filling with tears. In all save this her husband had been kind, considerate, all that a man could be to a woman he had sworn to cherish. And she had not loved him!

Yet she had told him that when he asked for her hand, had explained frankly that she never could, Yes, she had done that, and she need not hold herself guilty of a wrong to him.

But she had not loved him! That sentence rang in her ears, it burned with a red flame on the wall before her staring eyes. She had not loved him! Then, ah, then, who had taken her heart and cheated her husband?

Reeves interrupted these thoughts.

"Mr. Osborne and I have arranged everything," he said. "Our plan but awaits your approval. Mr. Osborne has given me the necklace. I will drop it in the fountain in the conservatory; and tonight when—when Ethilda and I go in there, I will look in the pool and discover it! Don't you see? That is where the diamonds will have been all the while! Is it not a good plan?"

"Yes," she answered dully. She was conscious of a half wondering resentment toward him. Why did he brush her sorrow into the background in this manner? Did he not know that her husband was dead and that she—Ah, it was purposely done! He would not pretend to recognize a sorrow that he felt did not exist. He had read her page of life aright, and would not be deceived. Yet, yet—

She took his hand firmly, and smiled into his eyes, and said good by in a steady voice. And then he had gone.

And she was alone with Osborne.

Suddenly her heart seemed to break. She sank into a chair, and the tears were sweeping down her face. And with this sudden giving away, came a sweet relief, a wonderful peace.

He spoke in a low voice; and again she wondered. For he too seemed resolved to brush away conventionalities and stand with the truth.

"There is one thing that Mr. Reeves and I could not arrange," he said. "There is going to

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be a crash unless money is supplied to stop it and prevent different investments from toppling over. Mr. Greenfield told the exact truth in his note to you; everything is lost—seemingly. But I must ask you to let me clear up everything and most of all, wipe away every trace of a cloud on your name.

"You would have—have helped me when I—"

"That was different, altogether different."

"A question of money in both cases," he insisted.

"I am a woman," she said in a low voice. "I know how the world looks at—"

"I do not care!" he cried, passionately. "The world? Must the world smear every thought, (CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)



## HOME DRESSMAKING HINTS

## Mid-Summer Fashions

By Geneva Gladding

**S**URELY we can think of little else besides thin fabrics and the easiest possible way in which to make them pretty and becoming on these warm summer days.

There seems to be a positive craze for dimity. It is lovely in both colors and quality and inexpensive. To make charming shirtwaists are only one of the many uses of this fabric which shows tucks, feather stitching, embroidery or any form of handwork to advantage.

The crossbarred are stronger than the striped designs and make attractive underwear. Aprons, babies' clothes and children's dresses are all extremely dainty when made from dimity.

Nos. 3911 and 3977 would be particularly effective made from bordered dimity with ribbon to match darker shade.

White marquisette is another popular material being used for the simplest, as well as the smartest summer frocks.

The "magyar" blouse seems to have been universally adopted for all figures and ages. It is a wonderfully becoming style and adapts itself to all materials and trimmings.

No. 3541 was of light gray voile, braided with black soutache and finished with narrow bands of black velvet. These blouses combine with most styles of skirts in making attractive one-piece dresses. Combined with a straight-gored skirt makes a dress that has many uses.

## Description of COMFORT Patterns

No. 3977—Ladies' Costume having high or Dutch neck, short puff sleeves or sleeve-caps and attached five-gored skirt with high waist-line. Width around lower edge about two and five eighths yards. Sizes 32 to 40 inches bust measure, size 36 requires eight yards 27-inch material. Price 15 cents.

No. 3946—Ladies' Costume having front in panel style, sleeve-caps combined with body. Skirt in five gores. Sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure, size 36 requires seven and one half yards 27-inch material. Price 15 cents.

No. 3761—Ladies' Princess undergarment, consisting of a corset cover and open drawers. Sizes 32 to 46 inches bust measure, size 36 requires five and one quarter yards 27-inch material. Price 15 cents.

No. 3878—Ladies' Costume having sleeve-caps combined with body and attached six-gored skirt. To be worn over gumpie. Width around lower edge two and five eighths yards. Sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires six and three quarters yards 36-inch material. Price 15 cents.

No. 3567—Ladies' Skirt having a seven-gored yoke in two depths and straight side-plaited flounce. Sizes 22 to 32 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires four yards 54-inch material. Price 15 cents.

No. 3744—Ladies' Equestrian Skirt for cross saddle riding, having an adjustable front gore. Sizes 22 to 30 inches waist measure, size 26 requires three and one half yards 54-inch material. Price 15 cents.

Nos. 3541—11255—Ladies' Overblouse in one piece and having a peplum. (Known as the "Magyar" Blouse.) To be worn over a gumpie. Sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure, size 36 requires one and one quarter yard 44-inch material. Price 15 cents.

Braiding transfer pattern No. 11255, price 10 cents.

Nos. 3907—11355—Ladies' Shirt-waist. Sizes 32 to 42 bust measure, size 36 requires two yards 44-inch material. Price 15 cents.

Embroidery Design No. 11355, price 20 cents.

No. 3916—Ladies' Maternity or House Gown with lining having dart seam and center front laced. In small sizes width around lower edge is two and one half yards, but an extra breadth may be used if desired. Sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure, size 36 requires three and three quarters yards 44-inch material. Price 15 cents.

No. 3854—Ladies' Costume having sleeve caps combined with body and to be made with or without flounce at sides. Closing to the left of center front. Width around lower edge about two and three quarter yards in small sizes. Sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure, size 36 requires six yards 36-inch material. Price 15 cents.

Nos. 3994—11407—Ladies' Costume having sleeves combined with body and perforated for sleeve caps. Six-gored skirt with front in panel style. Sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires four and three quarters yards 36-inch material. Price 15 cents.

Embroidery design No. 11407—Perforated stamping pattern, 15 cents. Transfer pattern, 10 cents.

Nos. 3508—11430—Ladies' Costume. High or round neck, front in panel style, three quarter length sleeves and skirt in seven gores with inverted plait at center back. Sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 10 yards 27-inch material. Price 15 cents.

No. 3653—Misses' Middy Suit, consisting of a blouse to be slipped on over the head, having shield, sailor collar and one-seam sleeves and a seven-gored side-plaited skirt. Sizes 14, 16 and 18 years, size 16 requires six yards 48-inch material. Price 15 cents.

No. 3906—Misses' Costume. High or Dutch

neck. Sleeve-caps combined with body, and six-gored skirt. Closing to the left of center front. Sizes 14, 16 and 18 years, size 16 requires four and three quarters yards 36-inch material. Price 15 cents.

No. 3842—Misses' Costume consisting of a blouse to be slipped on over the head; perforated for yoke facing; with long sleeves plaited at lower edge or gathered into a band, or short sleeves with turn-back cuffs. A separate five-gored skirt with inverted plait at center back and with or without yoke. Sizes 14, 16 and 18 years. Size 16 requires five and one half yards material. Price 15 cents.

No. 3911—Misses' Costume, having sleeve-caps combined with body, high waist-line and attached, straight gathered skirt with a straight gathered flounce, closing in back. Suitable for embroidered flouncing. Sizes 14, 16 and 18 years. Size 16 as illustrated requires eight yards of flouncing 27 inches wide. Price 15 cents.

No. 3957—Girls' Dress having long sleeves perforated for shorter length and straight gathered skirt with panel front. Sizes six to 12 years; size eight requires two and one half yards 44-inch material. Price 15 cents.

No. 3932—Child's Dress with or without front yoke, and having long sleeves perforated for shorter length. Sizes one half to six years; size two requires two and one quarter yards 36-inch material. Price 10 cents.

No. 3964—Child's Rompers, having long sleeves perforated for shorter length. Sizes two to six years. Size four requires three yards of 27-inch material. Price 10 cents.

No. 3967—Child's Dress. Front in panel style, sleeves combined with body and perforated for sleeve-caps and having adjustable yoke. Sizes four to 10 years. Size eight requires two and three fourths yards 36-inch material. Price 15 cents.

No. 3945—Girls' Apron with turn-down collar and full-length sleeves. Sizes four to 12 years. Size eight requires two and one eighth yards, 45-inch material. Price 10 cents.

No. 11336—Embroidery design in eyelet suitable for child's dress, shirt-waist, etc. Transfer pattern, 10 cents.

No. 11123—Clematis design for eyelet embroidery and buttonholing. Pattern contains two yards of border two inches wide and four corners to match. Perforated stamping pattern including stamping preparation 15 cents. Transfer pattern 10 cents.

No. 11135—Border for eyelet embroidery and buttonhole stitch. Pattern contains two yards of border one and one quarter inches wide and four corners to match. Perforated stamping pattern including stamping preparation 15 cents. Transfer pattern, 10 cents.

No. 11144—Eyelet and buttonhole stitch border design. Pattern contains two yards of border two and one half inches

wide and four corners to match. Perforated stamping pattern including stamping preparation 15 cents. Transfer pattern 10 cents.

No. 11146—Plain scallop edge for buttonholing. Pattern contains two yards of border one half inch wide and four corners to match. Perforated stamping pattern including stamping preparation 15 cents. Transfer pattern 10 cents.

No. 11145—Scalloped edge for eyelet embroidery and buttonhole stitch. Pattern contains two yards of border one half inch wide and four corners to match. Perforated stamping pattern including stamping preparation 15 cents. Transfer pattern, 10 cents.

No. 11534—Needle and Pin Case for French and eyelet embroidery, buttonhole edge. Size eight by eighteen inches when open. Perforated stamping pattern of this design, 20 cents. Stamped on pure Irish linen with material for working, 40 cents.

No. 11538—This Dutch Collar is embroidered in eyelet work and solid embroidery. The outer edge is worked in buttonhole stitch. Perforated stamping pattern of this design, 25 cents. Stamped on pure linen with materials for working, 40 cents.

No. 11561—Handsome centerpiece in eyelet and solid embroidery, buttonhole edge. Perforated stamping pattern, including stamping preparation (one-quarter of pattern given), 20 cents. Size 22 by 22 inches. Stamped on pure linen with materials for working, 50 cents.

No. 11563—Dainty towel or pillow case end to be executed in French, solid and outline embroidery. Size 22 by 36 inches. Perforated stamping pattern including stamping preparation, 20 cents. Stamped on huckaback with materials for working, 60 cents. Transfer pattern of this design, 10 cents.

No. 11160—Parisian design for turn-over collar with jabot attached. Butterflies in corner of collar embroidered in outline stitch and eyelet embroidery.

Butterfly on jabot is of lawn embroidered separately in eyelet embroidery. Perforated stamping pattern including stamping preparation and punch, 10 cents. Transfer pattern of this design, 10 cents.

No. 3856—Ladies' Kimono, having two styles of collar and perforated for shorter length. Sizes 32 to 44 inches bust measure, size 36 requires seven yards 27-inch material for long kimono, or three and three quarters yards same width for short one. Price 15 cents.

No. 11581—Fancy Script initial suitable for lingerie, handkerchiefs and small tea napkins. Solid embroidery can be used for working. This pattern which contains complete alphabet, will be found particularly useful in combining different letters in order to form monograms. Height of initial one inch. Perforated pattern including stamping preparation, 25 cents.

I would call special attention to Nos. 11534, 11538, 11561 and 11563 which may be obtained all ready stamped on materials that will in every particular meet your highest expectations. The price includes material for working.

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articles will make particularly acceptable Christmas gifts and find a ready welcome among those who work along the Christmas sewing during the long summer days.

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is our Danish Poplar Cloth, color samples of which will be mailed to you together with particulars of our liberal offer on receipt of a two-cent stamp to pay the cost of mailing. This gives you an opportunity to select your own colors as well as to examine this stylish dress material which is so extensively used for all ages.

## The Maternity Gown and the Layette

In selecting your gown at this period it does not matter of what material it is to be so long as you have it made comfortable.

No. 3916 (Maternity Gown) illustrates the possibility of making this kind of gown as modest and tasteful as any other. Should more fullness be desired, another breadth may readily be added.

Many stylish models make up into a maternity dress by use of elastic in the seams of the lining and at the waist. Eyelets and laces at the sides and front also serve the purpose well and may be put into plaits and shirrings, and taken out when the entire size is necessary. In all instances have the skirt part longer in the front than at the back so that it will not appear ungraceful.

The subject of the layette is an all-important one, and to those who are uncertain and do not understand the needs, a little advice will be welcome.

First have just enough to keep him clean and dainty each day. Let your motto be simplicity. Buy as good material as you can afford, and in the end you will find it the most economical. Nainsook, muslin, dimity and batiste make lovely slips and dresses, and narrow Val lace, featherstitching, embroidery and tiny tucks the most tasteful trimming. The first little slips need no trimming and are best made with draw string at neck.

Have at least fifty diapers. Old table linen and a thin quality of bleached outing flannel is the best material. Outing flannel is not as cold as cotton cloth when wet and washes very easily. Do not iron.

Flannel bands are necessary, both for warmth and as a safeguard against rupture. Three quarters of a yard will make four bands by tearing it straight across. Turn edge once and cross-stitch hem. When finished bands should measure six inches wide.

Have plenty of little skirts made from flannel, all-wool or silk-and-wool. They must be changed as often as every other day, and every day is better.

The baffle coat or pinning blanket is simply a covering for baby's feet and diapers. Use flannel or outing flannel. Make 30 inches long, gather into a band of cotton cloth and tie with tapes.

Band, shirt, diapers and pinning blanket are the order in which to dress baby. During the hot weather, care should be taken not to overdress a baby. Remember he is in arms or lying on a soft and warm mattress. Observe the warmth of his body frequently and do not allow him to perspire too much as it will weaken and cause indigestion. Keep the crib or place where he will lie away from wall and where the air circulates.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)





# Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

I hope that was only said in jest, but maybe it is no jest at all. So you are looking for your ideal at fourteen are you? Trying to wreck your happiness and mar your life before your life has scarcely begun. It may astonish you, and it will doubtless too, astonish and horrify our millions of readers to know that more than five thousand marriages of young girls under the age of fifteen, take place in this country every year. Isn't that terrible, criminal and awful? It is not to be wondered at, however, when we have children of fourteen talking about meeting their "ideals." It makes my stomach turn over when I think of this awful sacrifice of childhood. We send missionaries to China, India and other sections of the Orient, to educate the people and show them the horrors of child marriage, we have two, thousands of good men and women in this country frothing at the mouth over the wrongs of these child wives, and yet here, right in our own beloved United States, we have thousands of young girls, children, sacrificed as cruelly and wickedly, as are the child wives of India. Most of these marriages occur in rural communities, and in homes, according to Dr. Stiles of the U. S. Marine Service, where dirt, filth, squalor, ignorance and unsanitary conditions prevail that are horrible and appalling. To allow children to marry is a crime against God and the race. No woman is physically fitted for matrimony and the bearing and rearing of children, until she is over twenty years of age—twenty-five is the ideal age. Every child has a right to a heritage of health and strength. The child wife is physically incapable of bearing healthy offspring. Nature never intended she should, for she is only a child herself. The men who marry, the parents who sacrifice, and the children who are sacrificed in these unholy and unnatural unions, are too indifferent or too ignorant, to realize the hideous wrong that is being wrought against the child wife and the unborn generations, who spring from these sordid and disgusting alliances. The child wife sacrifices the most precious of all things, her girlhood, and in one moment makes the stupendous leap from childhood to womanhood and motherhood, without any understanding or appreciation of the tremendous responsibilities and physical risks which such a change involves. Too often the children are forced into these marriages, because the parents are unable or unwilling to support them. Get rid of the child, and there is one less mouth to feed. These marriages too often occur in families where there are a horde of children, who like Topsy "have just grown," and whose moral and spiritual training has almost entirely been neglected. Parents should be less anxious to get rid of their children, then husky men would be forced to select their matrimonial partners from among grown women; women capable of managing a household, and rearing a family of healthy children, instead of being permitted to almost ransack the cradle for matrimonial child victims. Hundreds of these same child victims have poured their woes into my ear. We are fearfully and wonderfully made, women especially so. Delicate indeed is that marvelous organism which nature has endowed her. Nature, the mother of us all resents an outrage, and punishes with years of suffering those who violate her laws. The sacrifice of the child wife is an outrage against nature, a crime against society. The victim of this outrage is early doomed to years of suffering. She is old before her time, and when she reaches the thirties, if she is fortunate enough to live to be that old, she is but a mere shell, frail, weak and worn, her vitality gone, and too often the victim of disease, which results in invalidism and early death. Her good looks gone, the husband who has not been subjected to the fearful strain, physical and mental that has fallen upon the child wife, too often transfers his affections to a younger and more attractive woman. The children that result from these unnatural unions, are generally weaklings, not always, but largely so. These children simply do not get a square deal. They are delicate and become easy victims of disease. Governmental indifference, parental ignorance, combined with poverty and neglect, are the twin slayers of tens of thousands of American children yearly. Remember that only two out of every five children born in this country live to be even five years of age. Think of this terrible slaughter of the innocents, and the suffering these poor helpless mites have to bear through the criminal ignorance of those who brought them into the world. The child of our teen knows nothing of the seriousness of the step she is taking, and if her parents will not protect her, as apparently they stand against at the law must. Many people stand against at the length of our shut-in list. They had no idea or conception there was so much sickness and invalidism in the world. Can it be wondered at that there is invalidism and sickness, when we think of those five thousand child brides, and the puny weaklings that result from these unions? Prevention is better than cure. This applies both to the prevention of disease, divorce, unhappiness and all the other ills of society. The only sure way to improve the race is to see that those who go to the altar are mentally, morally and physically fitted for the step they are taking, and capable of bringing into the world, healthy children who will have sound minds, and healthy bodies, children who will fall heirs to the blessings of health, vigor and long life. Instead of heirs to sickness, suffering, disease, and early death. Now, dear, my dear, I did not intend to hang this sermon on your age begins to talk of her male ideal, then it is time to warn you, and all other girls to banish such foolish and dangerous ideas from your heads. What you girls want to concern yourselves with, is the development of your minds and bodies. Enjoy your girlhood, it is the happiest and most glorious time of your life. Don't sacrifice it, or allow it to be sacrificed for any man. Try to improve yourself all you can. We cannot improve the race until we improve the individual. If you improve yourself you will help those around you to improve also. If you make a fizzle of your life, your example will only help to drag others down. There is enough misery and wretchedness in the world, don't you add to it. Keep matrimony out of your head until you are at least twenty. Tell the boys you want to woo you that you are having your girlhood holiday? You have seen the little girl brides prematurely aged before they were out of their teens. That should be warning enough for you. Keep your youth and beauty as long as you can, and then when you do marry, you will be a bride worth having, and you will add to the world's stock of happiness, instead of adding to its misery, suffering and wretchedness. There are some girl brides whose unions have turned out happily. They are the exceptions that prove the rule. The happiest of these however, when she reaches years of maturity, realizes how cruelly she was wronged, in being allowed all forced to sacrifice her girlhood. Have ideals all of you, and plenty of them, but let them be ideals that will bring happiness to you and the race, not ideals that will bring misery to you and countless others.

COLUMBUS, MONT.

UNCLE CHARLIE:  
As I have been reading the COMFORT magazine for nearly a year, and almost dying laughing over your criticisms, I thought maybe you would like to hear from a Western girl. I am five feet four inches tall, weigh one hundred and twenty pounds, have dark brown hair, and dark blue eyes and a fair complexion. I am a farmer's daughter and am proud of the fact. I like to live on a farm better than in a city, as you have more fun. I go to a country school and am in the seventh grade. I have to go about a mile to school, but that is just a nice little walk. This is my first year in a country and its pretty good for a change.  
I am very fond of music and can play on the guitar. I am also fond of dancing.

We live in a very pretty valley, and there are many pretty scenes of hills. Next summer I am going to spend a little of my time in drawing some of these hills. Afterwards I am going to paint them. Wouldn't you like to come out and help me paint them?  
We have been having some pretty cold weather, but it is again moderating, and today it is snowing. If it keeps up snowing like this we will certainly have some dandy sleigh riding. I have certainly enjoyed this winter sleigh riding. You and the cousins ought to have been out here and gone sleigh riding with us. Hope Billy the Goat doesn't get his hands on this. I remain, your niece,  
EDITH EBB.

I am always glad to hear from the Western girls, Edith, especially the Montana ones. I have lost several large sections of my heart to Montana girls in the past, and should lose the remainder, were I living as I once was, in your grand old state. You say in your letter: "This is my first year in a country." So you have not been living in a country previous to this, eh? Where have you been living? Perhaps you have been cavorting around in a flying machine, and have only just recently hit the earth. I notice you live in Columbus. I did not know that Columbus ever got out to Montana. I thought I was the first to discover your state, but evidently Columbus got ahead of me. If Columbus could only come out of his grave, I would send him on another voyage of discovery. I would send him to a certain section in Ohio, and to another in Illinois, to see if he could discover a male American citizen who was not ready to sell his vote for two dollars. Edith you say you are going to draw and paint some of the hills in your valley. Do the rest of the settlers and the citizens of Montana know you are going to do this? It seems to me you have got an awful nerve to go about mixing the scenery up in this extraordinary fashion. Look out, my dear that you don't get into trouble when you start drawing some of those hills around. What staggers me most however, is that you are not only going to draw the hills, but are going to paint them as well. What is your idea in painting these hills? Has not old Dame Nature done the painting to your satisfaction? How many coats of paint are you going to put on the surrounding mountains, and who is going to pay for the paint? It will cost an awful lot of money to paint your native hills. Let us know, Edith, when you are going to start this redecoration of Montana's scenery, and I will charter a train and take a bunch of cousins out on an excursion to watch you do your painting stunt. If you have enough mountains and enough paint, you might paint one red, one white and the other blue. This would be more artistic, patriotic and interesting. We have League "pots" and League painters. I tell you what we are getting to be an artistic bunch.

MILLARD, MO.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:  
I have been living on a farm about a mile and a half north of Millard. I think farm life is the best. I would much rather be out of doors than in the house, so as I have no brothers I am my papa's best boy. Uncle Charlie when you come to see me I will show you all of my pets. I have a sheep a cat a pig and a chicken with only one wing. My sheep's name is Beauty. She has a pink ribbon around her neck with a bell on it. She will follow me anywhere I go, and will eat shelled corn out of my hand. My pig's name is Belschub. I warm milk for him every night and morning.

Millard is quite a city. There are between seventy-five to one hundred inhabitants. We have two stores, a drug-store, two hotels and a church. There is a railroad through here and also a coal chute. We have no saloons. I go to school at Millard. I am in the seventh and eighth grades. I have only been going to school about four years. I never would go to school until I was about ten years old but now I think it is fine.

I have one sister who is two years older than I. She and mamma are both taking COMFORT and we all think it is fine.

Well, as all the other cousins describe themselves I will also. I was born in "Old Missouri," June 28th, 1896. I am fourteen years old and about five feet tall. I have black eyes and brown hair and am rather slender.

Hoping to see my letter in print, I am your truly,  
JUNE MAHAFFY.

June, I am glad to know you are your father's best boy. The great trouble with having only one child in the family is, that if you get into any mischief you cannot blame it on either of your sisters but have to face the music yourself. June I am simply staggered at something you have told us in your letter. You say you have a sheep a cat a pig and a chicken with one wing. How many wings do sheep, cats and pigs ordinarily have? As far as my personal experience goes I never saw a pig with wings and I don't know anyone else that ever did. Wherever did you get this freak family of pets from? I certainly would like to see that pig with one wing. I have no doubt that the reason pork is so high is that your one winged pig has been flying around in the air. Pork is bound to be high as long as pigs fly. I would advise you to collect your family of freak pets and join a circus. Barnum would turn in his grave if he knew you had a cat, pig and sheep with one wing. Of course a chicken with one wing is a curiosity, but it is not a circumstance to a pig with one wing. I know a hospital that has only one wing. They are afraid to add another wing to it for fear it will fly away. Why don't you put a blue ribbon and a bell around the pig's neck once in a while. Don't bestow all your favors on the sheep. Remember bacon is just as valuable as mutton, and costs a heap sight more just now.

FAKVILLE, E. R. 2, ALA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:  
Fakville is a town of about six hundred inhabitants, located in the southern part of Morgan Co. I am fifteen years old, have blue eyes, black hair and fair complexion, and weigh one hundred and twenty-five pounds. Height is five feet eight inches. I go to school and am in seventh and eighth grades.

The blackbirds are busy eating most on the hillside now. I have killed a great many of them, killing as many as six at one fire. I like betting and think it is a good exercise. I can swim, dive, and float like a fish. I like fishing too, but there being no large streams near, it is not very profitable.

Uncle, I would like for you to give me a receipt that will keep a horse from banking.

I would like to exchange post cards with all the cousins, and to all that were born April 12, 1896, will send my picture.

I have laughed myself almost sick at your criticisms of others. Now Uncle you may dissect this letter in any way you desire, for my benefit and the cousins' amusement.

Your nephew,  
ALMER MORRIS.

In your letter, Almer, you say the blackbirds are busy eating most on the hillside. Now, as a matter of fact you have "masts," but I don't believe that the blackbirds are eating any masts, as a mast would be a very difficult thing to eat. I don't know how you could get any masts. I don't know how far inland as ship masts from the seacoast and girls are care-less about forming their o's. Some make their a's resemble o's and their o's resemble a's. I am of the opinion however, that you don't mean masts, but do mean masts though there is no such word in the English dictionary. By a process of elimination and the application of an intuitive sense that would make Sherlock Holmes' detective discoveries look like thirty cents, I am under the impression that you meant to say "the blackbirds are busy eating moss on the hillside." This I assume is an indication that the birds are returning to their springtime haunts, making the air glad with their enchanting melodies. You say you have killed five of them at one fire. The blackbirds are very foolish things to sit around a fire and get killed. I suppose you think you are doing a wonderfully clever thing in slaughtering those poor birds. No doubt there

would be a great hue and cry if one blackbird were to shoot six boys like you, yet half a dozen birds frequently render more service to humanity than half a dozen boys, especially boys who have the instincts of savages and who regard killing as a fine art. Almer, if I saw you kill six blackbirds with one shot I would take the law into my own hands, irrespective of consequences, and give you a lambasting that you would remember to your dying day. I wonder what kind of a world this would be if it were left to the tender mercies of the average thoughtless boy? There would not be a living, breathing thing in it except vermin and insects. The insects and vermin would devour every edible thing and then the murderous little wretches who had devastated the earth and denuded it of all its animal and bird life would have to perish from hunger. Now Almer, I don't believe you are a bad boy, I believe you are just naturally thoughtless. You leave the birds alone, birds are far more useful in the world than murderous boys and far more ornamental too than many boys. Mankind could not exist on this planet if it were not for the birds. Birds are your friends. You should study and love them and not slaughter them. A live song bird is a thing of joy, but a dead bird is a poor pitiful thing. The bird has as much right in the world as you have. God put it here—respect its rights. You are approaching manhood. Learn to be a real man, and not a bloodthirsty Apache. The world needs men, big-hearted men. Cold-blooded savage, brutal men, the world has had them for ages and is sick of them. They are a curse, a nuisance, and a blot on our civilization. Any fool can destroy life. We want people in this world who can create and not destroy. I hope this little lecture will make you and thousands of our other thoughtless boys more human. We don't want bird murderers in this League. This is a League for boys not savages. In your letter, Almer, you ask for advice that will keep a horse from banking. I never knew a horse did any banking. The only way I can suggest to keep a horse from banking would be to quit giving it money. Of course if a horse had no money it couldn't do any banking. Billy the Goat says he thinks you mean "balking," but the way you have it spelled, it is "balking." So many of you make your u's exactly like n's, and it is quite possible you meant to write "balking," and "balking" would be as near as some boys would get to "balking." You see, Almer, if you spent a little less time killing blackbirds and a little more time over your spelling book, you would write and spell better, and probably make a greater success of life. I don't know how to cure a balking horse, but advise you to talk the matter over with the horse. Reason with it and convince it of the error of its ways, just as I have tried to talk to you and convince you of the error of your ways. Horses respond to kind treatment, and show their appreciation of it sometimes more thoroughly than humans do. Try kindness anyway. Horses, like humans, are a bunch of nerves, and they are at this great disadvantage, a man can explain conditions while a horse can't. If your horse could talk he would probably explain to you why he balks, and I guess also if he could talk he would scold you for killing those birds. Maybe he balks because he is disgusted at your cruelty to other members of dumb creation.

MALCOLM, NEBR.

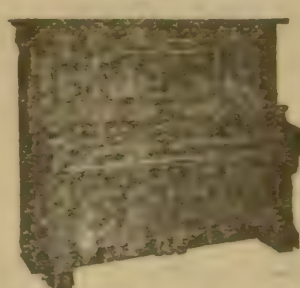
DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:  
I am six feet tall, have dark blue eyes, blonde hair, light complexion. I am twenty years old and weigh one hundred and eighty-two pounds. I have one brother living, thirty-seven years old. One of my brothers got killed in the Klondike thirteen years ago, nine miles northwest of Lincoln. Lincoln is a city of approximately forty-four thousand people. In Lincoln there are twelve jewelry stores, seventy grocery stores, fifty-five churches, twenty-five drug-stores, ten department stores, one post-office, costing \$350,000, and nine hotels. The Lincoln hotel is seven stories high and cost \$50,000. It is one hundred and seventy-five feet long and one hundred and thirty-five feet wide, and the other hotel cost \$250,000. They are building a bank to be eight stories high and to cost \$230,000. They have a Y. M. C. A. building that cost \$150,000. Lincoln has the city library, state capital, state library, state asylum, state penitentiary and the state university, and state farm. The state capital cost \$1,500,000.

Say Uncle, can't you buy Billy the Goat hay to eat instead of letting him eat our letters?

Say Uncle, was you every in Lincoln? Wood like cards from the cousins and will answer all I can.

Your cousin,  
WILLIAM DARLSTROM. (No. 32,618.)

William, I am glad to hear from you. You ask me if I "every" was in Lincoln? I hardly know what you mean. If you had asked me if I ever was in Lincoln I could have told you, yes. There is a great deal of difference between every and ever. Thousands of people who write me, mix these two words up in the most outrageous and exasperating way. Ever means at any time continually in any degree, forever means for all eternity, every means, each one, all taken separately. When young folks born in America, who have been to school for several years write and ask me, as hundreds of them do: "Were you every in love?" "Were you every in our city?" "Did you every have the mumps?" I feel like putting them across my knee and asking them if they every got spanked. I will not hammer you, William, because you are too big, and from your name I gather that you were probably born across the water, or anyway you have lived in a family where our language was spoken imperfectly if at all. Yes, William, I have been in Lincoln. I spent Christmas day of 1890 in Lincoln. I did not enjoy it very much. I had to play twice on the stage of your opera house, and Christmas day is a day when all people should be at home with their friends instead of working in theaters. I am quite interested in the number of stores you have in Lincoln. The town has extended considerably since I was there, and it was quite a burg even in my day. My interest in Lincoln is largely on account of its being the home of William Jennings Bryan, and I have always had a warm spot in my heart for William. Don't imagine from that that I am a Democrat though I am an ardent and fervent believer in everything that is democratic. I do however, love and admire any man who roots for the under dog, and who champions the cause of the masses; and I believe William Jennings Bryan if he was away off on some of the propositions he advocated, was sincerely desirous of bettering conditions for the toilers—the plain people that Abraham Lincoln loved. So, William I don't care what a man is politically, as long as he is sincere and in earnest, and ready to do his darndest at all times to help his fellow beings to a higher and better plane of living, thinking and doing. I am glad to know that you have twenty-five drug-stores in your town. I would hate to think if William Jennings Bryan wanted a box of pills, there was not a single drug-store in the town where he could get them. When a man wants pills he wants them in a hurry, and there is nothing like having twenty-five drug-stores to get them from. I remember once having to walk fifteen miles to a drug-store for some pills. The man asked me if I wanted them in a box. "Of course I want them in a box," I said, "do you think I want to roll them home?" I had a lot of trouble with those pills. The doctor said I was to take one three times a day. I took one, once, but I could not get it up again to take it the other two times. You see the goat of a doctor forgot to tell me to swallow a different pill each time. I thought I had to swallow the same pill three different times the same day. I'm glad you have such a fine hotel in Lincoln. I'd hate to think of William Jennings having to walk the streets all night, without any decent place to sleep in. The last time I stayed in a hotel in Lincoln, it was freezing cold, and I asked the hotel clerk if there was any steam heat in my room. He said "No, but there is a man in the next room who has a very hot heat." By having a state penitentiary and a state bug house in Lincoln, you have all the conveniences of civilization right at your back door. I hope you appreciate the advantage of



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having such cheerful resorts so handy. You say "wood" like cards from the cousins. The post-office does not supply any wood like cards. They just supply ordinary paper cards. I trust this variety will be as acceptable to you as the wooden kind. Let us hope so. Make it would next time, William, and cut the wood out.

IOWA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:  
I am eighteen years of age; am five feet four inches tall. I like college life very much.

Dear Uncle, will it be too much to ask you to write me an essay of from three to four thousand words on "International Arbitration." I should like it very much, by March the 8th, as I am supposed to have it in hand by March 13th. I know the essay will be fine if it comes from you.

Uncle, I will be ever and ever so grateful to you for your kind assistance, and if there is anything I can do for you at any time will be more than willing to aid.

I here enclosed a two-cent stamp for reply.

Yours very truly,  
BERTHA J. BROWN.

Your modest (?) request, Bertha, at hand, and must most emphatically decline to help you out in this matter. I cannot conceive of any greater way in which I could injure you, your school-mates, and your staff of teachers than by writing this essay for you. You are on the threshold of womanhood, and have reached the age where you surely must know right from wrong. If I wrote that essay for you I would simply be partner to a fraudulent act. I would be prostituting such meager talents as I have and placing them for base and unworthy ends. I would be putting you in a false position and causing you to feel, not only one, but from fifty to a hundred falsehoods, in order to carry out and make good our joint deception. If I wrote this essay it would not be your essay, but you would have to pass it off as your work. As International Arbitration is a subject of which I have made a special study; a great reform I enthusiastically endorse; it is possible that your essay, or rather the one I wrote for you, would bring you praise, honors and rewards to which you were not entitled. To keep up the deception you would be placed in such a false position, and would have

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)



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# DAVID HARUM

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

late in the autumn, Mr. Euston went to the piano after sitting a few minutes, and looked over some of the music, among which were two or three hymnals.

"You are musical," he said.

"In a modest way," was the reply.

"I am very fond of it," said the clergyman,

"but have little knowledge of it. I wish I had more," he added in a tone of so much regret as to cause his hearer to look curiously at him.

"Yes," he said, "I wish I knew more—or less."

"It's the base of my existence," declared the rector with a half-laugh.

John looked inquiringly at him, but did not respond.

"I mean the music—so called—at St. James's," said Mr. Euston. "I don't wonder you smile," he remarked; "but it's not a matter for smiling with me."

"I beg pardon," said John.

"No, you need not," returned the other, "but really—well, there are a good many unpleasant and disheartening experiences in a clergyman's life, and I can, I hope, face and endure most of them with patience, but the musical part of my service is a never-ending source of anxiety, perplexity, and annoyance, I think," said Mr. Euston, "that I expend more nerve tissue upon that branch of my responsibilities than upon all the rest of my work. You see, we cannot afford to pay any of the singers, and indeed my people—some of them, at least—think fifty dollars is a great sum for poor little Miss Knapp, the organist. The rest are volunteers, or rather, I should say, have been pressed into the service. We are supposed to have two sopranos and two altos; but in effect it happens sometimes that neither of a pair will appear, each expecting the other to be on duty. The tenor, Mr. Hubber, who is an elderly man without any voice to speak of, but a very devout and faithful churchman, is to be depended upon to the extent of his abilities; but Mr. Little, the bass—well," observed Mr. Euston, "the less said about him the better."

"How about the organist?" said John. "I think she does very well—doesn't she?"

"Miss Knapp is the one redeeming feature," replied the rector, "but she has not much courage to interfere. Hubber is nominally the leader, but he knows little of music." Mr. Euston gave a sorry little laugh. "It's trying enough," he said, "one Sunday with another, but on Christmas and Easter, when my people make an unusual effort and attempt the impossible, it is something deplorable."

John could not forbear a little laugh. "I should think it must be pretty trying," he said.

"It is simply corroding," declared Mr. Euston.

They sat for a while smoking in silence, the contemplation of his woes having apparently driven other topics from the mind of the harassed clergyman. At last he said, turning to our friend:

"I have heard your voice in church."

"Yes?"

"And I noticed that you sang not only the hymns but the chants, and in a way to suggest the idea that you have had experience and training."

"I did not come here for the purpose," said Mr. Euston, after waiting a moment for John to speak, "though I confess the idea has occurred to me before, but it was suggested again by the sight of your piano and music. I know that it is asking a great deal," he continued, "but do you think you could undertake, for a while at least, to help such a lame dog as I am over the stile? You have no idea," said the rector earnestly, "what a service you would be doing not only to me, but to my people and the church."

John pulled thoughtfully at his mustache for a moment, while Mr. Euston watched his face. "I don't know," he said at last in a doubtful tone.

"I am afraid you are taking too much for granted—I don't mean as to my good will, but as to my ability to be of service, for I suppose you mean that I should help in drilling your choir."

"Yes," replied Mr. Euston. "I suppose it would be too much to ask you to sing as well."

"I have had no experience in the way of leading or directing," replied John, ignoring the suggestion, "though I have sung in church more or less, and am familiar with the service; but even admitting my ability to be of use, shouldn't you be afraid that my interposing might make more trouble than it would help? Wouldn't your choir resent it? Such people are sometimes jealous, you know."

"Oh, dear, yes," sighed the rector. "But," he added, "I think I can guarantee that there will be no unpleasant feeling either toward you or about you. Your being from New York will give you a certain prestige, and their curiosity and the element of novelty will make the beginning easy."

There came a knock at the door, and Mr. Harum appeared, but, seeing a visitor, was for withdrawing.

"Don't go," said John. "Come in. Of course you know Mr. Euston."

Glad to see us, said David, advancing and shaking hands. "You folks talkin' bus'n's?" he asked before sitting down.

"I am trying to persuade Mr. Lenox to do me a great favor," said Mr. Euston.

"Well, I guess he won't want such an awful sight o' persuadin'," said David, taking a chair.

"If he's able to do it. What does he want of ye?" he asked, turning to John.

Mr. Euston explained, and our friend gave his reasons for hesitating—all but the chief one, which was that he was reluctant to commit himself to an undertaking which he apprehended would be not only laborious but disagreeable.

"Waal," said David, as for 's the bus'n's itself 's concerned, the hull thing's all right—summe to me, but 's fur's gettin' folks to come an' sing, you c'n git a barn full, an' take your pick; an' a feller that c'n git a pair of hosses an' a buggy out of a tight fix the way you done a while ago ought to be able to break in a little team of half a dozen women or so."

"Well," said John, laughing, "you could have done what I was lucky enough to do with the horses, but—"

"Yes, yes," David broke in, scratching his cheek. "I guess ye got me that time."

Mr. Euston perceived that for some reason he had an ally and advocate in Mr. Harum. He rose and said good night, and John escorted him down-stairs to the door. "Pray think of it as favorably as you can," he said, as they shook hands at parting.

"Putty nice kind of a man," remarked David when John came back; "putty nice kind of a man. But the only quaintance you've made of his kind, ain't he? Waal, he's all right fur 's he goes. Comes of good stock, I'm told, an' looks it. Runs a good deal to emptins in his preachin', though, they say. How do ye find him?"

"I think I enjoy his conversation more than his sermons," admitted John, with a smile.

"Less of it at times, ain't he?" suggested David. "I may have told ye, he continued, "that I wa'n't a very regular churchgoer, but I've been more or less in my time, an' when I did listen to the sermon all through, it generally seemed to me that if the preacher 'd put all the really was in it together he wouldn't need to have took only 'bout quarter the time; but what with scarin' for a start, an' laughin' on the back stretch, an' ev'ry now an' then breakin' to a standstill, I generally wanted to come down out o' the stand before the race was over. The's a good many fast quarter hosses," remarked Mr. Harum, "but them that c'n keep it up for a full mile is scarce. What you goin' to do about the music bus'n's, or hain't ye made up your mind yet?" he asked, changing the subject.

"I like Mr. Euston," said John, "and he seems very much in earnest about this matter; but I am not sure," he added thoughtfully, "that I can do what he wants, and I must say that I am very reluctant to undertake it; still, I don't know but

that I ought to make the trial," and he looked up at David.

"I guess I would if I was you," said the latter.

"It can't do ye no harm, an' it may do ye some good. The fact is," he continued, "that you ain't got no danger of runnin' in a rut. It would do ye good mebbe to git more acquainted, an' mebbe this'll be the start on it."

"With a little team of half a dozen women, as you called them," said John. "Mr. Euston has offered to introduce me to anyone I cared to know."

"I didn't mean the singin' folks," responded Mr. Harum; "I meant the church folks in gen'ral an' it'll come round in a natur'l sort of way—don't like bein' took round by Mr. Euston as if you'd ast him to. You can't git along—you may, an' have fer a spell, but not alwus—with nobody to visit with but me an' Polly an' Dick, an' so on, an' once in a while with the parson; you ben used to somethin' diff'rent, an' while I ain't sayin' that Homeville soc'ety, pectic'ly in the winter, 's the finest in the land, or that me an' Polly ain't all right in our way, you want a change o' feed once in a while, or ye may git the colic. Now," proceeded the speaker, "if this singin' bus'n's don't do more'n to give ye somethin' new to think about, an' take up an evenin' now an' then, even if it bothers ye some, I think mebbe it'll be a good thing fer ye. They say a reasonable amount o' fleas is good for a dog—keeps him from broodin' over bein' a dog, mebbe," suggested David.

"Perhaps you are right," said John. "Indeed, I don't doubt that you are right, and I will take your advice."

"Thank you," said David a minute or two later on, holding out the glass while John poured, "jest a wisdom-toothful. I don't set up to be no sol'mon, an' if ye ever find out how I'm bein' on a race, jest 'copper me an' you c'n wear d'monds, but I know when a hoss has stood too long in the barn as soon as the next man."

It is possible that even Mr. Euston did not fully appreciate the difficulties of the task which he persuaded our friend John to undertake; and it is certain that had the latter known all that they were to be, he would have hardened his heart against both the pleadings of the rector and the advice of David. His efforts were welcomed and seconded by Mr. Hubber the tenor, and Miss Knapp the organist, and there was some earnestness displayed at first by the ladies of the choir; but Mr. Little, the bass, proved a hopeless case, and John, wholly against his intentions, and his inclinations as well, had eventually to take over the basso's duty altogether, as being the easiest way—in fact, the only way—to save his efforts from downright failure.

Without going in detail into the trials and tribulations incident to the bringing of the musical part of the service at Mr. Euston's church up to a respectable if not a high standard, it may be said that with unremitting pains this end was accomplished, to the boundless relief and gratitude of that worthy gentleman, and to a good degree of the members of his congregation.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

On a fine Sunday in summer after the close of the service the exit of the congregation of St. James's church presents an animated and inspiring spectacle. A good many well-dressed ladies of various ages, and not quite so many well-dressed men, mostly (as David would have put it) "runnin' a little younger," come from out the sacred edifice with an expression of relief easily changeable to something gayer. A few drive away in handsome equipages, but most prefer to walk, and there is usually a good deal of smiling talk in groups before parting, in which Mr. Euston likes to join. He leaves matters in the vestry to the care of old Barlow, the sexton, and makes, if one may be permitted the expression, "a quick change."

Things had come about very much as David had desired and anticipated, and our friend had met quite a number of the "summer people," having been waylaid at times by the rector—in whose good graces he stood so high that he might have sung anything short of a comic song during the offertory—and presented willy-nilly. On this particular Sunday he had lingered a while in the gallery after service over some matter connected with the music, and when he came out of the church most of the people had made their way down the front steps and up the street; but standing near the gate was a group of three—the rector and two young women whom John had seen the previous summer, and now recognized as the Misses Verjoos. He raised his hat as he was passing the group, when Mr. Euston detained him: "I want to present you to the Misses Verjoos." A tall girl, dressed in some black material which gave John the impression of lace, recognized his salutation with a slight bow and a rather indifferent survey from a pair of very somber dark eyes, while her sister, in light colors, gave him a smiling glance from a pair of very blue ones, and, rather to his surprise, put out her hand with the usual declaration of pleasure, happiness, or what not.

"We were just speaking of the singing," said the rector, "and I was saying that it was all your doing."

"You really have done wonders," condescended she of the somber eyes. "We have only been here a day or two, and this is the first time we have been at church."

The party moved out of the gate and up the street, the rector leading with Miss Verjoos, followed by our friend and the younger sister.

"Indeed you have," said the latter, seconding her sister's remark, "don't believe even yourself can quite realize what the difference is. My! it is very nice for the rest of us, but it must be a perfect killing bore for you."

"I have found it rather trying at times," said John; "but now—you are so kind—it is beginning to appear to me as the most delightful of pursuits."

"Very pretty," remarked Miss Clara. "Do you say a good deal of that sort of thing?"

"I am rather out of practice," replied John. "I haven't had much opportunity for some time."

"I don't think you need feel discouraged," she returned. "A good method is everything, and I have no doubt you might soon be in form again."

"Thanks for your encouragement," said John, smiling. "I was beginning to feel quite low in my mind about it."

She laughed a little.

"I heard quite a good deal about you last year from a very good friend of yours," said Miss Clara after a pause.

John looked at her inquiringly.

"Mrs. Bixbee," she said. "Isn't she an old dear?"

"I have reason to think so with all my heart," said John stoutly.

"She talked a lot about you to me," said Miss Clara.

"Yes, and if your ears did not burn you have no sense of gratitude, isn't Mr. Harum funny?"

"I have sometimes suspected it," said John, laughing. "He once told me rather an amusing thing about a young woman's running off with one of his horses."

"Did he tell you that? Really? I wonder what you must have thought of me?"

"Something of what Mr. Harum did, I fancy," said John.

"What was that?"

"Pardon me," was the reply, "but I have been snubbed once this morning."

She gave a little laugh. "Mr. Harum and I are great 'necrops,' as he says. I 'necrops' a nice word?" she asked, looking at her companion.

"I should think so if I were in Mr. Harum's place," said John. "It means 'cronies,' I believe in his dictionary."

They had come to where Freeland Street terminates in the Lake Road, which follows the border of the lake to the north and winds around the foot of it to the south and west.

"Why!" exclaimed Miss Clara, "there comes David. I haven't seen him this summer."

They halted, and David drew up, winding the reins about the whipstock and pulling off his buckskin glove.

"How do you do, Mr. Harum?" said the girl, putting her hand in his.

"How air ye, Miss Claricy? Glad to see ye agin," he said. "I'm settin' up a little ev'ry day now, an' you don't look as if you was off your feed much, eh?"

"No," she replied, laughing, "I'm in what you call pretty fair condition, I think."

"Waal, I reckon," he said, looking at her smiling face with the frankest admiration. "Guess you come out a little finer ev'ry season, don't ye? Hard work to keep ye out o' the 'free-fer-all' class, I guess. How's all the folks?"

"Nicely, thanks," she replied.

"That's right," said David.

"How is Mrs. Bixbee?" she inquired.

"Waal," said David with a grin, "I ben a little down in the mouth lately 'bout Polly—seems to be fallin' away some—don't weigh much more'n I do. I guess," but Miss Clara only laughed at this gloomy report.

"How is my horse Kirby?" she asked.

"Waal, the ole bag-o'-bones is breathin' yet," said David, chuckling, "but he's putty well wore out—has to lean up agin the shed to whicker. Guess I'll have to sell ye another putty soon now. Still, what he's left of him 's good 's ever 'twill be, an' I'll send him up in the mornin'."

He looked from Miss Clara to John, whose salutation he had acknowledged with the briefest of nods.

"How'd you ketch him?" he asked, indicating our friend with a motion of his head. "Had to go after him with a four-quart measure, didn't ye? Or did he let ye corner him?"

"Mr. Euston caught him for me," she said, laughing, but coloring perceptibly, while John's face grew very red. "I think I will run on and join my sister, and Mr. Lenox can drive home with you. Good by, Mr. Harum. I shall be glad to have Kirby whenever it is convenient. We shall be glad to see you at Lakelawn," she said to John cordially, "whenever you can come;" and taking her prayer-book and hymnal from him, she sped away.

"Look at her git over the ground!" said David, turning to watch her while John got into the buggy. "Ain't that a gait?"

"She is a charming girl," said John as old Jinny started off.

"She's the one I told you about that run off with my hoss," remarked David, "an' I alwus look after him fer her in the winter."

"Yes, I know," said John. "She was laughing about it today, and saying that you and she were great friends."

"She was, was she?" said David, highly pleased. "Yes, sir, that's the girl, an', scat my—! I was thirty years younger she c'd run off with me jest as easy—an' I dunno but what she could anyway," he added.

"Charming girl," repeated John rather thoughtfully.

"Waal," said David, "I don't know as much about girls as I do about some things; my experience hain't laid much in that line, but I wouldn't like to take a contract to match her on any limit. I guess," he added softly, "that the consideration in that deal 'd have to be 'love an' affection.' Git up, old lady!" he exclaimed, and drew the whip along old Jinny's back like a caress. The mare quickened her pace, and in a few minutes they drove into the barn.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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## Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15.)

to weave so many tangled webs of deceit, that you would probably from a very sense of shame and guiltiness, break down and make a confession of the imposture you were trying to practice, and the whole faculty of your school would have the right to demand an explanation from me.

I know a minister who had to leave a Western town for doing just this very thing. If your deceit happened to be discovered, you would be so crushed with shame that you would never feel like holding your head up, and looking another soul in the face again. No one would ever believe in you after that. If you turned out the best book, the best song, painted the best picture or did the most heroic deed, everyone would say, and have the right to say, that it was not your work, but that some-body else had done it for you. You know there is an old saying: "Give a dog a bad name and hang him," and once you lose the only thing worth possessing, your character and reputation, you might almost as well get off the earth. The world of course should give you another chance. Christ would and I would, but the world does not and will not. If you had asked me to give you a few ideas, or a few topics to embody in your essay, that would have been perfectly proper, but the actual writing of your essay should be your work and no one else's. What staggers and astonishes me is, that you should make this request in such a light-hearted and matter-of-fact way; as though it were perfectly proper to formulate a plan of deceit, and to ask another man, a comparative stranger to you, to assist in the deception. My dear child, I tremble for your future. Are you so morally dense and perverse as not to realize that the perpetration of a fraud is not a joke but is a base and criminal act? What you must bear in mind is this: If you attempt one small act of imposition and deception and carry it through successfully, it will not be long before you will be tackling something bigger, blacker, uglier and more heinous in its intent, scope and purpose. When one begins to practice deceit in small things, one is sure to go step by step (swept on by the irresistible current of evil that is always waiting to enmesh and drag us to destruction), to practice deceit in larger things, and so link by link one forges a chain of wrong doing, that binds itself around us, a chain we cannot break, but which eventually breaks us. It is just weakness of character that causes most young folks to go astray. They have no actual intention of doing wrong. They imagine that a little deception, a little larceny, a little toying with evil, will not hurt them. They think they can sit on the fence of wrong without actually going over on the other side, and that they can

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jump back again into the pathway of right without any damage to themselves or their reputation. That is where all the trouble lies. It is that first step. No boy or girl who ever lived can afford to temporize with wrong or daily with evil. Your first misdeed may not be discovered, and for that matter it would be a great deal better for you if it had been, but discovery is bound to come sooner or later, and generally it comes when it is too late. To wink at wrong doing, or to actually assist in it, is a vital blow at one's character. Knock a hole, no matter how small in the side of a ship, and the water will come in, and if that leak is not promptly stopped the stoutest ship will sink. Do one wrong deed, no matter how small, and you have driven a hole through the one great bulwark that is the main defence of your life and soul, your character. Once that little hole is punctured, every force of evil will come trooping through, and unless you act promptly, there will be no stopping the current or damming the tide that will eventually engulf you and drag you down to destruction. Now, Bertha, let this be a lesson to you and a lesson to others. If you cannot write an essay about arbitration, and you know nothing of the subject, turn in a blank paper. Don't mind if the whole school laughs at you. You at least have preserved your honor, integrity and self respect, and those are the most tremendous qualities, and the only qualities worth while in this life. Another thing, my dear, did it not occur to you that to ask me to do a task for you that would take me an entire day or even more, was a cruel and inconsiderate thing to do? You know I am an invalid, that I have nurses and help to pay, and all sorts of heavy expenses to meet, and that I have no time for even rest or recreation, and that every ounce of my strength must be devoted to those tasks by which I earn my bread. You poor foolish child, you show not one iota of consideration for me. You would make me labor and do work for which you would receive applause. You would not care if the effort killed me, as long as you got just what you wanted. This, you see makes your request even more callous. Preposterous requests are often made of me, but this is perhaps the most preposterous of all. The bare cost of writing an article of this kind would be at least twenty dollars. Bertha I hope you and thousands more like you will take my remarks to heart. You will be better boys, and girls, better men and women if you do. Another idea that seems entirely to have escaped you is that the purpose of requiring you to write your essay is to train and educate your mind so that you may think and write correctly. It is a most important part of your college work and if someone else does it for you, what will your college education amount to? Your time and your parents' money will have been worse than wasted. Do your own work in school and out. That is the only way to succeed in life.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I have been a shut-in for over forty years with inflammatory rheumatism, and have a poor old mother (CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)

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# RUBY'S REWARD

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

could hardly bear my sorrow if I had to live an idle life. My grief would wear me out."

"Oh, how I wish I were in a position to warrant my taking you at once to a home of our own," Walter sighed; "but I shall have to be patient a little longer. Mr. Conant is giving me a commission this year, besides my salary, and as it has been, and promises still to be, a busy season, I am likely to do very well. Next year, if I desire it, he will give me an interest in the business; then, my darling, I shall pass the sentence of the law upon you for the depredations you committed so long ago," he concluded, with a fond smile.

"What a sense of power and independence it gives one to feel competent to take care of one's self!" Ruby said, animatedly. "I have enjoyed the feeling intensely during the last few months, while I can see that you have grown more self-reliant since I first became acquainted with you."

"Thanks, dear. I know there has been something of a change in me in that respect; and, though I have seen some rough times since my good friend Mr. Carpenter died, yet, in the end, I know it will prove the best thing that could have happened to me to have been cast upon my own resources. But I am afraid, Ruby, that even at the best, it will be a long time before I can give you such a home as you have always been accustomed to."

"An elegant home isn't the most essential thing in the world, by any means. I have been very happy here in this humble place," Ruby responded, glancing about the small room, while the tears rushed to her eyes.

"By the way, have you ever learned who was the purchaser of your brother's beautiful residence?" asked Walter.

"I only know that it was appraised and turned into the hands of Robert's creditors, and then was placed in the hands of a broker to be sold. I never liked to question Robert, for the loss of his home was the saddest blow in the world to him."

"Well, then, I have some news for you," Walter said, smiling, "for our friend, Mr. Ruggles, has bought the place just as it stood on the day you left it. Not a thing—not even a picture or an ornament—has been disturbed."

"Can it be possible?" cried Ruby, her sad face lighting with positive joy for a moment.

"Yes. We did not, however, intend that it should be generally known that he was the purchaser, but it leaked out, as such things will. Mr. Ruggles is becoming a very rich man."

"Do you suppose that he intends to come to Philadelphia to live?" Ruby inquired.

"I cannot say. I have seen him only once since he and his wife were here, and then only for a few moments."

Ruby sighed. She knew that that "once" was on the day of her brother's funeral, when Mr. Ruggles had come to pay his last tribute to a man whom he both loved and respected.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### A CHANGE OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

It was true that Mrs. Robert Gordon was again a comparatively wealthy woman, and had been made so through the death of her husband.

When Mr. Gordon had been at the height of his prosperity he had taken life insurance policies for upward of fifty thousand dollars, and, as he had fortunately completed his payments upon them just before his reverses overtook him, there was no trouble about the payment of the different sums which served to place his wife again in affluent circumstances.

Mrs. Gordon knew that her husband had been insured, but she had not known to what extent, and when informed of the fact that a fortune awaited her disposal, the knowledge seemed to inspire her with new life.

Her health, which had been so delicate since their misfortune, began to improve immediately, the color returned to her face, the old energy to her manner, and elasticity to her step.

She no longer shut herself away in her room to brood and weep. She began to mingle with the world again, and though she would not go into society during her season of mourning, she rode a great deal, resuming her old place in her church, and no longer denied herself to friends and visitors, who now poured in upon her with offers of sympathy and condolence.

The little house which had been the scene of her bitter humiliation, and where her husband had died, was not considered a fitting abode for herself and Ruby in their altered circumstances; consequently everything was stripped from it and sold at auction, while a handsome suite of rooms were taken in a fashionable and pleasant street, where they "couldn't die of gloom and loneliness," as Mrs. Gordon put it, and thither she and Ruby removed as soon as practicable.

Ruby felt that she would have been happier to remain in the quiet little home, where, for a short time, she had really enjoyed being useful and trying to develop her powers of self-reliance, and where she and her beloved brother had come into closer sympathy than ever before.

But her resolute sister—resolute now that all-powerful gold was at her command—swept everything before her, and, insisting upon the change, Ruby yielded her own wishes in the matter.

She would not, however, consent to give up her position as a teacher, although Mrs. Gordon used every argument to persuade her to do so, still feeling that such mental toll "was a disgrace to the family name." But she had to yield finally to Ruby's obstinacy, as she termed it, though she was for a time highly indignant over it.

So the young teacher went on the even tenor of her way, and with the spirit of independence which she had grown to enjoy so much, resolutely refusing to allow her sister to do anything for her, save bear the expense of her living.

She would have been glad not to have incurred even this obligation, but her limited income would not admit of her paying the high price demanded for board and their expensive lodgings; and she was forced to accept that much; for Estelle would have felt very desolate to go elsewhere.

But Mrs. Gordon had a secret motive in keeping her beautiful young sister with her.

Edmund Carpenter had suddenly resumed his intimacy with them.

For a time, after Ruby's refusal of his suit, he had ceased his visit, though he had by no means relinquished the hope that he should eventually win her. He knew that Mrs. Gordon strongly favored his union with Ruby, but that her husband would never allow any undue influence to be brought to bear upon her regarding the matter.

But that powerful ally had been removed from his path, and he determined to make a bolder effort than ever; and, as soon as propriety would allow him to do so, the wily lover sought an interview with the widow, made a confidante of her, and begged her to lend her aid in accomplishing his designs.

Mrs. Gordon at once resolved that Ruby should marry Edmund Carpenter and his million, if there was any power strong enough to induce her to do so.

Consequently, Mr. Carpenter became a constant visitor in their handsome parlor, where he was always received with great cordiality by Mrs. Gordon, and politely by Ruby.

Walter also came occasionally, although his visits were looked upon with growing disfavor by Mrs. Gordon, who could not fail to perceive toward what they were tending, and yet not suspecting how far matters had already progressed between the young couple.

The lovers had resolved not to make any announcement of their engagement at present, on account of Ruby's recent bereavement. Ruby had not even told her sister. She shrank from the confession, feeling that she might not receive much sympathy from her.

She was quite sure of it when, after a time,

she began to notice the coldness in her manner toward Walter whenever he dropped in to spend an evening with her. His visits were not nearly as frequent as Edmund Carpenter's, for three evenings of the week were occupied with his teaching, three more with extra work and study, so that it was rare for him to see Ruby more than once a week, unless occasionally, as he tried to do, he could steal a few moments to walk with her as she returned from school.

Thus the winter passed, and spring came around again; warm and sultry days began to warn city people that it was almost time to fit into the country, to the seashore and mountains, and Ruby felt the tax which her unaccustomed labor and confinement had imposed upon her strength.

One afternoon, late in April, she returned from school tired, almost prostrated with her long walk in the heat and dust, and with a feeling of downright homesickness in her heart.

She found their rooms empty, but a note was lying upon the table addressed to her, in her sister's handwriting. It stated that Mrs. Gordon had gone out of town to make some inquiries about accommodations for the summer months, and might not return until late.

Ruby felt very lonely. It had been a hard day in school, and now to come home, and no one to speak a cheerful word to her, made her doubly sad and desolate.

She dropped her books and hat upon the table, and, throwing herself upon the sofa, let willful tears have their way.

She might have lain there twenty minutes when there came a knock upon the door.

Thinking it might be a servant with the mail, she turned her tear-stained face to the wall and murmured a low "Come in."

The door opened, someone entered and closed it, and then stood irresolute, as if conscious of having been guilty of an intrusion.

Ruby looked up suddenly to find Edmund Carpenter standing there, hat in hand, and regarding her with an anxious look of inquiry.

She sprang to her feet, coloring vividly with confusion, at his having found her there, and faltered out a greeting.

"Is Mrs. Gordon home?" he asked, advancing, and holding out his hand to Ruby.

"No; Estelle went out early in the afternoon, and has not returned," she replied.

"Ah! Are you expecting her soon?"

"I do not know. I presume she will not be long now. Will you sit down?" Ruby asked, as a matter of form, but hoping from the bottom of her heart that he would refuse and go away.

But he had no such intention. He had known before he came that he should not find Mrs. Gordon at home. It had been a little plot arranged between them, and he had come there to see Ruby alone, and with a special purpose in view.

He laid his hat upon the table, and, drawing a chair near her, sat down while she resumed her seat upon the sofa.

At first he pretended not to notice the evidences of her grief, but exerted himself to entertain her.

He knew well how to do this, for he was a thorough man of the world, and had plenty of society gossip at his tongue's end.

But Ruby was not in a social frame of mind, and it was evident that she would have much preferred to be left to herself.

"I do not believe you are feeling well today, Miss Ruby," Mr. Carpenter remarked, when, after a lull in the conversation, she sighed and glanced wearily at the clock upon the mantel.

"I have been working hard in school today, and the heat has given me a headache," she answered, and then colored with vexation at herself for having admitted so much to him.

"This teaching is too much for you. I knew it would be," Ruby, he remarked, with tender reproach, and searching her face earnestly.

"Oh, no, I think not. I am not often troubled in this way," she added, trying to speak cheerfully.

"It is," he persisted. "You are growing thin and pale. Such drudgery is not fit for you."

"I do not consider it drudgery, Mr. Carpenter," Ruby answered, quietly, and a trifle coldly, for she did not like his tone. "I have a very pleasant position, and I enjoy my work ordinarily."

"But you are not happy; you have been weeping before I came in, and it distresses me to see you miserable. If you would only let me take care of you, Ruby, and save you from all this unpleasantness. Come to me, darling, and let me shield you from all care and toil in the future. Oh, Ruby, give yourself to me, and you shall never know a sorrow; I will surround you with everything that heart can wish, and be your loving slave besides."

Edmund Carpenter was terribly in earnest. His face flushed, his voice shook with the strength of his purpose, and Ruby could see that he was actually trembling with the intensity of his desire to win her.

"Why will you persist in saying such things to me, Mr. Carpenter?" she said, in a tone of distress.

"Because I love you—I idolize you!" he answered, passionately. "I never believed myself much inclined to sentiment—I used to laugh at it in others; but I have come to realize that I have a great deal of it. I cannot live without you, Ruby; my life is a perfect blank—"

Ruby started again to her feet, her face crimson.

"You must not talk like this to me; I cannot listen," she cried, feeling that she was almost a traitor to Walter in allowing Edmund to utter a single word of love to her.

"I told you long ago," she continued, "that I did not love you, that I could never marry you—"

"You must," he interrupted, putting her gently back in her seat, though the veins stood out full and hard upon his forehead. "I tell you I cannot—I will not live without you, Ruby Gordon. You have won me by the witchery of your charms; you have made me your abject slave, and—you owe me yourself in return, my little golden-haired queen!" he concluded, with a fierce tenderness that startled the young girl.

"I think you are forgetting yourself, Mr. Carpenter, as well as what is due to me," she replied, growing pale now, and speaking with some haughtiness. "I am very sorry—no one can regret more than I do that you should have allowed yourself to entertain and encourage such sentiments toward me, when you must have known there was no hope of any return. What I told you early in the winter I can only repeat now—I do not love you, and I can never be your wife. I never can give you any other answer, so pray do not repeat this painful interview ever again."

Edmund Carpenter had also grown very pale while she was speaking, for there was no mistaking the unalterable decision which both her words and manner conveyed, and there had come an expression upon his face that might have startled her had she interpreted it rightly.

"Do you ever expect to marry anybody, Miss Gordon?" he asked, speaking in a repressed tone.

She glanced at him, surprised at the question. "I—presume so; most girls marry sooner or later," she said, speaking in a general way, yet coloring consciously, notwithstanding.

"Well, then, let me tell you one thing. It will be a dangerous thing for any other man to win you," he said, through his tightly shut teeth.

Ruby's slight form became suddenly very erect. A red spot of anger burned upon either cheek.

"Do you presume to threaten me simply because I do not choose to marry you?" she demanded, in a haughty tone.

"No, not you, my beautiful darling, but the man who wins you. Let him beware of my deadly hatred; for, as sure as we both live, I will have my revenge upon him!"

Ruby rose again. She seemed to grow tall in her wrath and scorn. Her lips curled, her delicate nostrils quivered, her beautiful eyes blazed.

"We will not prolong this interview, Mr. Carpenter," she said, in a tone that made him

tingle with shame and anger. "It cannot be pleasant for either of us. I regret that my sister is not here to entertain you. Good evening, sir!"

She did not wait for a reply, but swept by him, her very robes seeming to flutter with the indignation and contempt which burned within her, and passed from the room into her own chamber, shutting and locking the door after.

Edmund Carpenter sat where she had left him for a few minutes longer, looking the picture of baffled rage; then he also arose and left the room.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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## SLOCUM'S FOURTH

By Sarah E. Gannett

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THERE was no doubt about it, Slocum was asleep—asleep and snoring lustily, although he was on duty as watchman in Statuary Hall in the Capitol in Washington, D. C. No dreams of the terrors of the law, no visions of the presence of the Captain of the Watch disturbed his slumbers as he sat with head tipped back, mouth wide open, feet far apart and hands peacefully folded. The night was hot and sultry, as it had every right to be on the Fourth of July, and the noise going on out in the streets was enough to waken any sleeper, but Slocum heeded it not. Two other watchmen, young and full of fun, passed the door on the way to their own stations.

"Look at old Slocum!" one exclaimed: "Won't he catch it if Captain Boardman sees him! I'll go in and wake him."

"No, no, let him alone! Boardman is not in yet, and anyhow, it is Independence night, and a citizen of this free and enlightened republic should be allowed to do as he pleases. Let him alone," and they passed on.

On their rounds, which were in the second story of the building, they paused occasionally, as they met in a lobby, to crack and munch English walnuts which one of them carried in his pocket, pitching the shells, as they did so, toward a cuspidor in the far corner of the lobby.

Suddenly a black cat, an inmate of the building and a great pet with the watchmen, shot from the top of a huge framed painting of the Canyon of the Yellowstone and landed on the floor with one foot fast in a walnut shell. Hissing and snarling, she tried to shake out the shell, but her foot was too firmly lodged, and, try as she might, she could not get it free.

The two men roared with laughter as they watched her efforts, and finally one of them said, as he wiped his eyes and face:

"Say, Charlie, let's give old Slocum a scare."

"All right, Jim; I'm with you there, but how?"

"Well, just help me fit shoes on Nancy's other feet and then you'll see fun, or I'm mistaken. Fourth of July is raging out of doors and we'll give Slocum a bit of it in here."

The shoeing was soon accomplished and the two men, with Nancy struggling and fuming in their arms, stole as silently as possible along the corridors and down the stairs to Statuary Hall. There sat Slocum still wrapped in noisy slumber. They crept cautiously by him, and Jim found himself a hiding place behind one of the

tall statues conveniently near to the lighted gas jet, which was the only one in the large apartment in which gas was allowed to flow during the summer months.

Charlie held the struggling Nancy until Jim was safely hidden and the gas extinguished, and then, releasing her, he dodged behind another statue and awaited developments. Away raced Nancy, her shoes rattling like castanets on the polished marble floor and waking all the echoes for which the room is famous. Hither and thither she rushed, snarling and hissing as she went, until her clatter and her various cries, echoed and re-echoed as they were, sounded like a furious fusillade of firecrackers, whistling devils, bombs and torpedoes; and precisely that did it seem to the bewildered Slocum as he woke in the darkness of the place, the only light being that of the green eyes of the cat as she darted about.

He could think of nothing but that some of the boys who were holding high carnival in the streets without had in some way gained entrance to the building or were throwing their ammunition at him through a window; and he soon added his voice to the general uproar as he ran about after the sparks of fire, trying to find and stamp upon the crackers.

The two perpetrators of the joke doubled themselves up with silent laughter as they listened; but when they heard Slocum strike a match in order to relight his gas they shrank back into the shadows of the statues. As soon as the gas was relighted and Slocum turned in the direction of the noise it was immediately extinguished. Again and again this occurred, until the superstitious Slocum decided that the place was bewitched and began to cross himself and mutter.

Finally the noise aroused the watchmen in other parts of the building and they rushed into the room, one of them, fortunately for Slocum, with a lighted lantern in his hand. The guilty parties, of course, hurried forward with the other watchmen, apparently as excited and astonished at the unusual clamor as anyone.

"What, under the canopy, is the matter here?" exclaimed the Captain of the Watch, as he glowered upon the unhappy Slocum who was panting, and mopping his glowing face with his trembling hands; while the cat, the innocent cause of all the trouble, quieted for the moment by the appearance of the light and her friends, the watchmen, had slunk behind the pedestal of one of the life-sized statues, whence her green eyes glared mistrustfully.

"Matter, sir? matter enough, I should say. Some of those rascally boys have been firing their crackers and their bombs at me in the darkness for an hour past until I'm nigh distracted, trying to catch the young uns and to put out their missiles; though how they managed to get 'em in here passes me."

"Well, but how does it happen that you are in the dark? Where is your gaslight?"

"deed, an' I can't tell you, sir. I lighted it all right, but all of a sudden it went out, and every time I lighted it again it has gone right out. It is bewitched, sir; that's what it is."

And Slocum paused to cross himself devoutly.

"Oh, nonsense, Slocum! You have been asleep and dreaming, that is what is the matter, and a very serious matter, too. I see no remnants of crackers or bombs on the floor."

"Asleep? No, sir; no, no," cried Slocum, feeling great indignation at the idea that he could be guilty of such a misdemeanor. "And as to being mistaken, sir, haven't I been a boy myself? Don't I know the sound of a cracker or a whistling devil when I hear them? Indeed I'm not mistaken. I would take my oath on that," and Slocum brought down his foot with a stamp which startled Nancy from her covert and sent her once more scurrying about the floor, her shoes waking all the echoes as before.

A momentary stare of surprise, and then such a roar of laughter as went up from the assembled watchmen must have startled the venerable Goddess of Freedom on the top of the dome, accustomed as she has ever been to Fourth of July celebrations.

"Crackers, was it? and whistling bombs? and torpedoes? and you'll take your oath to it all? Oh, oh, Slocum! You'll never hear the last of this."

And he never did.

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# The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

## How Inconvenient Body Attitudes Spoil Woman's Beauty

**I** HOPE you are all in a good humor this warm summer day as I intend to give you a list of your shortcomings and don't want you to become cross and run away. It isn't going to be a very severe scolding, but I really must chat with you a few minutes about your habit of carrying your body lazily.

Did you ever stop to think that awkward body positions detract from your good looks? If not, put on your thinking cap and step in front of a mirror and study your personal appearance disinterestedly. I don't doubt I am setting you a difficult task but nevertheless if you try real hard, I think you can forget you are you for five or ten minutes.

What do you see? In many cases I very much fear that your mirrored self will be shown to have stooped shoulders, drooping mouth corners and a querulous wrinkled forehead, to say nothing of other beauty defects.

This is all wrong and easily prevented. It is not necessary for you to walk with your body all jumbled together. It is not necessary for your pretty red mouth to sag and droop. It is not at all necessary that your broad, white forehead should be covered with long, faint lines.

Let me implore you to begin correcting these unbecoming habits of the body and face. If you don't know how, let me show you the way. I will plan out this corrective work and all you will have to do will be to follow instructions. Easy, isn't it?

First we will begin with faulty expressions of the face.

If you are bothered with a dozen or more lines between your brows, or with a heavy crease

right across the center of your forehead, stop wrinkling and creasing your face when you talk. This is a habit with many women and not only causes them to look singularly unattractive at the time, but is bound to permanently wrinkle the smoothest skin. Next time you see a little monkey, watch him and notice how grotesque he looks when he twists his face.

Well, I hate to say it, but that's just the way you look Miss Pretty Girl, when you screw up your mouth and tilt your nose and elevate your brows until a thousand tiny lines spring into existence.

Don't do it unless you long to be ugly years before Dame Nature intended you to be.

The facial muscles can easily be kept under control if their owner is so minded, so try your best to keep the face smooth during your waking hours. For ten minutes twice a day, sit down in front of your mirror and talk cooly to yourself without making one grimace. Eye yourself intently in the mirror as you talk and laugh and refrain from facial distortions. In a short time you will fall into this habit of keeping the muscles of the face under control and the wrinkles and creases will cease to exist, from want of encouragement.

Another thing, don't let your chin droop. Faulty ways of holding your pretty head will give you a double or tripple chin and worse yet, saggy, lumpy cheeks. You can't form the habit of letting the muscles of the chin and cheek droop, without reaping dire consequences. We all know how quickly a woman loses her good looks when her cheeks hang down and her chin loses its firm outlines. Don't let these beauty catastrophes overtake you or you will be a most unhappy woman.

What are you to do? Why hold your chin up in the air as if you owned the earth. A chin that is habitually uplifted can never double up. Also, if the chin muscles keep firm, the cheek muscles are not near so apt to droop, so by simply holding your chin up where it belongs, you avoid becoming an old woman before your time.

At night you may have to wear a chin belt to keep your chin from sagging while you sleep, but I am sure you won't mind that. These chin belts are the daintiest, prettiest contrivances imaginable and make a girl or matron look awfully cute. If you don't feel that you can afford to buy one already made, follow the directions given below and you will quickly be the owner of an up-to-date chin belt.

**A Good Way to Make a Chin Bandage**

Buy a small piece of pink elastic webbing, and cut off a strip about eight inches long by two and a half inches wide. Now take one side of the unfinished belt and gather slightly between ends. Sew narrow strips of pink silk garter elastic to the four corners. At night place the strip of elastic webbing under the chin with the gathered edge against the skin. Pull up the straps of garter elastic until the belt fits snugly to your refractory chin, and tie or pin the four ends together at the top of the head.

And now I must urge you to give up that abominable habit of contracting the chest and letting the shoulders fall to the front. When you sit or stand with your chest bowed in and your back bowed out, you prevent your lungs from getting their full supply of air. What are the consequences? A dull, sallow and sometimes pimply skin, pale lips, a deficient bust, lackluster eyes and an ungraceful figure. Lack of air for the lungs spells ill-health.

Let me tell you how to correct this defect. Stand with your body fully relaxed, arms hanging loosely at the sides and chest and head held well up. Then breathe in slowly through your nose until your abdomen is distended as

much as possible. Continue inhaling until your lungs are filled with air and the chest is raised far above its original position. Hold the breath for eight counts, then breathe out slowly through the nostrils, lowering the chest first and then contracting the abdomen. Breathe in this manner for half an hour daily and you will presently be rewarded by a broad, deep chest, a lithe, erect figure and a brilliant complexion.

Please don't regard deep breathing as a fad, as it is far from that. You cannot be a beautiful woman, and therefore a healthy woman, unless you hold your chest out and your shoulders back and give your lungs a good chance to breathe the life-giving air.

Before I close, I want to call your attention to the ugly way some women have of throwing out the abdomen. This is a most unfortunate habit. The daisies who desire to be attractive should take a survey of herself in a long mirror and if she finds that the abdomen is thrust out, make haste to mend her ways. Bear in mind that it is the chest that must be held up and out, not the abdomen.

### Correct Position for the Body

Back held erect with chest well thrown out and abdomen held in. The chin should be slightly tilted up and great care taken to prevent the hips and shoulders from drooping or sagging.

### Questions and Answers

Martha E. P., Farmer Woman, Texas Lassie, Elsie, Summer Girl, Mrs. J. B., Miss Dot, Disappointed, E. P., Persis, Violet, Mrs. S., Papa's Pet, Miss A. and others.—I certainly sympathize with you as pimpled are very unsightly. You may have constipation in which case you might take one pill every night of this laxative:

Extract of dandelion, one dram; powdered rhubarb, q. s. Divide into three and one half grain pills.

Of course do not eat candy, pie, pudding, fried foods, cake, pickles or hot breads, take a daily bath, drink two or three quarts of water daily and sleep with your window open. This is a good blood purifier. Mix together one half level teaspoonful of cream of tartar and one large tablespoonful of sulphur. Add enough molasses to make a thin paste.

Dose.—One teaspoonful every morning before breakfast for ten days. Stop it for a week, then take it for another ten days. This will be sufficient of this medicine. Please read my reply to Lois to whom I give a treatment for blackheads.

Lois, Gussie, Mrs. Happy, Anxious one, Old Reader, Unsophisticated, Mother, Elderly Woman.—Blackheads are a great trial but daily treatment will finally banish them. Never forget to wash your face at night, before retiring, with hot, soapy water and a rough cloth. After this rub in a little boracic powder and if this smarts the skin, massage in cold cream. Every other night scrub blackheads with a soft soapy nail brush, after bathing the face and before the boracic powder is rubbed in. Scrub very lightly else the skin will be irritated. Once a week, after the face has been washed, steam it over a basin of boiling water, then rinse in hot water and spread over face a handful of soap jelly. After ten minutes wash this off and massage for several minutes. On this night omit the boracic powder.

### Soap Jelly

Pare one cake of Castile soap into three cups of water to which has been added one teaspoonful of powdered borax. Boil until mixture jellies. Put in covered glass jar and use as wanted. Always wash face in hot water and finish by dashing on cold water.

Worried Girl, Jess, Miss X. Y. Z. and others.—You are evidently full-blooded. Perhaps your face would not flush so easily if you were to wear your cuffs, collars, belts, shoes and sleeves somewhat loose. It would also be a good idea for you to take a cold bath every day and drink quantities of cold water. See my reply to Martha E. P.

L. M. H.—I must ask you to read my articles closely and make a careful selection of the exercises. They are all good and you can make no mistake.

Brown Eyes.—It will not hurt the cheeks to pinch them if you do it gently. If you pinch very hard, your pretty cheeks will be covered with black-and-blue spots, which would never do. Indeed and indeed rain-water is good for the skin! Use it in place of hard water always, if possibly you can. By so doing you will secure a soft, white skin.

Anxious Young Mother, Girlie, Southern Flower, M. B., Miss Jack, Miss Prue, T. S. and others.—As your hair is oily, you must use a drying tonic. How would you like this one:

### Hair Tonic for Oily, Thin Hair

Forty grains of resorcin, one half ounce of water, one ounce each of witch-hazel and alcohol.

Rub this tonic into the scalp for ten minutes every other night, using a circular movement of the fingers. Why don't you slap that horrid double chin of yours? No, I'm not joking. I was never so serious in my life. If you will strike your chin sharply with your open palms for ten minutes, night and morning, the unwanted fold of flesh will fade away. Remember to strike hard enough to bring the tears to your eyes. Love pats wouldn't do your chin a particle of good. You should also wear a reducing chin belt at night and I am giving you directions for making same. Before putting it on at night, the chin should be washed in very hot water until the skin is a bright red. In the morning, as soon as hands are removed, wash face and neck with warm water, then dash cold water over chin for several minutes. This firms the flabby flesh and prevents its wrinkling.

### Directions for Making Chin Belt

A good way to fix a reducing chin bandage is to buy some elastic webbing and cut off a strip about eight inches long by two and a half inches wide. Line this with thin rubber sheeting. Now take one side of the unfinished belt and gather slightly midway between ends. Sew narrow strips of garter elastic to the four ends. At night place the strip of elastic webbing under the chin with the rubber lining next to skin and the gathered side beneath chin. Pull up the strips of garter elastic until the belt fits snugly and tie or pin the four ends together at the top of the head.

A Subscriber, Troubled Maid, Thelma, Miss Ellen, M. O. C., May Flowers, Mrs. T. and others.—If you want to have fluffy, easily arranged hair, dampen scalp every other night with this lotion.

### Lotion for Oily Hair

One dram of boracic acid, two and one half ounces of lavender water.

I hardly understand your other question. Did you intend to ask for a Liquid Face Powder? If so, use the following formula:

### Liquid White

Pure oxide of zinc, one ounce; glycerine, one dram; rose-water, four ounces; essence of roses, fifteen drops. Shake well and apply. I do not advocate the use of these liquid powders as I think they tend to make the skin coarse and yellow.

O. H. F. and Bertine.—You poor child, so you are worried about your up-tilted nose! Well, I think if you will gently press tip of nose down whenever you think about it, that in time your saucy nose will grow straight as it should. For myself I like turned-up noses. I think they are too cute for anything. I am giving you a formula for a hair remover which I hope you will like.

### Remedy for Superfluous Hair

Sulphuret of barium, three ounces; water twelve ounces.

Mix into a paste by wetting cornstarch with the solution and apply to the offending hairs. When solution will come away with it. If the skin is dry the hairs will come out more easily. Bear in mind that this only removes hair temporarily and that the roots will soon send out a new growth which will have to be burnt off again. For this reason this depilatory must not be used on the face or neck. It is said that used persistently it will finally kill hair roots, but I cannot vouch for this. If arms are pimply or but I cannot vouch for this remedy. Have it put up at a drug-store. It is very inexpensive.

E. M. B., This Girl, Miss Skinny, Hard Worker,

Miss H., Jay B., Mrs. S. T. W., and others.—It is slow work, girlie, developing the bust, but if you will bring persistence to the task I firmly believe you will eventually have a full bosom. To obtain such a delightful result, massage warm cocoa butter into the bosom with gentle circular movements of the fingers. Do this for twenty minutes twice a day and remember to massage the bosom with great delicacy and never massage downward. Before commencing the massage bathe bust in very hot water until skin is the color of a beet. After the massage douche bosom with quantities of ice-cold water.

Maureen.—There are many good hair curlers on the market which are said to curl your hair while you are dressing. Look through the advertisements and you will doubtless find just such an advertisement. For obvious reasons I cannot give addresses in these pages. Do you object to putting your hair up at night on kid curlers? If not, they will give you a deep wave which it will be a delight to look at. Such curlers do not harm the hair and are not at all uncomfortable to wear.

Northern Girl.—I do not give out formulas for moles as they generally leave a scar. The electric needle is the only safe, sure way of removing a mole. If you wish to be in style, part your hair and wind it in soft flat coils on each side of the head, just back of the ears. This is the latest way of arranging the hair.

Anxious Lady, Disgusted, Anxious to Know, Jane, Miss Mart and others.—I would not advise taking olive oil while on the Milk Diet. The warm cocoa butter can be obtained at a drug-store. Please read my reply to E. M. B. A good way to develop the lower limbs is to practice raising upon tiptoe, then lowering heels to ground, then standing on heels with toes of the ground. Do this for twenty minutes daily and I am almost willing to guarantee that you will have pretty calves and ankles.

Miss E. C., N. J., and Heavy Weight.—To reduce your bust take a deep breath, then extend arms out in front of you and slowly raise them until they are extended high in air and as far to the back as they will go. Now stiffen muscles and strike out to the front and down as if you were aiming a blow at someone, then exhale. It is claimed that this exercise will reduce the bust to half its size in three weeks. What do you think of that? I think you can obtain heavy eyelashes and brows if you will anoint brows and eyelid edges daily with yellow vaseline. Be careful not to get any of the oil in the eye itself, as this would cause quite an inflammation.

Hettie C., Freckles, Out Door's Girl, Sue, Mrs. E. D., Miss May, M. Y. and others.—Please read my reply to Worried Girl. Also I suggest your using tints from your face as it will banish the brown tints from your face in a comparatively short space of time.

### Almond Meal Complexion Bleach

Buy a fifty cent jar of theatrical cream and a pound of almond meal. Beat together one teaspoonful of the cream and some almond meal and add enough hot water to form a thin spreading paste. Cut two squares of thin cheese-cloth big enough to cover the face and tear a hole in the center of each square for your nose, so you won't smother. Now dampen the squares and spread the paste between. Bathe the face in very hot soapy water, massage for a minute and then apply the paste, patting it down so it touches the face all over. Now lay on two medium-sized hot, wet Turkish towels and as soon as they cool replace with others. Keep this up for fifteen minutes, then remove pack, wash face in warm water, then cool, then very cold. Two of these applications a week are sufficient for three weeks, then once a week for six weeks. It will bleach the skin beautifully and make it soft and satiny.

Nina.—I hardly think you will grow any taller, still it is within the bounds of possibility. Your bust measure is O. K. Please read my reply to E. M. B. Your weight is just right, in fact, I don't see that you have much to complain of. I think I would arrange my hair "young lady" fashion if I were you. You are a young lady, you know. Please read my reply to Northern Girl. You should wear walking dresses to ankles and other dresses as long as you wish. As your scalp itches so terribly I think it must be in need of oil. I suggest rubbing a tiny bit of yellow vaseline into the scalp every night just before going to bed. If the itching still continues have your mother examine your hair. A flat nose will lose flesh if it is massaged heavily with toilet vinegar once a day.

Miss E. H.—You cannot change black hair to a light golden brown unless you use a bleach, which I would not advise. Don't you think it somewhat foolish to think of bleaching your hair so that it will match your combings? You might darken the combings by dipping them in sage tea but I would not guarantee the result. Such a tea is made by putting five cents' worth of sage tea in an iron kettle and pouring over it three quarts of boiling water. Cover the kettle closely and place it on the stove where you must allow it to simmer until reduced to one third the quantity of liquid. Then take kettle off the fire and let liquid cool for twenty-four hours, at the end of which time strain through thin cheese-cloth. Add a tablespoonful of alcohol and bottle.

Maybelle, New Subscriber, An Old Friend, Comfort Friend, Miss Ethel, Lucy O. E., Mrs. O. and others.—I think the following cream will be just what you are in search of. Used daily it will soften and whiten the skin to a remarkable extent. As it contains little animal oil, it is not liable to encourage a growth of hair:

### Common-sense Skin Cream

Spermaceti, one half ounce; white wax, one half ounce; sweet almond oil, two and one half ounces; coccoanut oil, one and one half ounces; tincture of benzoin, three drops; orange flower water, one ounce. Melt the first four ingredients in a porcelain kettle, take from fire and add the benzoin and the orange-flower water, duffing it with an egg beater until cold. I am sorry that the lactic acid freckle remedy proved too strong for your skin. I am giving you another which I hope will banish the bothersome freckles.

### Freckle Remedy

Ammonium chloride, one dram; distilled water, four ounces. Apply at night after face has been bathed in hot water.

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tised preparations. Package makes one pint. Price 50c. by mail. Ad-

dress: OZARK HERB CO., 8215 Eastern Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

PORTRAIT AGENTS find our plan beats all

others. Prompt shipments. Refracts

credited. 30 days' credit. Catalog of portraits, frames,

pillow tops, sheet pictures and samples free.

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Medical Science reports a positive

cure for any form of Asthma by

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Send for trial bottle free. Himalaya

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## HOW TO SECURE A FINE HIGH GRADE PIANO

by acting as local representative. Only one person in each vicinity desired.

Write at once for full particulars. This is an opportunity of a life time to secure a High Grade Piano to be used as a sample in your home. Write today to A. W. BEYER, 2400 Madison St., Dept. 5, Chicago, Ill.



## Ideal Folding BATHTUB

Pat. Pending. For houses without tubs, campers, sportsmen, cold water data, use in any room, light, lasts years.

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## CROWN YOUR TEETH

With our gold plated crown and root system. Great full restoration dentists' work. Many have been toothless, but now they are smiling. Thousands of pleased customers. Write today. 125 E. 10th St., C. B. FARO, Dept. 1, FRENCHTOWN, N.J.

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A HAY FEVER REMEDY sent by express to you on Free Trial. If it cures send \$1; if not, don't. Give express office. Write today. NATIONAL CHEMICAL CO., 412 Poplar St., Sidney, Ohio.

## Get a Signet Ring.

14kt gold finished. Big value for money 10c. each or 3 for 25c. C. Minschwaner, Pennington, N. J.

## 25 NEW DESIGN POST CARDS 10c

all different. Gold, Embossed, Birthday, Friendship, etc. Write today. Langley Art Co., Dept. 371, Chicago.

## 27-lb Feather Bed

and Pillows, for \$7.50. Worth \$10.00. Agents. Wanted Good Pay. Address A. Gem Bed & Pillow Works, Grover, N. C.

## \$80

In C. S. A. money sent to any address for \$1. Will give \$80 to any one who can detect it. FRANK O. SHILLING, Navarre, Ohio.

## 10 SUPERB POST CARDS 10c

Foreign Views 10c; 10 Rocky Mt. views. Any 2 sets for 25c stamps or coin. Agents wanted. KANSAS POST CARD CO., DEPT. 441, TOPEKA, KAN.

## TOBACCO HABIT CURED

Mrs. J. Kay, Room W., Haymarket Bldg., Chicago, Ill., will send absolutely free prescription for her inexpensive and harmless Tobacco cure, which has cured thousands of the tobacco habit. Any druggist can put it up.

## White Tailored Shirt-Waist

The newest fashionable waist, for ladies and misses, made of high-grade, pure, white linen like material, with stiff cuffs, and odd irregular front, four ruffles shown with large ornamental pearl buttons. The illustration well represents the general style of the waist; and one distinctive feature is the fit of the dress. In any sizes from 32 to 44 the measurements are guaranteed. Hence a perfect fit is assured. A 36 waist in this make is exactly 36, and will be found to have perfect dimensions, at bust, waist, neck and shoulder, conforming the size. The cutting, stitching and fine lines all represent first-class work. A tailored, City made, shirtwaist free for only a few subscribers. Easily obtained, is an unusual and desirable opportunity. Do not miss it. We have seen waists no more desirable, retailed for \$3.00 each. Club Offer. Send only six subscriptions to COMFORT at 25c for 15 months, give waist measure and waist will be forwarded at once post-paid. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

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## SIX DOILIES GIVEN AWAY

With Happy Hours 6 Months for 10 Cents

HAPPY HOURS will give you many happy hours. It is one of the most popular story and household papers published. There is a lot of helpful, interesting matter in each issue that every member of every family can enjoy. There are thrilling serial stories by the most popular writers; there are exciting short stories, of love, adventure, travel, etc.; there are pages of fancy work and fashions for the needlewoman; there are columns of hints, receipts, short cuts, etc., that will lighten the labors of the busy housewife. We are so sure that you will be delighted with this happy, optimistic monthly visitor that we are willing to give you a six-months trial-subscription and six stamped doilies for only 10 cents. We feel sure that you will want to become a regular subscriber when your trial-subscription expires.

## SIX DOILIES FREE

This set of six 5-inch doilies, just like the picture, come stamped upon our best Butcher Linen and are to be worked in Solid or Eyelet embroidery. When finished they will be a source of delight to every woman or girl who likes pretty things. Send us 10 cents in silver or stamps and we will send you Happy Hours 6 months on trial, and will also send you this set of six pretty doilies. Address HAPPY HOURS, DEPT. C, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

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## Manners and Looks



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT subscribers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

M. B. Shelbyville, Tenn.—Hair dye is very bad form, but if you must have it, you can get a less expensive and just as good kind at the drug-store as we can tell you about. What do you want to dye your hair for?

Sister, Lalgota, N. Dak.—We believe the last dance belongs to your escort. If he wishes to claim it, be there are circumstances when it may go to someone else with equal propriety. For example, as you say, when you are dancing a two step with someone else and the "H. S. H." is called, it would be proper to finish with that partner. (2) The lady may dance as she pleases, and having refused a dance to one may dance it with her next escort. But there should be a good reason for refusing.

Z. L. C. Guthrie, Okla.—Wooden weddings are about as the others, except that the presents are all of wood in some shape or other. You might make a variation of your own, by having most of the dishes used for refreshments of the wooden kind. The refreshments, the dressing and the rest of it are as usual at social gatherings, except any changes that you may want to make, as for instance, have a wedding gown of shavings, or something like that. All of which would be unconventional and not by rule.

W. M. Buena Vista, Minn.—Merely ask the young lady, with a smile and a bow, if you may have the next dance with her, and that will be enough. When you take her back to her seat, tell her you enjoyed dancing with her very much, or anything else that will show your appreciation of her company.

Silly Girl, Huntingburg, Ind.—You have taken a very appropriate name because only a silly girl would worry about a small social slip of that kind. The young man failed to come to your party after accepting your invitation for a good reason, no doubt. But if he did not, the fact that he is engaged ought to be a hint to you that his first duty is to his fiancée. Besides, what does he care anyhow? He is fixed for life. Don't pay any attention to it. (2) As to the other, you might stop in his store and have a talk with him. That is the quickest and best way to find out what he thinks of you and what he meant by taking your hand that way at the show. We think you are making mountains of mole-hills.

COMFORT Friend, Attica, Iowa.—The lady leads the way in her own church, but not in a strange church. (2) It is quite common for a young man to marry a married man. "Accept my congratulations," but you may say anything you please.

Blue Eyes, Dayton, O.—Is it the custom in Dayton for the lady to receive an introduction to a young man? Don't you mean the other way around? If you don't, you should. She may say she is pleased to have met him, either at the time of introducing or when they part, or he may say it, or both may say it. It is merely form, and is intended to make for pleasant feelings. Say anything nice in reply that you want to. Do you care to be told how to be pleasant and agreeable to people? Don't your own feelings tell you what to do? You can be nice and friendly without being familiar and vulgar.

Sad Heart, Bird City, Kans.—The best plan to pursue when you are in love with a man objectionable to your parents is to obey them and not see him until you are of age and may yourself assume all the responsibility for any trouble that may arise afterwards. Try that, and you will think differently from what you now think. (2) It is bad manners and morals to have a new sweetheart and write to the old one secretly. (2) To wear green badges is a sign that you are Irish, or are forsaken.

Blue Eyes, Iowa, Kans.—It is proper to ask your escort into the house if the hour is not late. A caller should take his leave without being told to, but when you have a definite hour to close up, he should be informed of it if he shows signs of over-staying. When he asks to take you home you should say something that will please him, unless you don't want to go with him. When he comes to see you you must sit in a chair, though you may sit on the sofa with him. In his lap? Of course not. Would you want anybody to see you sitting there? Let the young man write the first letter. Kiss him good night after you are engaged, but not before.

Bachelor Girl, Payette, Ida.—Unless they are pretty tough young gentlemen we see no impropriety in their spending the evening with young ladies to hear music. Nor need the brother of two of the young ladies be present.

M. K., Highland Park, Ky.—Let us repeat that we cannot reply to letters in a hurry, if we answer at all. Only such letters are answered personally as are of special human interest personal to the writer.

B. E. M., Calendonia, Ill.—You will never be popular and attractive to the young men if you insist upon being stiff and formal. You may be a lady just the same and yet not be top-heavy in your manner. Unbend, be genial and affable, good natured and always ready to lend a hand and you will not lack admirers at dances or elsewhere.

Three Girls, Darlington, Md.—It is just as well perhaps that the fifteen-year-old girl does not permit her escort to take her arm walking home from church. Nor is there any need of her taking his. Girls of that age are children and should be treated as children. (2) Ask the young man to look the other way

for a minute or two while you get yourself together if you have been so careless in dressing that you have come apart. Winking at each other is extremely vulgar and tacky, as well. (3) Asking you to go to church was an afterthought, perhaps, and you should be governed by how long and well you had known him.

O-Lee-M., Cincinnati, O.—It looks to us as though you and the little girl were "intending" each other," and both of you are acting as sensibly as we hope you will continue to do when you are one. You have our best wishes.

Anxious Lover, Miami, Texas.—You can't most always tell about girls. Our observation has been that when they like a fellow real well they do not neglect him, or don't answer his letters except when they take a notion. Write her a letter and ask her why she has not written. If her reply is unsatisfactory don't write to her again, and don't force your attentions upon her. She knows what she wants and if she doesn't want you, she is taking what she thinks is the best way to show you she does not. It may hurt you just now, but you'll get over it and by and by you will find a fitting substitute. Every kind of your age has sweetheartitis as you are having it. It hurts worse than measles, but it is not as serious.

Lenora, Osborne, Kans.—When he tells her he will give her a right to sit in his lap, he means that he will propose to her and they will be engaged. You stay out of his lap. Don't let him fool you. (2) We might tell you what silly people mean by putting stamps on every way but the right way, but we won't. Put in the upper right-hand corner and save wear and tear on postal clerks. (3) A fifteen-year-old girl may go to a dance with her sixteen-year-old brother, but not with any older escort. Dances are not the place for girls of that age, except on special occasions of children's dances.

Beaile, Harlan, Iowa.—It is quite hospitable for your mother to ask the young man calling on you to call again, even though you have asked him. Better ask him too many times than not at all, particularly as it is his first call. (2) When the young man thanks you for the dance you may acknowledge it in any manner you wish. There is no rule. (3) It is wise for a first caller to meet the members of the girl's family, but it is not agreeable for the entire family to sit around the parlor and spoil his call on the girl herself.

A. B. C., Decatur, Texas.—See answer above to "B. F. M. Calendonia, Ill." Don't be too friendly; just friendly enough. We really can't tell you why the two young men acted as they did, or what you should do. You'll have to work it out yourself.

Discontented, Nauvugut, Conn.—Don't jump out of the frying-pan into the fire. Your husband may not be all that he should be, but the other man is much worse, for your husband is honest and the other is not. He is doing all he can to make you discontented with your home, and would disgrace you, your husband, your children and home if he could. Try and see if you cannot have some sense of honor if you have no other kind. Shun the other man as you would a snake.

## Home Dressmaking Hints

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

freely. In summer, mothers cannot do better than to arrange for baby to live eight hours out of doors each day. Protect against sun and flies and see how baby will thrive. Night-gowns are little plain slips. Those made with a draw string at the bottom and drawn in like a bag are especially to be recommended for cool weather.

Use plain hems at bottom of slips and dresses. Trim dresses with tiny cluster of tucks at top of hem, and a flounce may be used on very fine dresses.

## Questions Answered

COLLAR AND CUFF SETS.—MRS. T. M. KINCAID, these sets are as stylish as ever. Those made from dimity with cross-stitched hems are durable and pretty. Feather-stitching in black on plain white make attractive mourning.

WASHING PONGEE.—MISS CLARA, your mistake was in sprinkling your pongee before ironing for it should have been perfectly dry. Wash by hand in lukewarm water to which a little white soap has been added. Rinse in several waters of same temperature. Let dry and iron.

MIDDY BLOUSE.—MISS HOTCHKISS, No. 3842 blouse is of the "middy" type when worn outside as shown in small cut. The yoke may be omitted. White serge cotton cheviot with blue serge collar and cuffs is the most popular style for odd skirts.

RIDING HABIT.—MISS L. P. MONTGOMERY, plain serge and khaki are the materials most used in summer. Any good shirt-waist material is appropriate, providing it is made on tailored lines. A severe tie and sailor hat with narrow brim completes a smart habit. No. 3744 will give you suggestions.

MATERNITY GOWN.—MRS. J. M. T., No. 3916 illustrates an ideal gown. It may be made simply or elaborate, according to the wearer's use. A pretty light brown cotton voile or Danish Poplar cloth would make an inexpensive, washable dress which would wear as long as required. Instead of the fancy bands which would add to the expense, use fitted crosswise pieces and finish with row of stitching. The piece which looks across the front may be made of same material having a few tucks pressed flat. The yoke may be collarless and made of cotton lace, which washes perfectly. Any desired fulness may be put into the skirt.

## A Dress Goods Department

Comfort's Latest Plan for Serving Its Patrons

On receipt of a two-cent stamp we will place before you a generous lot of color samples of a material called Danish Poplar Cloth. You have an opportunity to examine this high grade material and to make your own selections. Danish Poplar Cloth is among the most fashionable weaves, and by the most exclusive used for house and street wear. It makes attractive waists and dresses and for school use it is unsurpassed for beauty and durability, being washable and fadeless.

Inclosed with samples will be found our liberal offer, which you cannot afford to let go by. Address MISS GENEVA GLADDING, Care COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## COMFORT CALENDAR PRIZES PAID

124 Cash Prizes for May

offered in the COMFORT Calendar Prize Contest have been paid to the following named persons:

HENRY B. MITCHELL, Ga. . . . \$10.00  
WM. J. KAPPLER, Cal. . . . 5.00

ANDREW T. HONEYMAN, Ala. . . . \$3.00  
MRS. CHAS. SHULTZ, Mo. . . . 2.00

The Next Ninety Received \$1.00 Each  
H. C. Frey, Tenn.; Naomi Ruse, Mo.; Mrs. F. H. Amick, Va.; Mrs. J. A. S. Brown, Cal.; Mrs. Hattie Knight, N. C.; Mary E. Sleeper, N. H.; Mrs. Edw. W. Warner, Pa.; Mrs. Clara Cole, Kans.; Margie Mathews, Tex.; Elizabeth Conroy, Cal.; Mrs. Martha Wood, Mont.; Mrs. Walter H. Nickerson, Maine; Jessie Sisson, Ala.; E. E. Webb, Miss.; Mrs. M. E. Martin, Tex.; Miss Clara Sagetetter, Minn.; Ota Bookout, La.; Miss Ada Kupfer, W. Va.; Mattie Holtschlag, Okla.; H. C. Ferree, N. C.; Frank Brantley, Ky.; J. S. Meredith, Ky.; Miss Mabel Shipley, Neb.; Lottie Arnold, Ind.; M. S. Miller, N. C.; Victor Jos. Breitbach, Iowa; Albert Dietrich, Kans.; Mrs. J. O. Carman, Okla.; Mrs. C. C. Crabtree, Mo.

## The Next Thirty Received 50 Cents Each

Ella Jones, Kans.; Miss Mag R. Gleason, Va.; Janie Wilma Halliburton, Tex.; Mrs. Chas. N. Smith, N. Y.; Miss Josephine Yack, Idaho; Miss Elizabeth Mader, Neb.; Mrs. Adolf Bamer, Ohio; Mrs. Mary Strack, Miss.; Mrs. Alice Ayers, Pa.; Mrs. J. H. Greff, Va.; Mrs. N. Lyons, Tex.; Mrs. V. S. Kemp, Ga.; Millard Peyton, Ariz.; Mrs. Ida Lock, Tenn.; Edith Mitchell, Tenn.; Mrs. Flora Bertalot, Wash.; Mrs. Emilie A. Alden, Cal.; Mrs. Nettie Wetner, Colo.; Mrs. H. A. Milleson, Mo.; Etta Sutton, Pa.; James F. Brantley, Ky.; Mrs. S. Erickson, Ore.; Ditha Dunn, Mo.; Court Snider, Ind.; Mrs. Edna Edgerton, V. C.; Mrs. H. B. Robinson, Miss.; Mrs. Mary E. Wood, Pa.; Mrs. J. Powell, Cal.; Willie Armstrong, Cal.; Mrs. Lillie Simpson, Mo.

THE ABOVE IS THE SIXTH AND LAST MONTH'S PRIZES.

## Five Wheel Chairs in June

100 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

I am sending the five chairs for June although the wheel-chair subscriptions for the month fall 88 short of earning them and I am going to look to you, my friends, to make them up in July besides earning as many more. I want to get these chairs out as fast as possible, especially at this time of year, for it is awful to think of the poor, crippled shut-ins being imprisoned in the house in hot weather, so I go a little ahead of the Club in helping them.

The recipients of the five June chairs are Mrs. Pattie J. Hudson, Nathalie, Va.; Antonio Frago, Adam, Mo.; Mrs. Ellen Whitehead, Hornell, N. Y.; Mrs. M. Y. Inman, Talent, Oregon, and Mrs. Maggie Shelley, King Mills, Ark.

The last two, through their friends, sent in a good part of the subscriptions necessary to earn their chairs, and Mrs. Inman and her friends sent me 208 subscriptions in two weeks, 8 more than necessary to earn her chair. This all shows how easily any shut-in who makes an effort can get a wheel chair through COMFORT. If they can't solicit themselves they all have friends and neighbors who will gladly put in a little time in getting COMFORT subscriptions to help a shut-in to get a wheel chair, so that under the liberal offer that I make it is a shame to any Christian neighborhood to permit its shut-ins to suffer for the want of a wheel chair.

The bunch of 142 subscriptions from Callie Paschal for Martha Irvin which heads our Roll of Honor this month, was received after I had shipped Mrs. Irvin's chair as announced in June COMFORT. Mrs. Paschal and Mrs. Coggins had been doing so well in getting subscriptions in Mrs. Irvin's behalf that I just hurried the chair along before her last bunch of subs. came in. All shut-ins who want a chair quickly just set your friends to work and you will find me right up to time or a little ahead in doing my part.

Once again I appeal to COMFORT'S band of mercy workers not to relax their efforts in favor of the Wheel-Chair Club through the warm weather. If you are uncomfortably warm just think how the poor shut-ins must suffer.

Don't these letters of thanks that are printed below touch your hearts and make you glad that you helped provide these wheel chairs?

Sincerely yours,  
W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

P.S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 200 new 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some worthy, destitute, crippled shut-in and pay the freight too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours. Subscriptions price is 25 cents, but if sent in clubs of five or more for the Wheel-Chair Club, I accept them at 20 cents each.

## Can go to Church in her COMFORT Wheel Chair

717 E. 18th St., ANDERSON, IND.

## DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I received my beautiful wheel chair safely and I am greatly pleased with it. I can now be wheeled around the house and out of doors, and can be wheeled even to church.

I have asked God for a chair many times, and my prayers have been answered through the Wheel-Chair Club, and I thank you all. I have been afflicted for thirty-one years with rheumatism. God bless you and Mr. Gannett in every effort you make to help the poor and sick.

Your grateful friend,  
SADIE MCKINNEY.

## Much Nicer Chair than She ever Expected to Get

WILLSVILLE, N. Y.

## DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I have received the lovely wheel chair COMFORT sent me, and I am more pleased with it than I can tell you. It is a much nicer chair than I ever expected to get, and I do enjoy it so much. The chair runs so easily that I can go anywhere in the house without help. I thank you from the bottom of my heart, and God bless you and everyone who assisted me in any way to get this chair. Your grateful friend,  
MRS. NORMAN CONKLIN.

## Had to Crawl on Hands and Knees before he was Blessed with a COMFORT Wheel Chair

DANIEL, MO.

## DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I received my wheel chair safely, and I am ever so pleased with it. The chair is a great blessing to me, as I have had to crawl on my hands and knees for a long time. My mother and I are both very proud of it, and we thank you and Mr. Gannett and COMFORT'S readers so much for it.

God bless you all,  
GEORGE H. BOWDEN.

## COMFORT Wheel Chair Enables her to Attend Church

CIGNET, OHIO.

## MR. GANNETT AND UNCLE CHARLIE:

I just received the wheel chair, and it is indeed a splendid present. I wish to thank, through the columns of COMFORT all those who worked to get the subscriptions, and everyone who helped in any way toward my chair, as it is a source of much pleasure and great convenience to me.

I am enabled to attend Sunday school and church at times, which I greatly enjoy. Gratefully yours,  
BLANCH CUTHBERT.

## Little Girl Bedridden for years at Last Gets Out Doors in a COMFORT Wheel Chair

PARIS, IOWA.

## DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I got my beautiful wheel chair safely, and oh, it is just awfully nice, and everyone thinks just as I do about it. I cannot tell you half how thankful I am to you and Mr. Gannett and all COMFORT'S readers for giving me this beautiful chair. I could not sit up in bed, but I can sit up in my chair. My mother has taken me out doors in it. Your grateful little friend,  
GERTRUDE BENNETT.

## Feels so Good to Have a Wheel Chair

HOT BAR, OKLA.

## DEAR MR. GANNETT AND UNCLE CHARLIE:

I received my wheel chair safely, and I thank you and COMFORT'S readers very much for it. It was so good of you to send it, and it feels so good to have it. Once more thank you, and God bless you all.

Your friend,  
ABILE SMITH.

## The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous.

Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

## COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

Callie Paschal, Ala. for Martha Irvin, 142; Mrs. Fraba Rosa, Ore. for Mrs. M. J. Inman, 90; R. T. Guthrie, Va. for Pattie J. Hudson, 60; Mrs. Albert Kohl, Iowa for Mrs. Sarah Ruffel, 53; Mrs. J. J. Martin, Va. for Mrs. Pattie J. Hudson, 50; Mrs. Julia P. Glass, Va. for Mrs. Pattie J. Hudson, 30; Mrs. Carrie Nelson, Neb., 25; Mrs. J. S. Pittman, Miss. for Sam'l Wayson, 21; Mrs. Kate Jones, Va. 20; James B. Walbert, Ark. for his Mother, 18; Mrs. Belle Blakely, Ill. 14; Mrs. M. J. Griggara, Tex. 13; Mrs. Ethel Collins, Ark. for Mrs. Shelley, 12; Mrs. J. L. Powell, Va. 10; Miss Maude Selby, Ohio, 10; Mrs. Anna B. Bonner, Tex. for Mrs. Blane F. Shaver, Ohio, 9; Tonn. 8; Mrs. J. D. Prock, Tenn. for Dolly Prock, 8; Mrs. A. S. Hankley, Va. 8; Lou Midkiff, Va. for Mrs. Pattie J. Hudson, 7; Lanny Drake, Va. 7; Mrs. Victoria Burnett, Mo. 7; Mrs. John Schnaebel, Mich. 6; Mrs. Lida Drake, Neb. 6; Mrs. Nellie Snodgrass, 6; Frank Hudson, Va. 6; Charles Banks, Kans. for any W. C. S. Mrs. Allison W. Gerdoy, Md. 5; Miss Viola Smith, Tenn. 5; Fairy, Pa. 5; Ada Dunaway, Miss. for Thelma Cuthbert, 5; Mrs. C. Hudson, Va. 5; Mrs. Mollie Martin, Va. 5; Miss Nina F. Shaver, Ohio, for Carrie Shaver, 5; Miss Ida M. Shimp, Va. for Gertrude Bennett, 5; Mrs. H. Maughness, N. Dak. 5; Mrs. H. C. Oshko, Minn. 5; Rosta Grump, Mont. 5; Mrs. W. C. Holmes, Mass. 5; Miss Giga Baron, Miss. 5; Mrs. Fred French, Cal. 5; James D. Lively, Tenn. 5.







## BEFORE YOUR EYES In Your Home, Oil Turned Into Gas and Burned In Our OPEN AIR CYLINDER Portable Oil-Gas Stove

This gas is superheated in the open-air cylinder or chimney, and furnishes a steady, intense heat. The gas is made and burned before your eyes. Simple, all parts open. No closed chamber. Portable, use in any part of the house.

This intense heat concentrated under cooking vessel and absorbed by articles being cooked—not thrown out to overheat your kitchen.

To operate—turn adjustable roller runs into open air burner; touch a match, oil generates gas, which is drawn into open air cylinder, passes through air mixer drawing in large quantities of air with every spoonful of oil consumed. Same heat all day or all night. For more or less heat, turn adjuster. To put fire out, turn adjuster; oil runs back—fire goes out. A complete home stove. Ideal for Summer Use. Not dangerous like gasolene. All parts open. Nothing to clog or close up. Heat under control. FINE BAKER.

F. G. Boylston, S. C.—"Easy to run, nice and clean. Cooked for a family of six, 5 days, only 3 quarts of oil." Wm. O. Poe, Mo.—"Can get a meal in 20 minutes; baked biscuits in 4 minutes." Rev. E. H. Marshall, Va.—"It gives the best of heat; 2½ of oil lasts a whole week to do the cooking and baking for 3 in family." Mrs. M. E. King, Ky.—"I am delighted; I have baked and cooked, washed and ironed. Can do anything my range does, besides no danger to burn the house." Mr. Ed. N. Helwig, Ont.—"Only used a half gallon of oil last week for cooking, baking and ironing."

### COMBINED COOKING AND HEATING

or cooking exclusively. IDEAL FOR Roasting, Cooking, Baking, Ironing, Canning fruit, picnics, cottages, camping. In winter use radiator for heating house, store, rooms, etc. No more carrying coal, kindling, ashes and dirt. No hot fiery kitchen. Practical invention for the home. Simple, durable—last for years. Saves expense, drudgery and fuel bills.

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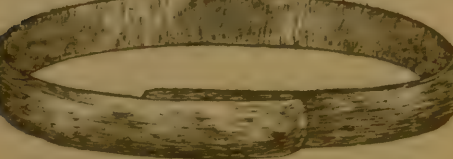
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## Talks with Girls

Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one month.

**N**OW comes the swelter month and all the winter that may have been remembered in June has been washed away in a wave of perspiration which rolls over us from head to foot every time we move. And still we have to move. Wouldn't it be fine to go into cold storage about the first of July and stay till the first of October? However, if we staid that long I guess we wouldn't ever come out, so probably it is just as well that we do the best we can with July and wait for pleasanter days. And it is a good thing, my dears, for us to do the same with all the things that are uncomfortable. Here's work for instance. Now I'm going right at it and get it finished.

The first is from a cousin in Latah, Wash., who is only eighteen, but is pestered by a man of twenty-six who has just been divorced and wants her to marry him. She doesn't want him at all and tells him so, but he persists, and he is not desirable, either, even though he has money. I despise that kind of men, and if one came around me I would tell him I thought of him and if he was too thick-headed to understand, I would ask some big husky man to pound my meaning into him with a club. Now Cousin, you know what I think, and you can do as you please. I do hope he will see this answer.

Evergreen, Shawnee, Okla.—He must be very bashful only to write the sweet things in his letters and never say them. When he comes to see you again, you read one of his letters to him and ask why he doesn't talk like that, if he really means it. I think both of you are in a very fair way to come to a happy understanding before long. When he tells you you just suit him, you tell him that is because he just suits you.

Brown Eyes, Elizabeth, Tenn.—Since he loves to tease you so, suppose you try teasing him, and when he tells you about his other girl, you ask him if he has met your other young man. Talk to him about the young fellows that you know and don't let him change the subject. By and by he will begin to think that you are not so much his as he thought you were, then he won't tease you any more.

Lonely Maid, Burch, Mont.—If he is the right kind, it will be proper to write to him, even if you haven't been acquainted very long. (2) Of course you may go to a dance with a young man, though you have three coming to see you. You can't very well go with all of them.

H. McD., Britton, S. Dak.—You seem to be the only one of all your connection including your sweetheart, who is industrious and saving, and I believe if I were you I would cut loose from all of them and make my own way. If you don't, you'll simply have to carry the burden of everybody. Your young man will be lazier than ever if he can get an active, thrifty wife.

Doubtful, Browning, Wis.—I don't say you are a flirt, but flirts care nothing for anyone in particular and are very fond of all the young men, as you say you are. But how can you help it? You were born that way. (2) Why want to win back the young man who deserted you? What do you propose to do with him if you get him? Kill him? (3) Nineteen and twenty-one are too young to marry, either with or without parents' consent.

Red Wing, Leon, Nebr.—So he is not the nicest boy around there, and yet you love him and you are quarreling all the time and—well, can't you find some boy that is nicer and love him better? It can't be worse. My, my, but some girls need a lot of trouble to teach them a little sense.

Baby Doll, Providence, R. I.—You are quite right not to let them kiss you and just as right to make up your mind not to let any man use you as a giggle to him. There are plenty of other girls who are different and the young men needn't go kissless. But the girls they respect and try hard to win are the kind that are skary of their kisses.

Violet, Marion, Va.—It is very good of you and very proper to send your dear boy friend a box of homemade candy when he was sick. Did you make it yourself?

Blue Bell Womble, Ark.—He is quite right in wanting your relations as sweethearts to be discontinued until the school term is over. As teacher he wants you as pupil to get all the benefits possible from the school, and my dear, your grammar and spelling prove plainly that you need it very much indeed. Did you ever write a letter to him? You may do as you wish about becoming sweethearts again, but I don't think he loves you to hurt.

Sunny Temper, Spring Valley, Wis.—I think if I had a problem like that, I would drop both young men and get a third, and then take up the one who is the other two I liked best and let the last one go. Maybe this isn't clear, but I can't do any better. (2) If you can't afford tan slippers with tan gowns, you can wear black. (3) If your former chum has made a bad name for herself, you cannot afford to spoil yours by continuing her as a friend. That is one of the penalties of sin and she must pay it.

Freckles, Decatur, Nebr.—I am glad to hear that you both have decided to wait till you are twenty-one years of age. You will have almost forgotten each other by that time, you are such kids now. But ain't love lovely?

J. F. Fox Station, N. Y.—Do I think you love him as a wife should love a husband, or do I think you merely love him as a dear and trusted friend? My dear, if a wife should not love her husband as a dear and trusted friend, how should she love him? It is because too many wives do not love their husbands in that beautiful way that there is so much discord in married life. That is all the advice I have to give you.

Lonely Heart, Dallas, Texas.—There is no way out of it and shouldn't be. He was honest and nice and you admit that you treated him shamefully just to see how far you could go, and he went so far that he never should come back. You are getting what you deserve and what every girl deserves who acts as you have acted.

Old Maid, Scotia, Nebr.—Write to him at his new place and bide your time. I think he will manage to get to see you. I know he will if he cares very much for you. Ten miles is no distance for true love to go. Be ready to get in his buggy when he calls, though you should ask him in, of course.

Cousin Jane, Emporia, Kans.—There is no reason that I can see why you should give him up just because others are trying to separate you. Anyway don't give him up unless you want to, and go driving with him when he can afford to hire a turn-out. Better go fewer times than run in debt for buggy hire. He is a safe and sane young man.

Dearie and Bright Eyes, Edgewater, N. J.—Don't try to show the young men that you care for them, except in a nice womanly way, is the best plan to make them care for you.

Miserable, Port Angeles, Wash.—Seven different men have asked you to marry them and you wouldn't? My, my, you are hard to please. But don't worry. When the seventy-seventh comes around maybe he will suit.

Violet, Waldeck, Sask.—Do as your mother says, don't cry because the young man, after a year and a half with you has found some other girl he likes better. You can't help it, and he can't, and if you had found someone you liked better, wouldn't you have done just as he is doing? Life is not all roses; there are thorns, as well.

Anxious, Frankfort, Ind.—He is too old at thirty-one for you at seventeen, but wait till he is thirty-five and he won't be too old for you at twenty-one.

G. H., Merom, Ind.—Ask him directly if he knows the character of the young woman he is going with. If he does not, he will thank you for telling him and will drop her. Otherwise you drop him.

The Twins, Pueblo, Colo.—Wait until you are twenty-one before meeting young men your aunt does not approve of. At that age you can act for yourselves and be responsible for your own troubles. You

know about your future just as well as the fortune-teller does. Tell your own fortunes.

Heart-sick, Kenton, Okla.—I hope you will not marry in July if you are only seventeen. Why not have four years of girlhood freedom and marry when you are better fitted for its cares and duties?

Brown Eyes, Raynesford, Mont.—Give up the idea of marrying until you have learned how to spell and to write a letter that is not a reproach to the public schools of your state.

Belle, Blackwater, Mo.—Why is he so jealous that he won't let you go with anyone but him, and still doesn't want to marry? Still, you are better off not to marry that kind. Is he the only one in your town or county?

Pansy, Pecan, Miss.—Nineteen is too young to marry, generally speaking, but as you are a clerk in your father's store and you love each other, perhaps it is better that you marry. You have my blessing and best wishes.

Sunshine, Beat, Ark.—As your sweetheart has left to prevent the court from getting hold of him, don't you think you have a right to have some better man? I do, and if I were you I would run away from the runaway and go with anybody I pleased. You certainly don't want a fugitive from justice for a sweetheart, and still less for a husband. At least, you don't, if you are a nice girl.

Blue Eyes, Coal City, Ala.—Of course, now that you know his address you may answer his card and tell him why you were so long doing it.

Willbarger Girl, Vernon, Texas.—There is nothing to do with a cranky beau like yours except to trade him off for a good one. Or simply lose him. Anything to get rid of him.

W. A. T., Oklaunion, Texas.—He loves somebody else. You may count it sure that if a young man is in love with a girl, he will not let her get away from him if he can possibly help it, and this one seems to want you to get away from him. Get away is what you should do.

Perplexed Girl, Nashville, Ind.—It is difficult to run down what gossip is saying. Possibly this young man had trouble with his hair when talking about you, but he is hardly that mean and small, is he? I think you should ask some good friend to make inquiries and see what is being said. Maybe the girl who told you, just did it to worry you. However, get a friend to play detective a while.

Surprised, Cisco, Texas.—People do very strange things when their love affairs go wrong. Still I hardly think the young lady is justified in taking up with a stranger by mail because she and her fiancé quarreled and broke their engagement.

Undecided, Sherman, Maine.—As the young man will hardly come to see you from a distance until he knows that you will be there to receive him, simply do not name a day for him to come. That should be hint enough for any man who hasn't a rhinoceros skin. You don't think of marrying him do you?

Blue Bell, Muscatine, Iowa.—Your chum hardly acted pretty with you by saying you were jealous to advise her not to go to a dance with a young man whose escort you had declined. Maybe she was sore because he made her walk the two miles instead of taking her in a buggy. Do young ladies walk two miles to dances in Muscatine?

Violet, Sontag, Miss.—Why not continue writing to him as a friend? Isn't it possible for a girl to have a young man as a friend without making a sweetheart of him? He may have a sweetheart and still be your friend, can't he? You can't expect every man to be your sweetheart.

Western Blue-bell, Seattle, Wash.—Don't marry either one of them, when you don't know which one you ought to choose. If you do you'll be sure to want the one you didn't get.

Blue Bell, Rockford, Ill.—Put someone on his track to see if he is telling you the truth. Husbands have a way of telling their wives that it is work, when it is a girl that keeps them away, but I don't know many sweethearts who tell stories like that.

Katie, Central City, Ky.—I think you should wait until you are twenty-one, and by that time you will know whether to choose the light-haired one or the dark. A seventeen-year-old girl doesn't know anything about such serious things. Now run along to your dolls.

R. H. S., Bonner, Mont.—It is unfortunate that your father treats you so badly, and if I were you I would go away from home, so far he would not know where I was, and make my own living. I think you are quite capable of doing so, and becoming a useful woman on your own account. As long as you are near him he will ill-treat you.

Anxious, Stanardville, Va.—Stop writing to him and let him take the other girl who likes for him to bug and kiss her. You are not that kind and should be glad of it.

"There, my dears, I have answered all the questions meant for me, and I think I have been very nice about it, don't you? I know I could have scolded more than I did, but a little scolding ought to go a long way. I hope none of you will fall desperately in love during the hammock season, because it is so easy then that the young men get very careless about it and say lots that they don't mean. With best wishes all the time and a good hope that you will give your heads a chance to help your hearts, here's a by, by, till we meet again.

COUSIN MARION.

## Which Wins the Woman

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

every action with its tainted trail of thought?" She smiled a bit, and shook her head slowly.

"I am sorry, but I cannot!" she said.

"Wait!" He came nearer. "You must take this, Mary, because I love you. Yes, I love you; and more, you love me! It has come at last. You love me, you love me!" He took her hand.

"Is the world looking on?" he breathed, and bending suddenly, kissed her full upon the lips.

"Is the world gasping for breath? I love you, Mary, and you love me. Does the world matter, then? Does it matter, dear?"

"Oh!" she cried, hiding her shamed face from him. "You must not, you must not!"

"Sweetheart," he said, "you will let me help you because you love me. Because you love me, you will marry me in a little while, a year at most. Because you love me, you will raise your head and smile at me (and if the whole world cares to look, it is welcome), and you will give me a kiss of your own sweet free will. All this, dear, because you love me."

She trembled and her head bent lower.

"Why are you waiting, sweetheart? Have

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She raised her head shyly, but could not look at him just then, and again the golden head drooped. But his arm stole around her now, and he held her close.

"Just one kiss, sweetheart, to seal the bargain," he pleaded.

And suddenly she raised her eyes, filled with a wonderful light, to his own, her arms crept timidly around his neck, she offered him her lips. And he knew the sweetness of a woman's love.

THE END.

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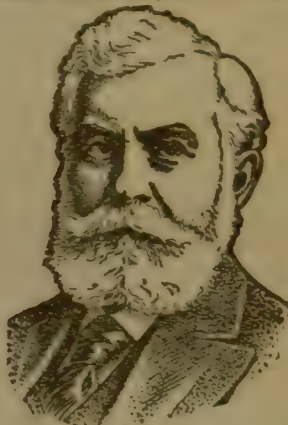


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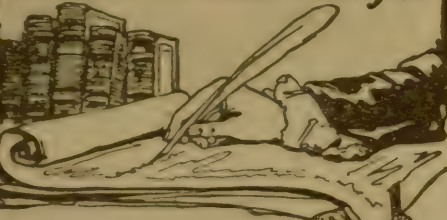


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## Comfort's Home Lawyer



In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted by a subscriber. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel. Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, whether a subscriber or not, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending twenty-five (25) cents in silver or stamps, for a 15-month subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for fifteen months. Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing the same to "THE EDITOR, COMFORT'S HOME LAWYER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail. Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

A. B., Oregon.—We think marriages between first cousins are prohibited in your state.

E. C. G., Iowa.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion: That upon the death of a man leaving no will, and leaving no issue, his estate would descend one half to his parents and one half to his widow; if he leaves no widow, the whole thereof, shall go to his parents, or the survivor of them. If both parents be dead, their share shall be disposed of in the same manner as if they had outlived the intestate and died in possession thereof.

Anxious L. P., Ohio.—We think that under the laws of your state the parents of a minor are entitled to collect and receive the wages or earnings of such minor, in case they exercise this right. We do not think there is any fixed rate for a boy who does farmwork in your state, we think this rate of wages should be fixed by an express contract in each case.

M. C. D., Ohio.—Under the laws of Missouri we think that a widow can only dispose of, by will or otherwise, such portion of her deceased husband's estate as came into her hands absolutely upon the death of her husband, just what this share would be would depend upon whether the husband left a will, or whether he left children or descendants, and other facts governing the case, she could not dispose of, by will, a dower interest in his real estate as that is only a life estate and dies out with her.

A. L. B., Washington.—Under the laws of your state, we do not think that the purchaser of a tract of land can close or fill in a waterway existing upon his property at the time he purchased same, in such a way as to cause the water to overflow upon the land of an adjoining property owner.

Mrs. M. L. H., Tennessee.—We think the proper remedy for a land owner, whose neighbor builds his fence across the line, is an action for the ejectment of such neighbor from the property.

E. P., West Virginia.—We think that a reservation in a deed of mineral rights, would include all substances of a mineral nature, if, however, such reservation reads in any restrictive way, the intention is shown that it is only meant to apply to certain things, we think it would, quite probably, be held simply to apply to such things.

Mrs. M. W., Illinois.—We do not think it possible to set aside a will probated forty-nine years ago.

Mrs. J. H. Van A., Iowa.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion: That upon the death of a married woman, leaving no will, and leaving no children or descendant, one half of her estate would go to her surviving husband, the other half going to her parents or the survivor of them.

L. F. B. Q., California.—We think the proper place to apply for a patent is the Commissioner of Patents, Washington, D. C.; and for a guarantee under the Pure Food and Drug Act the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

E. S. B., Colorado.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion: That upon the death of a husband or wife, leaving no will, but leaving children, the estate descends one half to the surviving husband or wife, and the other half is divided among the children equally, regardless of the fact as to whether they are children of a first or second marriage, stepchildren, however, have no interest in the estate of a step-parent, they only inherit from their own parents.

H. K., Iowa.—We think the household furniture and poultry belong to the husband, unless presented to, or purchased by the wife.

Mrs. L. S. L., Montana.—We think the person, who cashed the check, drawn to your order and endorsed by you and then lost by you, is liable to criminal prosecution for his or her act.

Mrs. M. R., Pennsylvania.—We do not think there is any law known as the Chicken Law in your state.

Mrs. M. F. P., California.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that a married man who deserts his wife and lives with another woman as his wife is liable to punishment for his acts.

S. B. R. D.—We do not think that a marriage license has any validity in any state other than the one where the same is issued.

G. P. B., Oklahoma.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion, that acknowledgments to deeds, must be under the seal of the officer taking same, in case the acknowledgment is taken by a justice of the peace. We think a Government patent to land should be recorded in the county where the land is located.

C. B., North Dakota.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that depending upon the value of the property it is either a felony or misdemeanor to willfully destroy, remove from the county, conceal, sell or dispose of personal property covered by a chattel mortgage, without the consent in writing of the holder of such lien. We think that a properly filed chattel mortgage ceases to be a lien as against a purchaser of the property in good faith after the expiration of three years from the date of filing such mortgage unless same is renewed by filing of a copy and a statement within ninety days before the expiration date, we do not think the holder of a chattel mortgage would have any rights thereunder in a case where the full amount of the indebtedness received thereunder had been paid, even though the mortgagee had neglected to have the mortgage satisfied, but such neglect by the mortgagee might prove very expensive to him in case the question of such payment arose the burden of proof would be upon him to prove such payment, and to explain why he had not, at the time of paying the mortgage, had the same cancelled.

J. A., Illinois.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that a husband or wife may renounce any devise under the will of the other and take, if there be children, dower, one third for life, in the real estate and one third of the personal property absolutely, or, if no children, one half of both real and personal estate absolutely, this being the same interest that they would have in case of intestacy.

E. L., North Carolina.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that a vested remainder interest in real estate could be sold in the proper creditors' action or proceeding and that a sheriff's deed could convey such title.

Miss S. J. G., Texas.—We think that the young man who married a woman, while he was under promise of marriage to another, can, in the proper action brought for breach of promise to marry by the young woman to whom he was engaged, be held for money damages for such breach of promise; we think, that if he is of any financial responsibility he can also be made to repay his former sweetheart, the money which you say he loaned him, provided the loan was not made so long ago that it is outworn.

Brown Eyes, Mississippi.—We are of the opinion, that, under the laws of your state, property held by two or more as joint tenants, upon the death of one goes to the survivor or survivors, but that unless the joint tenancy is expressly or manifestly created in the instrument under which the title to the property is acquired, a tenancy in common is created, and then another rule would prevail.

Mrs. H. W. H., Massachusetts.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that a parent can bar, by will or otherwise, any or all of his children from any share in his property or estate.

M. D., Ohio.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that upon the death of a man, leaving no children or descendants, and leaving no will, his real estate purchased by him in his lifetime would descend to his widow; but, of course, if this man only held this property as a trustee for someone else it would not form part of his estate and the disposition of it would depend upon the terms of the trust.

Miss J. S., Virginia.—Unless you can substantiate the fact that the man who paid for your produce with a worthless check did so with the intent of defrauding you, you have only a civil claim against him for the amount of the check, and if he is of no financial responsibility you have, quite probably, lost the money. You should be careful not to accept checks of strangers in payment for your produce.

Mexican Will, Missouri.—We think it very difficult for a man of any age to compel a young woman to keep her engagement to marry, if she is determined not to do so. The privilege of changing her mind is usually given to the woman in affairs of the heart.

Mrs. E. B., New Mexico.—We are of the opinion that a note made payable at a certain place on or before a certain date, may be paid by depositing the amount and interest to date of payment, at the place specified in the note on or before the final date mentioned in the note.

Mrs. E. Y., Illinois.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion, that a testamentary disposition to an alien is valid; and that children may be disinherited.

COMFORT Reader, Connecticut.—We are of the opinion that the general guardian of the estate of a minor is bound, in his final account, to account for all property received by him as principal or interest, and to show the way he has disposed of same and how much he still has on hand, we think a proper amount from the income actually expended for clothing and support of the infant should be allowed in the accounting to the guardian. The guardian should receive his pay for such services in accordance with the laws governing the amount of commission.

D. E., Iowa.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that a homestead, which if without a city or town, does not exceed forty acres, is exempt from judicial sale to the head of a family. (2) We do not think the property of a minor child becomes, upon the death of a parent, any part of the parent's estate.

## Deafness and Head Noises.

There's hope and joy ahead for thousands of deaf people who have tried patent ear-drums, medicines, etc., without success, for a skilled N. Y. physician has come to the front with a method of quick, easy, inexpensive, home treatment. Those who are hard-of-hearing or are troubled with ringing noises in the head should hasten to write to Dr. G. E. Coutant, 7 F. Station E, New York, N. Y., who will send his interesting book free. We believe that this explains, at last, the true method which deaf people have so long been seeking. The Doctor is receiving reports of surprising results in cases of people who had thought they could never hear well again.

**Pain Paint** stops pain instantly. On receipt of 25 one-cent stamps I will send you by return mail a 50c package with directions for making twenty-four 25c bottles. Sold 50 years by agents. L. L. WOLCOTT, 3 WOLCOTT BLDG., NEW YORK.

**"LET ME"** read your character from your handwriting. Receive a good reading that will help you in love, health, business and domestic affairs. Price 10c. Money back if dissatisfied. G. A. Buschcamp, 2583 9th Ave., New York.

## TOBACCO HABIT IN 3 DAYS

I offer a genuine, guaranteed remedy for tobacco or snuff habit, in 72 hours. It is mild, pleasant, strengthening. Overcomes that peculiar nervousness and craving for cigarettes, cigars, pipe, chewing tobacco or snuff. One man in 10 can use tobacco without apparent injury; to the other 9 it is poisonous and seriously injurious to health in several ways, causing such disorders as nervous dyspepsia, sleeplessness, gas, belching, gnawing, or other uncomfortable sensation in stomach; constipation, headache, weak eyes, loss of vigor, red spots on skin, throat irritation, asthma, bronchitis, heart failure, lung trouble, catarrh, melancholy, neurasthenia, impotency, loss of memory and will power, impaired (poisoned) blood, rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, neuritis, heartburn, torpid liver, loss of appetite, bad teeth, foul breath, emaciation, lassitude, lack of ambition, falling out of hair, baldness, and many other disorders. It is unsafe and torturing to attempt to cure yourself of tobacco or snuff habit by sudden stopping. Balm of Figs Compound is a remedy that made sick men well and weak men strong, and I can prove it—let me prove it to you, and I will gladly do it, for I have never heard of anything that has, according to the abundance of testimonials at hand, so quickly and surely cured women's ailments. No internal dosing necessary—it is a local treatment, yet it has to its credit some of the most extraordinary cures on record. Therefore I want to place it in the hands of every woman suffering with any form of Leucorrhea, Painful Periods, Ulceration, Inflammation, Uterine Displacements, Ovarian or Uterine Tumors or Growths, or any of the weaknesses so common to women.

**SECRET FREE** better while feeling always in robust health. My FREE book tells all about the wonderful 8 days Method. Inexpensive, reliable. Also Secret Method for conquering habit in another without his knowledge. Full particulars including my book on Tobacco and Snuff Habit, mailed in plain wrapper, free. Don't delay. Keep this choice of remedy. Address: EDW. J. WOODS, 534 Sixth Ave., 359 R, New York, N. Y.

## Sister Woman!

READ MY FREE OFFER

My Mission is to make sick women well, and I want to send you, your daughter, your sister, your mother, or any ailing friend, a full 50-cent box of Balm of Figs Compound absolutely free. It is a remedy for the treatment of women's ailments, and I want to tell you all about it—just how to use it yourself—right at home without any inconvenience—and the best of it is that it will not in the least interfere with your work or pleasure. Balm of Figs Compound is a remedy that made sick women well and weak women strong, and I can prove it—let me prove it to you, and I will gladly do it, for I have never heard of anything that has, according to the abundance of testimonials at hand, so quickly and surely cured women's ailments. No internal dosing necessary—it is a local treatment, yet it has to its credit some of the most extraordinary cures on record. Therefore I want to place it in the hands of every woman suffering with any form of Leucorrhea, Painful Periods, Ulceration, Inflammation, Uterine Displacements, Ovarian or Uterine Tumors or Growths, or any of the weaknesses so common to women.

**This 50c box of Balm of Figs Compound will not cost you one cent**

I will send it to you absolutely free, to prove to you its splendid qualities, and then if you wish to continue further, it will cost you only a few cents a week. I do not believe there is another remedy equal to Balm of Figs Compound, and I am willing to prove my faith by sending out these 50-cent boxes free. So, dear reader, irrespective of your past experience, write to me at once—today—and I will send you the treatment entirely free by return mail, and if you so desire, I can readily refer you to many, who can personally testify to the great and lasting cures that have resulted from the use of this remedy. But after all, the very best test of anything is a personal trial of it, and I know a 50-cent box of Balm of Figs Compound will convince you of its merits. Nothing is so convincing as the actual test of the article itself. Will you give Balm of Figs Compound this test? Write me today, and remember I will gladly send you a 50-cent box of this remedy absolutely free.

Address MRS. HARRIET M. RICHARDS, Box C203, Joliet, Ill.

## THIS BIG POST CARD ALBUM FREE

**DON'T MISS THIS PREMIUM**

We show this album as it opens, showing that four cards may be displayed before you on the 2 pages, also each leaf accommodates four cards, two front and back; the entire album accommodates fifty cards. You preserve and exhibit cards at same time.

The average post-card collector would naturally require three or four of these albums every year, now that post cards are produced in such various seasonal subjects. One could fill an album with all different Christmas cards and again with birthday and greeting cards, still another album for travel cards received from friends who are residing at a distance or traveling. In this way one can arrange and classify their cards and they will then be preserved in a nice way and when you want to show them to your friends they are presentable in a tastefully arranged manner or exhibition.

**ALSO LOTS OF CARDS FREE**

To go with ALBUMS. As long as they last you get Cards and ALBUMS and COMFORT at these liberal terms.

**Club Offer** Send 25 cents for a 15-month subscription to COMFORT, with 5 cents extra, 30 cents for 3 months. We give you a fine lot of cards free with each album so you have an assortment of 15 beautiful cards, comprising all the popular subjects, such as Christmas, New Year and Wanda Claus, embossed in gold foil, birthday and sentiment, greeting cards, views of public buildings, bird and landscape cards as well as special Easter designs. You will miss a great big opportunity if you let this offer escape you. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Me.

## Are You Troubled

with constipation or piles? If you are, do not tax and injure your stomach with medicine. Your physician will endorse our Entona Suppositories as a simple, practical and safe remedy. It has proved so for over thirty years. If your druggist does not keep them send to MAISON DE SANTE, 240 6th Ave., New York, N. Y.



## RUPTURE CURED

**FREE** By STUART'S PLAS-TRAPD means permanent relief, and you do away with the painful, irritating truss altogether, because process of recovery is natural. Being made self adhesive, they adhere closely to the body, purpose to hold the rupture in place without straps, buckles or springs—cannot slip, so cannot chafe or compress against the pelvic bone. The most obstinate cases cured in the privacy of the home. Thousands have successfully treated themselves without hindrance from work. Soft as velvet easy to apply—Inexpensive. Write for TRIAL OF PLAS-TRAPD for FREE TRIAL of Plapao. Address—PLAPAO LABORATORIES, Block 24, St. Louis, Mo.

## Healthy, Happy Children BORN WITHOUT PAIN To Women Who Dread Motherhood

The wretchedness and sorrow of childless parents and the dread of the pains of childbirth, which is so often deterrent and can all be done away. Dr. J. H. Dye's system positively cures sterility and assures easy and absolutely painless childbirth. Thousands of grateful parents and happy women testify to the wonderful success of Dr. Dye's treatment. If you will send him your name and address he will mail you a deeply interesting illustrated book, which explains fully how happy, healthy children can be born without pain. Address Dr. J. H. Dye, 671 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y.

## ASTHMA

Instant relief and possible cure. Trial treatment mailed free. Dr. Kinsman, Box 618, Augusta, Maine.



# Ladies Don't Submit! TO AN OPERATION UNTIL YOU HAVE TRIED Magnolia Blossom



## Let Us Send You 10 Days Treatment Free

We want to show you free of cost what wonderful results Magnolia Blossom can accomplish. If you suffer from Leucorrhoea, (Whites), Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Ovarian Troubles, Ulceration, Inflammation, Laceration, Tumors, Painful Periods, Bearing Down Pains, Nervousness, Melancholy, Hot Flashes, etc., or any form of Female Trouble, just sit down at once and write for our 10 Days Free Treatment of Magnolia Blossom. We know what it has done for thousands of other women who have suffered just as you do now and we know what it will do for you. All we want is a chance to convince you too. Just have a little faith; send us your name and address today and let us send you the 10 Days Free Treatment as soon as possible, with valuable advice from our Lady Physician. For your health's sake accept our Free Offer. Address,

**SOUTH BEND REMEDY CO.,**  
Box C, South Bend, Indiana

# TO FAT FOLKS WHO HAVE BEEN FAKED

After being fooled and swindled by every fat reducing company and specialist I tried, I successfully and easily reduced my weight 37 pounds in 5 weeks. Send me your name and address and I will write you and send my free booklet, in which I give full particulars of my harmless home weight reduction treatment without drugs, medicines, harmful exercises or starvation diet.

**TOO MUCH FAT OFF**  
Women folks, especially, should not reduce their fat too rapidly with my treatment, or their dresses are liable to hang loose and baggy. While no harm will result from rapid reduction, yet it is better to go slow and have time to make over their clothes. The men, of course, will have to buy new suits. My address is  
**MARJORIE HAMILTON,**  
SUITE 731, COLORADO BLDG., DENVER, COLORADO.

# FITS OR FALLING SICKNESS

Why despair, if others have failed; send at once for a treatise and Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. I have made the disease of Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a life-long study, and warrant my remedy to give immediate and successful relief. I have hundreds of testimonials from those who have been cured. Give express and P. O. address.  
**W. H. KEEFE, P.D., 4 Cedar St., New York**

## Fraternal Order and Secret Society Designed Pillow Tops



An eighteen-inch tan linen pillow top with any one of the following Secret Order designs stamped in colors. Knights of Pythias, Knights Templars, Modern Woodmen, Daughters of Rebecca, Mystic Shrine, American Mechanics, Eastern Star, Red Men and Odd Fellows.  
In addition to those shown we have also Blue Lodge Mason, Royal Arcanum, M. W. of A., Elks, Odd Fellows, G.A.R., A.O.U.W., and Foresters of America. A splendid opportunity to get a pillow top with the insignia of your popular or favorite lodge thereon. An entirely new idea and you should have one at once.  
**Club Offer.** A club of two 15 months subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each secures one free. Present subscribers may send 35 cents for six months' extension of their subscription, and secure one free. Mention design wanted. Orders filled promptly. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

# The Family Doctor

So many inquiries are received from COMFORT subscribers concerning the health of the family that this column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be addressed to physicians, not to us.  
Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

**NOTICE.**—As the privileges of this and all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

**E. S., Bessemer, Ala.**—It is a patent medicine and while it may be excellent for some persons it may not be of any value to others.

**Mrs. A. A., Hawley, Minn.**—It is worse to stop the perspiration. Wash them frequently and use a few drops of ammonia in the water. The hands will perspire less if they are not kept closed and are exposed to the air as much as possible.

**Big Eyes, Swartz, Ark.**—Any place is better than a low, damp country to live in. The mountains of Tennessee might be of the greatest benefit to you if you lived in a tent and slept in the open air. Wherever you go, you should get out of the swamps and do it quick.

**Anxious, LeSueur, Minn.**—Whether the blow over your eye has affected the eye or not, of course we cannot say not being able to examine it. Before it gets worse and the eye becomes seriously affected, see a physician.

**Mrs. R. L. C., Havenscroft, S. Dak.**—Evidently you have some nervous trouble, but the symptoms you mention are so peculiar that it will be necessary for you to see a physician instead of getting advice as we give it.

**J. T. M., Bel Air, Md.**—We should say your deafness is caused by catarrh. We don't know what kind of climate you live in, but we advise that you change it for the warm dry of Arizona or the cold dry of Colorado. Your deafness will hardly be cured now, we think, but the dry climate would benefit you greatly and might improve your hearing. You might "hobo" it to the West, as you like to travel and have no means, and such a trip might be good for you, but get to work as soon as you get to the dry country. If you are a good farm hand you will have no trouble finding plenty of work.

**R. D. K., Egypt, Pa.**—Raw eggs. Like many other good things, may be taken to excess. Two a day in milk, well shaken, and the milk taken slowly, not gulped down, make a very nourishing food, and will increase the flesh, though not particularly fattening. Add considerable sugar, and fat will result. The eggs and milk, you understand, are to be taken in addition to your ordinary food. Scientists are beginning to say that raw eggs have had germs in them and are not as good food as they have been cracked up to be, but they have not proved it to be true yet.

**L. C., Belton, S. C.**—It is a patent medicine and your druggist can get it for you if you tell him about it. Ask your friend where she got hers.

**Bessie, Lena, S. C.**—You should do as your doctor tells you and wean your baby. You are giving too much of your nervous and physical strength to it. The strange feelings you have are due to nervous disturbance and that must be corrected under your doctor's direction. You probably have more or less nervous indigestion, and should be very careful to eat only easily digested food, and chew every mouthful thoroughly. You did well in stopping the coffee drinking. Do the same with tea if you drink that. Take plenty of milk, but sip it slowly, and hold it in your mouth for a little while before swallowing. You will gather strength and health when you have weaned the child, and with your youth to help, and a strong resolve that you will conquer your nerves, and be your old self again, you will come around all right. But have your doctor to help you with advice and such medicine as you need.

**C. A. B., Buffalo, N. Y.**—For years and years doctors and others have been trying to find a cure for "neuralgia of the head," or any other kind for that matter but none has been found. Nor will one be found as long as the human nerves are as sensitive as they now are. Neuralgia is about as far as anyone has got with it. Some neuralgia can only be relieved by long and careful treatment, but the usual kind may be helped by applications of chloroform liniment—not rubbed on, but saturate a cloth with it and hold it tight over the pain. When you feel that it is about to blister, take it off and let the air get to the skin, but not cold air. Apply again after a minute or two. Follow the line of the pain until you have gone over it all. Five grain tablets of salicylate of soda taken three or four times a day will be found beneficial also.

**M. S. P., New Haven, Conn.**—It is a patent medicine skillfully advertised. Ask your druggist about it.

**Reader, Yale, Okla.**—We do not know what it is, unless it is a patent medicine. Show the endorsement to your druggist and ask him about it.

**H. O., Pleasant Lake, N. Dak.**—Do you mean lupus erythematosus or lupus vulgaris? Before answering him you had better consult a local physician and let him tell you something about it.

**R. O. A., Robertsonville, N. C.**—In the milk diet you should not drink the milk as you would water, but take a mouthful and keep it there for half a minute chewing it, so to speak, until it is mixed with the saliva. With too much acid in the stomach milk swallowed at once will turn to curd and become indigestible as leather. Crackers or hard bread broken into the milk aid in masticating it. A pinch of soda in a half glass of hot water half an hour after eating will reduce the acid. Also take it when you get up in the morning for cleansing the stomach. Eat cooked fruit rather than raw, and plenty of fresh vegetables of the kinds that you feel digest easily. Drink no coffee or tea. Eat few sweets and no pastry and first of all never swallow a mouthful of food until you have chewed it to a fine pulp. Don't over-eat; better keep your lungs full of good, fresh air, your blood will have the oxygen in it that it needs. Take exercise that will act upon the stomach and bowels, such as the bending and twisting the body, and massage the stomach thoroughly morning and night rubbing down ward, shaking and kneading it. You can only have good digestion by eating the proper food properly, and taking good care that you do not yield to every whim of appetite.

**A. G. R., Bridgewater, Maine.**—Don't try to doctor yourself if you have anything the matter with your eyes. Go to an oculist or to a physician who knows the eye, and have him examine them and tell you what to do. From catarrh or other causes your tear ducts are closed and your eye has become affected, we should say from what you tell us. But see a doctor and let him see you.

**G. O. S., Belmont, Mont.**—Lumps are not unusual under the skin, and oftentimes they do not amount to much, and may be removed by massaging them. Some, however, are not so innocent, and as yours are painful we would say that you have a physician examine them at once.

**W. M., Jefferson City, Mo.**—Bashfulness and blushing are frequently due to nervousness. Sometimes to over-conceit, that is, the sufferer can't get his mind off of himself and thinks everything that is said or done refers to him. Try to think that none of it is meant for you and you will take a step in the right direction. Then use your will power and get your nerves quiet. You can best do this by constantly being with people and thinking about them instead of yourself.

**Someone, Parkville, Pa.**—Don't try to prevent the perspiration. If it is annoying in odor, use a few drops of ammonia in your bathing water. (2) There are numerous remedies for removing superfluous hair, temporarily, but none is much better than a razor. See advertisements in COMFORT. If you do not like the razor blade and sometimes talking is from nervous contraction of the muscles, we should say, and trying to clear your throat is a habit. Break your-

self of that by remembering it does no good, as you have found out by trying.

**Hopeful, Westphalia, Mo.**—We think your paralysis will pass away as you show such improvement during the past year. The liniment you are using you may continue if you find it does good, but you might add chloroform liniment, to be had at the drug-store, to use on your knees. Dampen two or three thicknesses of flannel with it and hold tight around the knee until you feel that it will blister, then remove and let the air get to it. Apply again. Do this two or three times a day to see what the result will be. Massage thoroughly, rubbing the legs downward several times, then upward to assist the circulation. This should be done several times a day. Give your legs as much exercise as possible, and stand on your feet if you possibly can. In many cases of paralysis the will power is very effective and it may be overcome by sheer force of the will. Keep up your spirits and make up your mind to get up and walk and we think you will succeed before a great while. At the same time keep in touch with your home doctor. Show him this advice and ask him what he thinks of it.

**Mrs. M. S. L., Wisdom, Mo.**—In a case of nervous breakdown from overwork or worry, the best cure is rest and change. You have got to get your mind off of yourself and your worriment and work and have rest. Not to sit down and be idle, exactly, but to do only what you would rather do than not. Medicine you find does no good, and you shouldn't take it. California is not good for your rheumatism. Better try life on a farm in Arizona where the air is dry and warm and you can be out in the open. Work just enough to keep your blood circulating and make a firm resolve not to worry, and keep it.

**A. P., Olste, Colo.**—If nature is making your hair change to a lighter color that is right and you should not ask for a remedy to "change it back to its natural color." Lighter is its natural color and you let it stay the way it is.

## Fall of the Trusts

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

advocacy of such a policy by a practical business man of such great ability and wide experience, and representing the interests of the largest industrial corporation in the world, evidently astonished his hearers, for the chairman of the committee asked Mr. Gary if he believed that under government control business interests could stop short of absolute government ownership.

To which Mr. Gary replied: "I think it can be done. The banks and railroads have done it to a certain extent. The banks have only gone to the extent of absolute publicity, but that demonstrates the legal right of the government to control business corporations."

If the opinion, which seems to be gaining ground, that monopolies cannot be prevented is correct, then certainly Mr. Gary is right in saying that they must be controlled by the government, even to the regulation of prices.

## Good News for the Deaf.

A celebrated New York Aurist has been selected to demonstrate to deaf people that deafness is a disease and can be treated successfully in your own home.

He proposes to prove this fact by sending to any person having trouble with their ears a trial treatment of his new method absolutely free. We advise all people who have trouble with their ears to immediately address Dr. Edward Gardner, Suite 12, No. 40 West Thirty-third Street, New York City, and we wish to assure them that they will receive by return mail, absolutely free, a "Trial Treatment."

**\$25 WEEKLY** and expenses to men and women to collect names, distribute samples and advertise. Steady work. **C. H. EMERY, M.M. CHICAGO, ILL.**



**SPECIAL OFFER** Send 12 CENTS for a Rolled Gold Shell Signet, warranted for years, with raised scrolls on sides. Any initial engraved FREE. Pass for a \$5 ring and all the rage. **DEFIANCE CO., 48 W. 37th St., N. Y.**

## RUPTURE CURED

I was helpless and bed-ridden for years from a double rupture. No truss could hold. Doctors said I would die if not operated on. I fooled them all and cured myself by a simple discovery. I will send the cure free by mail if you write for it.  
**Capt. W. A. Collings, Box 15, Watertown, N. Y.**



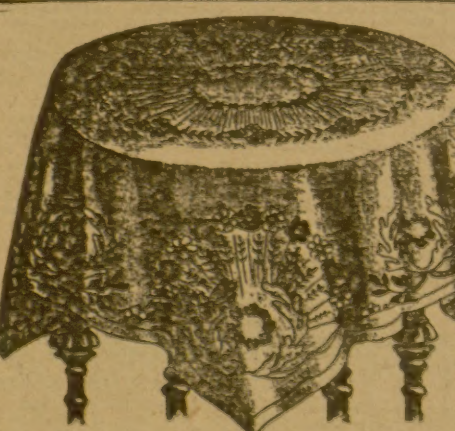
## A 50-CENT BOX OF ORANGE LILI FREE

to all suffering ladies  
A Remedy for the Local Treatment of all Diseases of Women, as Suppressed, Irregular and Painful Menstruations, Congestion, Inflammation, and Ulceration of the Womb and Ovaries, Change of Life, Tumors, Etc.

The superiority of ORANGE LILI over any, and all other preparations of this kind is proven by 20 years of use in every country and climate in the world. No other remedy is as dependable, nor gives such satisfactory results. It is the Safest and Best, and its unlimited success is based upon its CURES. It cured me after years of suffering from diseases peculiar to our sex. Send today for a FREE 50c. BOX to **MRS. J. W. FRETTER, Box 306, DETROIT, MICH.**

# ITCH-ECZEMA FREE TRIAL

(Also called Tetter, Salt Rheum, Pruritus, Milk-Crust, Weeping Skin, etc.)  
**ECZEMA CAN BE CURED TO STAY**, and when I say cured, I mean just what I say—CURED, and not merely patched up for a while, to return worse than before. Now, I do not care what all you have used, nor how many doctors have told you that you could not be cured—all I ask is just a chance to show you that I know what I am talking about. If you will write me TODAY, I will send you a FREE TRIAL of my mild, soothing, guaranteed cure that will convince you more in a day than I or anyone else could in a month's time. If you are disgusted and discouraged, I dare you to give me a chance to prove my claims. By writing me to-day you will enjoy more real comfort than you had ever thought this world holds for you. Just try it, and you will see I am telling you the truth.  
**Dr. J. E. Cannaday, 77 Park Square, Sedalia, Mo.**  
References: Third National Bank, Sedalia, Mo. Could you do a better act than to send this notice to some poor sufferer of Eczema?



## This Exquisite Table Cover

In a Beautiful Pattern Especially Designed  
Outline for Embroidery

Made from a new material called Yachting Cloth with real Irish Linen finish, in a beautiful shade of light brown that will harmonize with all shades of embroidery silk or cotton and is especially designed for table covers. The stamping includes a centerpiece as well as a border of an unusually graceful design and is one yard square.

For two 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each will be given this beautiful cover, which can be used in any room. It is now working for. Address

**COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

## Since John Quit Drinking

By John's Wife



Used Golden Remedy, The Great Home Treatment For Drunkards.

Odorless and Tasteless—Any Lady Can Give It Secretly At Home In Tea, Coffee Or Food.

## Costs Nothing To Try.

If you have a husband, son, brother, father or friend who is a victim of liquor, all you have to do is to send your name and address on the coupon below. You may be thankful as long as you live that you did it.

## Free Trial Package Coupon

**Dr. J. W. Haines Company,**  
1467 Glenn Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.  
Please send me, absolutely free, by return mail, in plain wrapper, so that no one can know, what contains, a trial package of Golden Remedy to prove that what you claim for it is true in every respect.

Name.....  
Street.....  
City.....  
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# Piles

Let Us Send You this \$1  
**CURE TO TRY FREE**

Don't expose yourself to needless suffering or danger—send in our coupon today and get On FREE TRIAL Dr. Van Vleck's 3-fold Absorption Cure which has met with such phenomenal success in all kinds of rectal cases—Piles, Ulcer, Fissure, Tumors, etc. It is curing the most distressing cases, even after 20 to 40 years, and after medicines and operations had failed, proving that the 3-fold idea is the correct part feeds and nourishes

"There's Relief in Every Package".  
one. One part heals, one the membrane, and the third, taken internally, is constitutional, removing the cause, without which no cure is permanent. Cut out and send the coupon NOW. Return mail will bring the full \$1.00 treatment. Then, after you have carefully tried it, if you are fully satisfied with the benefit received, send us One Dollar. If not tell us so and it costs you nothing. YOU decide and we take your word. Send no money—just this coupon.

## FREE \$1 COUPON

Good for \$1 Package of Dr. Van Vleck's Complete 3-Fold Treatment to be sent Free on Approval, as explained above, to

Name.....  
Address.....

Mail this coupon today to Dr. Van Vleck Co., 756 Majestic Bldg., Jackson, Mich. Return post will bring the \$1 Package on Trial.

## RHEUMATISM

A CURE GIVEN BY ONE WHO HAD IT

In the Spring of 1893 I was attacked by muscular and inflammatory rheumatism. I suffered as those who have it, for over three years, and tried almost everything. Finally I found a remedy that cured me completely and it has not returned. I have given it to a number who were terribly afflicted, and it effected a cure in every case. Anyone desiring to give this precious remedy a trial, I will send it free. Address, Mark N. Jackson, No. 852 James Street, Syracuse, N. Y. Mr. Jackson is responsible. Above statement true.

A BEAUTIFUL neck, face and arms Don't pay 50c. but send 10c. for sealed package to make your skin soft and white and cure pimples, freckles, moth, black head, wrinkles, etc. A perfect skin and food powder combined. Warranted absolutely pure. TOILET COMPOUND CO., Box 1927, Boston, Mass.

## OLD SORES CURED

Allen's Ulcerine Salve cures Chronic Ulcers, Bone Ulcers, Scrofulous Ulcers, Varicose Ulcers, Indolent Ulcers, Mercurial Ulcers, White Swelling, Milk Leg, Fever Sores, all old sores. Positively no failure. By mail 50c. J. F. ALLEN, Dept. 15, St. Paul, Minn.

## YOUR HEART

Does it Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before the eyes, Sudden Starting in sleep, Nightmare, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful to lie on left side, Cold Hands or Feet, Difficult Breathing, Dropsy, Swelling of the feet or ankles, or Neuralgia around the heart? If you have one or more of the above symptoms of heart disease, don't fail to use Dr. Kinsman's Celebrated Heart Tablets. One out of four has a weak or diseased heart. Three-fourths of these do not know they have heart trouble and thousands die who have been wonderfully treated for the Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves. Don't drop dead like hundreds of others, when Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets are within your reach.

## FREE TREATMENT COUPON

Any sufferer cutting out this coupon and mailing it, with their name and P. O. address, to Dr. F. G. Kinsman, Box 862, Augusta, Maine, will receive a box of Heart Tablets for trial, by return mail, free of charge. Enclose stamp for postage. Don't risk death by delay.

## GOITRE

TRIAL TREATMENT  
**Free**

To prove that my home treatment will cure Goitre, I will send you a liberal Trial Treatment Free, which will quickly relieve choking and other alarming symptoms. It will also begin to reduce size of Goitre, thus proving to you that my method will permanently cure. Read this letter from Mrs. Arthur Bell, Walton, Ind., which is one of hundreds I receive:

"I am happy to write you that your sample treatment two years ago entirely cured my goitre. I think it wonderful that the treatment cured it so quickly. I have nothing but prayers for you and shall always recommend your wonderful treatment."

Don't delay—write today for my FREE home treatment. You risk nothing. I prove that your goitre can be cured. Address

Dr. W. T. Bobo, Goitre Specialist,  
615 Minty Block, Battle Creek, Mich.

## Comfort Sisters' Corner

Best Ways of Doing Things Around The Home

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

Will some sister tell me why my incubator chicks do not hatch?—They are all formed and ready to come out, but die in the shell.

Mrs. JESSIE CHILCOTE, Missoula, Mont.

If your meringue doesn't stand up light and fluffy, add a very small pinch of baking powder after the eggs have been beaten.

Mrs. M. D. NEFF, Cynthia, R. 2, I. Ky.

Never leave meat in the paper in which it is bought from the store as it contains injurious chemicals.—Ed. This is the time of year when only "dry pickled" poultry should be used, for it scalded it quickly spoils.—Ed.

If quickly dried near the fire, wooden bowls will crack.—Ed.

When you have to wash in hard water as I do, the day before intend to wash draw a barrel of water and sift into it about four quarts of wood ashes.

Mrs. HATTIE BRAXY, Holdenville, Okla.

Often a baby can be kept quiet by placing a tin dish of water in the sun and pointing to the reflection on the ceiling. It will draw its attention a long time, thus letting the mother finish her work.

Mrs. S. E. VAN COTT, 15 Prospect St., Jamaica, L. I.

When water for your garden is scarce, more benefit may be derived from a small amount by sinking part way into the center of the hill a tin can which has small holes in the sides near the bottom and filling with water. It will ooze out slowly and be taken up by the roots. Liquid fertilizer can be used this way to advantage.—Ed.

I have been troubled with ants a couple of times but only for a day or two, and I will tell you what I did to get rid of them. Take a leaf of poison fly paper, put it in a saucer and nearly cover with hot water. Sweeten it quite sweet with sugar and place where the ants run and they will find it and eat of the water, and as soon as they find it poisons them the well ones will drag off all the dead ones and leave the place. In watching them I saw one ant so weak it could scarcely crawl dragging a dead one along and a short time before there were a number of dead on the floor and this one was the only one left. All were carried away and they never appeared again.

Mrs. F. M. HILSMAN, Cincinnati, R. 2, 3, Box 57, N. Y.

## Comfort Sisters' Recipes and Every-day Hints

MIXED PICKLE.—One stalk of horseradish, six onions, one half peck of green tomatoes, one dozen of red mangoes, one head of cauliflower, one head of celery, one head of cabbage, two red peppers, two tablespoons each of tumeric, ginger, allspice and cinnamon, sugar to taste and good cider vinegar to cover. Chop all with meat chopper, salt and let stand over night and cook about one hour next day.

PICKLED ONIONS.—Scald the white small onions with boiling water and peel, place in salt water over night, with a small piece of alum dissolved in hot water before mixing with brine, next morning rinse in clean water, then put on jars, and in each jar put a bay leaf, one teaspoonful of mustard seed, a few whole black peppers, a piece of horseradish root, and a red pepper if you have it. Boil half vinegar and half water with sugar to taste, pour boiling hot over onions and seal.

CANNED BEETS.—Boil beets until tender, then peel and put in jars, then take one pint of vinegar, half pint of water, one tablespoonful of sugar, a little salt and place on the stove and when they come to a boil, pour over the beets and seal.

MISS MINNIE ENGELBRECHT, Cleves, Ohio.

CUCUMBER PICKLE.—Pick the cucumbers when about two and one half inches long. Wash and wipe dry and put into vinegar prepared as follows: To each gallon of pure vinegar add one cup of sugar, one cup of salt, one half cup of mustard, one teaspoonful of alum and spices to taste.

Mrs. MABEL BARNHART, Menlow, R. 2, Kans.

CANNED RASPBERRIES, PIE PLANT.—Make a thick syrup, add pie plant peeled and cut fine and cook until tender, then add red raspberries, cook ten minutes longer and can.

CHUTNEY SAUCE.—One pound of sugar, one half pound of salt, one fourth pound of mustard, one fourth pound of ginger, one teaspoonful of cayenne pepper, twelve green tomatoes (cooked), sixteen sour green apples (cooked), six onions chopped fine (not cooked), two quarts of vinegar. Cook tomatoes and apples separately, run each through colander and let stand until cold in separate dishes, then put all together.

Mrs. F. W. COPELAND, Marshall, Minn.

CHOW CHOW.—One peck of green tomatoes, five onions, three heads of solid cabbage, one dozen of green peppers. Chop, mix with salt and drain over night, keeping each kind separate. Put in a porcelain kettle one pound of brown sugar, half a teaspoonful of grated horseradish, one teaspoonful each of black pepper and ground mustard, one tablespoonful each of whole white mustard and celery seed, cover with vinegar, bring to boil and pour over the pickles which have been mixed together. Put away in glass jars.

Mrs. JOYCE NORTHGATE, Voltry, Ohio.

PICKLED ONIONS.—Select small button onions for pickling. Peel and drop into hot brine and leave until next day. Drain and cover with boiling vinegar to which one half ounce each of pepper and ginger to the quart has been added.

MUSTARD PICKLE.—Cut (not chop) into inch pieces two heads of cauliflower, six stalks of celery, one quart of onions, two quarts of green tomatoes, one quart of green cucumber and six green peppers chopped fine. Mix together in one cup of fine salt, cover with boiling water, cover dish, let stand over night and drain. Dressing.—Three quarts of strong cider vinegar and three cups of sugar brought to a boil. One cup of flour, two thirds of a pound of mustard and one tablespoonful of tumeric powder mixed together and stirred up with a little cold vinegar and added to the boiling vinegar. Boil slowly until flour is cooked, which will take about fifteen minutes, then mix with vegetables. This will keep for years. I put mine into glass jars and wide-mouthed bottles as it's better to have it in small lots so not to disturb the whole.—Ed.

CORN COB SYRUP.—Cut twelve clean red corn cobs into half-inch pieces. Put in a porcelain preserving kettle, cover with cold water and boil one hour or until the water is reduced to two quarts. Strain and add twenty-five cents' worth of brown sugar and boil until thick.

Mrs. EMMA DEWEER, Gettner, R. 2, Box 73, Nebr.

PIE PLANT SAUCE.—Four pounds of pie plant, four pounds of sugar, peel of two oranges cut in small pieces, one and one half pounds of nuts and just water enough to start cooking. Cook until tender. Will keep in jelly tumblers.

Mrs. A. G. KATZER, Steele, N. Dak.

OHIO RELISH.—Chop fine two dozen cucumbers, six or eight inches long, one dozen onions, three bunches of celery, three medium-sized canteloni, one third head of cabbage (if quite large). Let stand over night in salt water. In morning rinse, and drain well. Cover well with cider vinegar and then add one half dozen green peppers chopped fine, two and one half pounds of sugar, two ounces of white mustard seed, five or six sticks of cinnamon. Boil all together for one hour (slowly after it begins to boil). Just before removing from stove add one tablespoonful of tumeric powder. Seal and it keeps nicely.

EVAPORATED STRAWBERRY PRESERVES.—Take ripe berries, hull, wash and drain. Weigh and for each pound of fruit allow three fourths of a pound of sugar. Put fruit in preserving pan, pour sugar over top and let stand over night. In the morning set the pan on stove, bring to a boil and let boil five minutes. Dip out into new tins and set in the sun where in about two days it will evaporate to a thick mass. Put into glass jars and cover.

FOR JELLY.—When the fruit is ready to put into tins, part of the juice may be drained off and made into jelly by evaporation.

Mrs. M. C. PERCH, Gallatin, Tenn.

VINEGAR.—Put apple or pear parings into a wooden pail or keg and cover with warm water. Let stand about ten days. Strain, sweeten with sugar and put into jars in a warm place.

Mrs. FRED BAKER, Dora, Oregon.

UNCOOKED TOMATO PICKLES.—Peel and chop three pints of ripe tomato, add one cup of chopped cabbage, two tablespoonfuls of ripe red peppers chopped

fine (cayenne will do), four tablespoonfuls of chopped onions, two small tablespoonfuls of salt, six tablespoonfuls of sugar, one half teaspoonful each of cinnamon and cloves, and one teaspoonful of nutmeg. Put in jar and pour over one and one half cups of good vinegar. Will keep one year.

Mrs. RISSA HERSHMAN, Bonners Ferry, Idaho.

CHILD SAUCE.—Twenty-four large ripe tomatoes, four green peppers, four large onions, four tablespoonfuls of salt, six tablespoonfuls of sugar, one tablespoonful each of cloves and allspice and three cupfuls of vinegar and celery seed to taste. Chop onions and peppers fine, slice tomatoes and simmer all together two hours.

Mrs. WM. A. DENNISON, Alma, Wis.

TO CAN BERRIES.—Any kind of berries may be canned in this way: Fill jars with fruit, then fill even full with cold water. Drain out the water and add one or more cups of sugar to each quart of water or according to taste. Boil the sugar and water five minutes and fill each jar with the syrup. Seal and set in a boiler with warm water two thirds way to the jar covers. After water is actually boiling, cook ten minutes.—Ed.

## Comfort Postal Requests

How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Postals Free

Exchanging Souvenir Post Cards is no longer a fad but a custom as firmly established as letter writing, and more convenient and pleasing. By entering this Exchange list you are enabled to accumulate cards from every state in the Union and Foreign Countries. To secure the appearance of your name in the Exchange List it is necessary to send a club of two fifteen months 25-cent subscriptions to COMFORT and fifty cents to pay for same. We will send you a very fine Fifty Card Album for Post Cards, and your name will appear in the next available issue of COMFORT, and you will be expected to return cards for all received by you.

Miss Grace Baker, Hornell, R. 2, Box 99, N. Y.  
Joseph Meneses, Honolulu, Box 523, Hawaii Islands.  
F. E. Close, Oenaville, R. 2, Texas.  
Mrs. J. G. Tobey, 225 Carroll St., Brooklyn, N. Y.  
M. A. Cummings, Byars, Okla.  
Miss L. Bess, 596 E. 7th St., Oklahoma, Okla.  
Miss Annie Zellinger, Navarre, Kans.  
Mrs. Mary E. Farris, Tilford, Ky.  
No comic.  
Miss C. M. Klinge, Rockville, R. 2, Box 81, Conn.  
Mr. Charles Vance, Wasey, La.  
Miss Ellie Rushing, Model, R. 2, Tenn.  
Miss Edna Nance, Saint Johns, R. 2, Ohio.  
Mrs. R. E. Bennett, Carlisle Springs, Texas.  
Views only, Arthur Nordstrom, Waverly, Nebr.  
Erma Z. Wert, North Yakima, Box 1086, Wash.  
Earl Milster, 719 5th Ave., Leavenworth, Kans.  
Robert Scott, Cananda, N. Y.  
Miss Alma Reed, Hornell, N. Y.

## Missing Relatives and Friends

We shall only require you to get a small club of subscribers to COMFORT for each request printed; so in sending your notes for insertion in the Missing Relatives' column, include a club of three 15-months 25-cent subscriptions, or if you are already a paid-in-advance subscriber, send only two new 15-months 25-cent subscriptions. This amount limits the notice to twenty-two words, making three lines; if longer notice is required, send two additional 25-cent 15-months subscriptions yearly for every seven words.

Information of Charles Burkshire St. Clair, last

## Wearing Trusses Like These Is Simply Slow Suicide



Our FREE Book of Advice tells you how to avoid the misery of wearing Leg-strap appliances and Spring Trusses like shown above and how the Clute Self-Massaging Pad STRENGTHENS the weakened muscles while holding with ease and CURES Bursitis. Waterproof, durable; sent under Guarantee Trial. Remember—NO box-appeal, NO plastic, NO leg-strap. Write NOW for this great Bursitis Book, which took us 40 years to learn all the facts—cloth bound—free to you—with 4000 Public Endorsements on this safe and simple Home Care. When writing, give our box number—

Box 68—CLUTE INSTITUTE  
125 East 23rd Street, New York City.

heard of in Minnesota, August, 1908. Please write Mrs. B. St. Clair, Alum Creek, W. Va.

Want to hear from relatives of Margaret Rankens, especially Louis Arvell Moore, write Mrs. Amy Gates Kendrick, Okla.

Want to hear from John Carleton Scott, last heard from in mine near Idaho and Washington line, or state. Also Lawrence Mead Scott and George Newton Scott, last heard from was in Indian Nation. Mrs. Ida Hutchinson, No. 1903 34th St., Elmhurst, Cal.

Want information of George A. Pearis, age twenty-one, height about six feet. Last heard of was in Prince Rupert, B. Columbia. Write his mother, Mrs. G. Ellis, Milton West, Ont., Canada.

Wanted to hear of Wallace Voyles last heard of in May, 1905, in Grand Junction, Colo. Write Mrs. L. J. Voyles, Reynolds Station, R. 2, Ky.

Information wanted of Edwin S. Jones, left St. Louis sixteen years ago. Under height, blue eyes, fair. (Important). Write Mrs. Hattie J. Carroll, No. 2321 Thrush Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

## A Wonderful Picture

In connection with a new advertising idea there has been completed in Dayton, Ohio, a large group picture of the many energetic men and women who belong to the family of "Thomas Agents." The business of The Thomas Mfg. Co. started but six years ago at the home of Mr. M. H. Matthews, and has grown to large proportions. Anyone interested in a copy of the picture should write The Thomas Mfg. Co., Dayton, Ohio, for information.

# Fat People's Summer Dangers.

Reduce One Pound Daily. Improve in Health and Appearance.



Heat Prostration, Sunstroke or Apoplexy causing quick Death or followed by Softening of the Brain, Heart Disease, Stomach Cramps, Food Poisoning, Severe Bowel Disorders, General Debility and Complete Lacking of Vital Energy are a few of the serious troubles which are most liable to come upon the fat man or woman during warm, humid weather. Apart from these dangerous disorders, there are numerous lesser yet distressing ailments such as skin rash, chafing, offensive perspiration, nervousness, headache, flatulency, etc. Hot weather is very weakening and depressing for fat people; it is seldom possible to be really contented. It is difficult to work, think or enjoy one's self. The body becomes even larger, the fat is packed in more tightly than ever, around the vital organs and dangerous trouble is thereby stored up for the future. Fat people die 10 to 40 years too soon. Reliable statistics of medical authorities and of leading insurance companies prove that overweight people die much earlier than those who are thin or of normal weight. Obesity (corpulency) is an acknowledged disease. It ruins health, figure, complexion, temper and peace of mind. It never cures itself but becomes worse as the person grows older. It is a deadly enemy and must be fought with a safe and quick home treatment. I have thousands of testimonials; here are a few:

M. E. KING, 5634 Spaulding Ave., Chicago, writes: "By your safe, gentle Method, I reduced 35 lbs. eight years ago this summer; haven't gained an ounce since. Rheumatism also cured."  
ANDREW LOUGHREY, Randolph, Mo., writes: "Three years ago, I reduced 120 lbs. by the Dr. Bradford Method and am still in the best of health."  
MRS. F. ROARKE, Cato, N. Y., writes: "I have lost 52 lbs. and reduced waist measure by 7 inches; health much better."  
MRS. E. M. REYNOLDS, Lehigh, Pa., writes: "Two years ago, I reduced 115 lbs. by your treatment; reduced waist measure from 54 in. to 38 in. and waist from 42 in. to 28 inches. Never felt better in my life. Will cheerfully answer letters of inquiry."  
W. C. NEWBURN, Contact, Nebr., writes: "I have lost 112 lbs., am wonderfully benefited; can climb mountains easily now."  
MRS. M. F. SARGENT, Lebanon, N. H., writes: "Last summer, I reduced over 45 lbs. by your treatment; it is most wonderful."  
EMMA SMITH, Greentown, Pa., writes: "I lost 74 lbs. in summer of 1909 by your Method; glad to recommend it."  
MRS. J. H. WOODBRIDGE, Glens, Mo., writes: "My figure and appearance have been wonderfully improved. I have lost nearly 100 lbs. Friends amazed." SUMMER IS THE BEST SEASON FOR FAT REDUCTION.

NOTE—Dr. Bradford is a diplomate, practicing physician, licensed and registered by the State of New York; famous many years as a specialist in reducing fat and improving health by scientific, gentle, home treatment.

FREE Treatment

I know the merits of my method so well that I will send a proof treatment free. No starvation; you can eat any kind of food or drink any kind of beverage you like. No tiresome exercising. Absolutely no dangerous drugs. Mine is a modern, scientific, successful, guaranteed system. In many cases weight reduction is one pound daily. Correspondence and treatment sent confidential, nobody need know what is reducing your size and improving your appearance unless you choose to tell. Ladies will find mine an unequalled beautifying method; double-chin and wrinkles disappear. Weight reduction is permanent. Remember, you pay nothing for proof treatment; it is free to fat people (men and women) for the asking. Sent anywhere. Write to-day and you will receive by return mail my FREE TREATMENT, also my GUARANTEE and a multitude of Testimonials, and my very interesting BOOK ON OBESITY, showing how to quickly and safely reduce your weight to normal without losing a moment's time from your regular occupation. Address:

Dr. H. C. BRADFORD, 73H Bradford Bldg., 20 E. 22d St., New York, N. Y.

NOTE—Dr. Bradford is a diplomate, practicing physician, licensed and registered by the State of New York; famous many years as a specialist in reducing fat and improving health by scientific, gentle, home treatment.

How Is Your Health?

If you don't feel well, run down, out of sorts and depressed, weak, dizzy, ache in back, side, chest or muscles; if you lack life to enjoy a hearty laugh; have suffered for years with disease; stomach weak, breath offensive, circulation feeble, cold clammy hands or feet; have rheumatism, heart trouble or grippy colds

Wouldn't You Like to Feel Real Good Again?

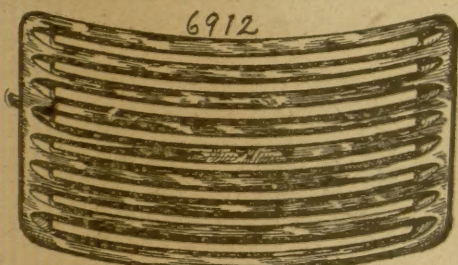
To have perfect rest, good digestion? Easy mind, good memory for names and places? Have vim and vigor with a knowledge that rich pure blood was supplying the entire system with nature's own health-producing vitality?

We will send, all Free and plainly mailed the necessary OXEN REMEDIES, consisting of one 25 cent Oxien Porous Plaster and samples of the Oxien Pills together with a free Sample Box of Oxien Tablets the WONDERFUL BRATH Tonic. This is the same treatment that has for past years accomplished almost miracles in thousands of homes and is a royal road to health.

We want you to ask for our Free Oxien Treatment sending name and address to us and we will gladly send you information with booklets, literature, etc., and the full sample Oxien Remedy Treatment without a cent of cost to you. We will also show you how to make \$245.50 by starting on only \$2.50. We have the best money-making agency proposition today. This is ALL FREE if you send at once to

THE GIANT OXIE CO., 47 Willow Street, Augusta, Maine





### New Hair Ornaments In Charming Designs.

These several new numbers in Combs, Barrettes and Pins represent Fashion's latest decree and the newest things from Paris.

Every lady finds use for such sensible and practical Hair Ornaments and will appreciate the dignified patterns we have chosen and here offer, and we represent each one in about two-thirds full size.

Especially note No. 4445. A Bandeau for the little girls and older ones, too. Very fashionable, and in the Summer when hats are off the hair is better kept in place with this than any sort of Combs.

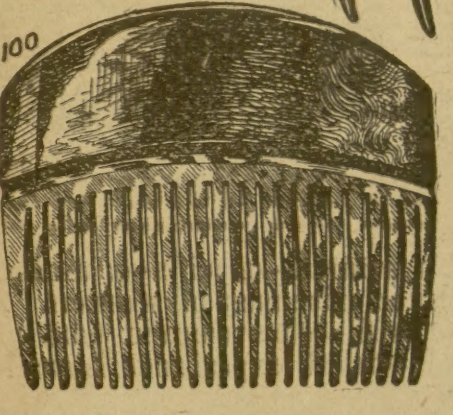
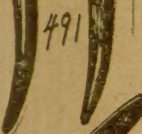
The Barrettes, four in number represent as many sizes and each is very desirable, neat and attractive.

Fancy Pins are always in demand and the Back Comb needs no comments.

Our other numbers, elsewhere advertised are in stock at all times.

Both Amber and imitation Tortoise Shell supplied in all numbers.

**CLUB OFFER.** One back comb, your choice of a Barrette or TWO Fancy Pins for a club of two subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months. Any Barrette, Comb or a Pair of Pins or a Bandeau for one new 25-cent subscription and ten cents extra. 35 cents in all. We have Bandeau No. 4445 in two widths, order narrow or wide, whichever you prefer. And say whether you want Amber or Shell. Amber is light and Shell is dark. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



## THIS BEAUTIFUL NARCISSUS ASSORTMENT EXTRA HEAVY SILVER PLATED WARE.

Now offered in eleven different pieces comprising an elaborate and complete assortment. Especially desirable Wedding Gift, equally as desirable to all housekeepers.

Unless you have some of the Spoons in this pattern you have no idea how beautiful it is, with the soft gray frosted handle with high polished blades or bowls. You may think you have enough silverware now; even if you have a variety there is always use for more, especially such very Beautiful ware as we now offer you, and COMFORT is such a great monthly, people readily subscribe, so you actually will obtain these Spoons for but a moment's time.

The combination of twenty-six pieces in the Narcissus pattern, French Gray finish enables you to have all the assortment for complete table set, or as few pieces as you require. The lovely pattern is a very heavily embossed design, in relief, ornamenting the entire length of each article, on both sides.

For every-day service and special occasions this durable ware embodies every requirement and although delightfully attractive will stand constant use.

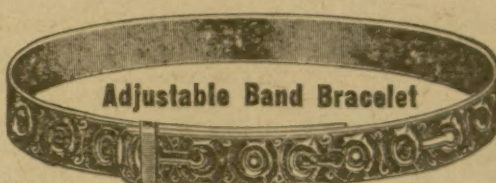


**Club Offers.** We have arranged the following schedule of club offers, enabling you to obtain free as much of the assortment as you require, if not all.

For only two 25c. subscriptions to COMFORT, we will send your choice: Six Teaspoons, Two Tablespoons, a Dessert-spoon, Sugar Shell, or Butter Knife. For only three subscriptions to COMFORT, we will send your choice: either a Gravy Ladle, Pie Knife, Cold Meat Fork, or Berry Spoon. For a club of twelve subscriptions to COMFORT, a set of Six Knives and Six Forks. A club of thirty subscriptions to COMFORT for the entire assortment of 26 pieces. All must be 25c. fifteen-months subscriptions.

Carefully look over the different articles and decide which ones you desire most then first send in a small trial club for sample after that we are sure you will get the entire assortment when you find how nice the goods are.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

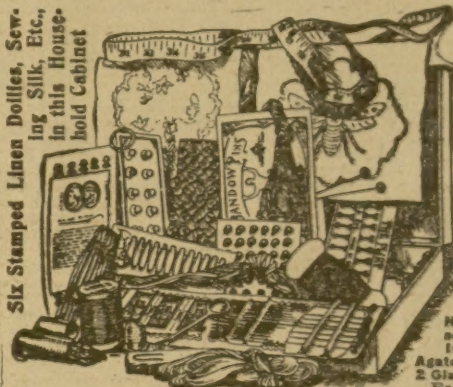


Adjustable Band Bracelet

### WARRANTED TO WEAR FIVE YEARS Will Perfectly Fit Largest or Smallest Wrist

As shown in illustration, it is a beautifully engraved band of gold one quarter inch wide, has three adjustment slots and a pin. The pin may be put in first slot for largest size, in last slot for smallest size and in center for medium. It is a simple, practical adjustment that does just what it is intended to do and does it well. You cannot lose this Bracelet. **Warranted for five years;** meaning, the gold finish is durable a new style and new idea this season, you all want one right off while they are fashionable. We are making extra special inducements for clubs, so we have purchased this Bracelet in such quantities we are enabled to offer them to you now at a tremendous bargain rate.

**Club Offer.** Send us only one new 15-months subscription to COMFORT at 25 cents for one of these beautiful Bracelets free. It positively must be a new subscription. Send 10 cents extra, 35 cents in all, if for your own sub. or a renewal. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

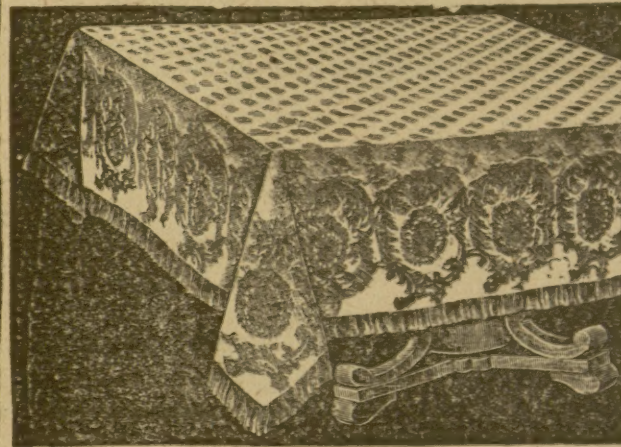


### Complete Household Cabinet

Containing over two hundred different articles always useful in and around the home, particularly to the mother who must do all the making and mending. The assortment of articles has been put together, after repeated calls for such an outfit, in convenient arrangement to provide the great variety of really useful and much wanted articles most likely to be needed. Each article is of full size and good quality and is such as you would usually purchase at any store. The following list of contents of each package will at once convince you we have made a good selection and in the right quantities.

1 Aluminum Thimble, standard size and weight. 1 Card with 3 doz. best quality Shoebuttons. 1 Paper with 2 doz. best Hooks and Eyes. 1 Card Household Mending Cotton. 1 Linen Tape Measure. 60 in. long. 1 Paper with 400 best quality toilet Pins. 1 Card with 1 doz. Safety Pins. 1 Card with 5 doz. Pearl Lustrous Agate Buttons. 1 Tube with 50 Invisible Hairpins. 1 Paper best quality straight Hairpins. 6 Skeins of 5 yds. each Embroidery Cotton, assorted colors. 6 Stamped Linen Dollies in assorted Designs. 4 Papers of Needles, Sharps, sizes 2, 3, 4, 5/10. 7 Ladies' Shawl Pins, assorted sizes. Glass Heads. 1 Tape Bodkin. 4 Darning Needles. 10 Embroidery Needles. 1 Glove Buttoner. 1 Key-Ring. 1 Doz. Agate Collar Buttons. 1 Doz. Best Kid Curriers. 1 Spool Linen Thread. 2 Glass-head Hat Pins. 1 Pair Shoelaces. 1 Pair Corset Laces. Each Cabinet packed ready for shipment and positively contains all articles as described. A nice present for mother.

**CLUB OFFER.** For a club of only four 15-mo subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we send this Cabinet of useful articles, post-paid. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



### Imported Scotch Turkey Red Cloth.

A superior quality genuine Scotch imported Turkey red damask table-cloth, fringed. These table covers are of heavy weight, closely woven material, with heavy fringe, and the designs are all up-to-date floral effects that are very attractive, guaranteed fast color. Size 60 x 60 inches.

**Club Offer.** Send only six subscriptions to COMFORT at 25c. each for 15 months and receive one of these Scotch Turkey Red Table-Cloths. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

### A Silken Shower from a Necktie Factory. A Big Lot of Real Silk, also Plush and Stamped Satin

### REMNANTS FOR CRAZY PATCHWORK.

ART in needlework is on the advance. We know the ladies delight in odd pieces of silk and satin—"CRAZY QUILT" making is again VERY POPULAR. We are sure we have a bargain that all ladies will now delight in. Bright, handsome, odd-shaped, and pretty odd pieces of goods accumulate very fast at all NECKTIE FACTORIES; the styles were never so bright and pretty as they have been the past season and they are now hardened with remnants of many RICH GOODS. We have thousands of pieces of silk and satin on hand which we are going to give you a big trade on. People at a distance have hard times getting the right assortment to put into sofa-pillows, quilts, etc., and we can help you out now. Our packages contain from 99 to 168 pieces of the best quality assorted goods, and we want to get our great monthly and a lot introduced into every home; when you can order as you like for your friends, and MAKE MONEY doing our work and helping yourself also. Remember these



pieces are carefully trimmed, and especially adapted to all sorts of fancy, art, and needlework. Many ladies sell tidies, fancy pillows, etc., at a great price made from these remnants. Order one sample subscription lot now for only 55c. **Grand Offer!** If you order at ONCE, we will give you several rich, bright and beautiful stamped satin pieces! Each piece contains also square laces and being stamped by hand with a graceful design for embroidery, is a big bargain.

**Five Skeins Embroidery Silks Free.** In order to work your stamped satin and other pieces, we also send absolutely FREE, five skeins of elegant embroidery silk, all different bright colors. So make this liberal offer besides giving you a large and elegant piece of Plush.

**BEST WAY.** We send ONE of the above complete assorted lots FREE as a reward to all who send 35 cents for 15-months subscription to "COMFORT," the best Home Monthly now published, and in order to get seen to advertise "COMFORT" and give his bargain to your friends and neighbors, we will send free with each package, our great book with Eight Full-Page Illustrations for ornamenting the seams of Crazy Patchwork, or for other ornamental work where Fancy Stitches are used, it has no equal. It shows how pieces for patchwork may be put together to get the best effect, how to cover up seams with fancy stitches, how to join edges, etc. The book illustrates over one hundred and fifty of these, besides directions for taking A BETTER EMBROIDERY FITTING, comparing the Outline and Kensington Stitch, Arranging and Chenille Embroidery, Ribbon Work, Plush or Tufted Stitch, etc. It also tells how to do Kensington Patching.

**REMEMBER** we send one big lot (over 100 pieces) Silk Remnants, the assorted stamped satin piece, 5 SKEINS' Embroidery silk, plush, and a great book on embroidery together with 15-months subscription to "COMFORT," all for only 35 cents, or you may send two subscribers at 25c. each for 15 months and receive one lot free. Three lots and 15 mos. subscription, 55c.; five lots and subscription, for \$1.00.

Address COMFORT, Silk Dept. 4, Augusta, Maine.



## FREE This Beautiful Monogram Dinner Set of 42 Pieces

Each Piece Decorated with your Initial in Gold. Positively the Biggest and Finest Dinner Set ever Given Away as a Free Present. Any Lady Can Earn this Set in a Few Hours' Time.

This beautiful Monogram Dinner Set, full size, for family use, consisting of 42 pieces just as shown, is a present that will bring delight to the heart of any housewife and can be had absolutely free of charge for a few hours' easy, pleasant work among your neighbors and the people of your vicinity. This set is made of finest Parisian china, is a pure delicate white and decorated with wild rose design in colors, with the edges traced in gold. It is a set of dishes that you will be proud to own and put on your table and show your friends.

Your own initial in pure gold will be on every piece except the cups and saucers. The set consists of six large plates, six dessert plates, six large cups and saucers, six sauce or fruit dishes, six butter plates, two large vegetable dishes, one large platter, one cake plate, one bread plate, and one gravy bowl, making 42 separate pieces, positively the grandest array of dishes ever offered for this small amount of work.

**Club Offer:** For only 14 subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, for fifteen months we will present you with one of these beautiful Monogram 42-Piece Dinner Sets. The set will be carefully packed and shipped by freight upon receipt of the club order. Remember only 14 subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents for 15 months procure this Gold Decorated 42-Piece Initial Dinner Set. State what initial wanted when ordering. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



# Suffering Women



Confide in me—  
I will help you—  
**FREE**

These are the Words of Dr. Julia D. Godfrey:

I am a woman—a wife—a mother—a successful physician—a specialist in diseases of women. As a woman and mother I have suffered and know, as no man can, how to sympathize with other women who suffer. As a physician I have studied the peculiar ailments of women and from long and varied experience have learned how to cure them—cure them quickly, easily and surely. My greatest ambition is to cure the ills and sufferings of woman. I have a recipe that I have used for years in curing female troubles and I offer to send this recipe free to any suffering woman who writes to me.

**Priceless Prescriptions. A Glorious Gift. Send No Money.**

**For the Cure of All Female Disease  
Sent FREE to Any Woman.**

## Read Every Word of this Great Offer!

I can afford to and will gladly send to any suffering woman my recipe for the complete and speedy cure of any female trouble. Best of all, I will send this prescription absolutely free and postage paid. Any woman who suffers will know the value of this priceless prescription.

If you have leucorrhea or whitish discharges, nervousness, ulceration, foreign growths, displacements or falling of the womb; profuse, scanty, delayed or painful periods; any kind of ovarian or uterine troubles, change of life, pains in the head, back of thighs; bearing down sensations, hot flashes, dizziness or weariness; if you feel worn out, tired and despondent; if you have any disease or weakness common to us women, you would like to be cured in the privacy of your own home. The prescription I will send to you free has been used by thousands of women with truly remarkable results. I will send it to you so that you can accomplish these same results in the privacy of your own home. Write me in confidence, knowing that as a physician and a woman I will respect your confidence and hold it sacred. Do this: I will not only send you my free recipe, but will send you a letter of advice and instruction covering your particular trouble and will send you a home medical guide—a book of 120 pages relating to diseases of women which will tell you how any woman may gain and keep her health. I will send the prescription, the letter of advice, and the book absolutely free and postage paid to any woman who will fill out and mail to me at once the coupon telling how she suffers, or write me a personal letter telling her trouble in her own words. These gifts will be sent in plain, sealed wrapper so no one but yourself need know what they contain and you can cure yourself in the privacy of your own home.

The most glorious gift that can be given to suffering women is health. I cannot give you health itself, but I can and will give you the means by which you may become healthy and well and strong.

All I ask is that you write me fully and freely and allow me to send you the gifts that will surely mean more to you than all the riches I could bestow.

You cannot fail to see that I am sincere in my wish to help you. All I ask is an opportunity to show how sincere I am and how quickly and surely I can help you. I can think of no greater pleasure than giving to my own suffering sex the means to perfect health and womanliness.

All I ask is that you accept the help I will give and by allowing me to give you that help you will not only receive great benefit yourself, but will increase my pleasure by the knowledge that I have helped one more of my diseased and discouraged sisters. Will you let me do this for you now, today, before it is too late? Answer on the coupon below.

All I ask is that you fill out and send to me the coupon below—just cut or tear it out, fill it in in your own way and send it to me. Do not send any money—not one cent—not even postage. I will take care of all that—I will pay the postage myself on all that I send you.

When I say that I will help you FREE I mean every word of it. I do not want you to pay for my gifts to you. If I knew you and knew your condition I would send my wonderful prescription without waiting for you to write to me; but I do not know you—I simply know that there are many women who suffer from diseases that I can cure. I want to reach these women and help them. I want to help you and you must write to me, telling me of your troubles, so I can help you.

All I ask in return for my gifts is that you will speak a good word for me to other women who long to be cured in their own homes. By doing this you will help others and help me. And so I repeat, do not send me one cent for the help I offer you free—just write your name and address on the coupon below; tell me all you think I ought to know about your condition and I will help you free by sending you as quickly as I can the recipe, letter of advice and medical book, as I have promised. You will never regret having confided in me but will remember it with gratitude all the balance of your life.

## Coupon for FREE Prescription and FREE Book.

DR. JULIA D. GODFREY, Box 10, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Please send me at once, all charges paid, your free prescription for my case and your 120-page Book for Women—all FREE to me.

My Name .....

Address .....

Age ..... Are you married? .....

How long afflicted? .....

Give other symptoms on separate sheet .....

Make a cross (X) in front of your trouble. Two crosses (XX) in front of the one from which you suffer most.

..... Leucorrhoea	..... Dragging Down
..... Nervousness	..... Feeling
..... Constipation	..... Change of Life
..... Headache	..... Hot Flashes
..... Kidney Trouble	..... Pains in Back
..... Bladder Trouble	..... Stomach Trouble
..... Painful Periods	..... Pains in Bowels
..... Scanty Periods	..... Rheumatism
..... Profuse Periods	..... Catarrh
..... Delayed Periods	..... Impure Blood
..... Whitish Discharge	..... Skin Diseases
..... Female Weakness	..... Itching Parts
..... Womb Troubles	..... Piles
..... Ovarian Trouble	..... Obesity
	..... Dizziness